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OF
BARON BUNSEN

LATE MINISTER PLÉNIPOTENTIAIRE AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
OF HIS MAJESTY FREDERICK WILLIAM IV, AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM FAMILY PAPERS BY HIS WIDOW

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1868.

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ERRATA.

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Page 80, line 6, *for* Casheobury *read* Cassiobury.
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not pity us ; I never was in so warm a one, except Pusey. A letter I received at Berne protested against the houses on Carlton Terrace as ruinous in point of rent : that touches us not, as the Government is willing to incur the expense. Another letter declares, they go a-begging, nobody desiring to have them. Independently of either statement, the situation is to me invaluable. Two days ago the sky was clear, and I saw the prospect across the Park to Westminster Abbey, and had the sun the greater part of the day on the windows ; and the quiet is delightful—we scarcely hear the wheels of carriages, as there is no thoroughfare. If I have shown myself, as I was, depressed, it was by the serious change from the independence of the most perfect country situation, to the darkness of a London winter, and the slavery of a London life. I neither felt nor intended any complaint of the house.

19th January.—Yesterday morning, the 18th, Bunsen embarked on board the Firebrand to meet and fetch the King ; but the vessel did not depart by the morning tide—I hope it did by the evening. George arrived in time to see his father, who has taken him with him.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Tuesday, 18th January : on board the Firebrand.

Here I am, in the comfortable cabin of the most comfortable of ships ; but we cannot stir, first on account of the dense fog, then because a boiler which was about to burst did burst exactly at the right moment, when all hands were ready for repairs ! Nobody knows when we start, but I suppose not before the evening tide. Never mind ! I am reading, writing, talking, and thinking, very comfortably, and therefore also of you. . . . We have already made out an expedition to Brügge and Ghent, if we arrive at Ostend in good time.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

On Saturday, the 22nd, I drove to Greenwich, having a card of invitation to witness the King's landing, at the Admiral's house (as well as Neukomm, who was with me), through Lord Haddington. Before the King arrived, I had

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taking up Bunsen by the way at Sir Robert Peel's, whither he had attended the King, who had accepted a luncheon there. We were quartered in the York Tower, the apartment most complete and comfortable,* the rooms all grouped together. Proceeding along the corridor as soon as dressed, we soon met Lord Delaware and the Duchess of Buccleuch, and were directed where to go, that is, to walk to the end of the corridor (a fairy scene, lights, pictures, busts, and moving figures of courtiers unknown), and then through one splendid room after another, till we reached the magnificent ballroom, where guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance. Among these guests stood the King himself, punctual to half-past seven. Soon after came Prince Albert, to whom Lord Delawarr named me: he said, 'You were long in Rome. I have been in your house at Rome.' We had not stood long, when two gentlemen, walking in, and then turning, with profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was approaching. She came near at once where I stood; the Duchess of Buccleuch named me, and she said with a gracious, beaming smile, 'I am pleased to see you;' then, after a few moments' speaking to the King, she took his arm and moved on, 'God save the Queen' having begun to sound at the same moment from the Waterloo Gallery, where the Royal dinner has always taken place since the King has been here. Lord Haddington led me to dinner. The scene was such as fairy-tales describe, in magnificence. The fine proportions of the hall, the mass of light from above, subdued by thick plates of ground-glass with cut devices, the gold plate on the table, and the side-tables glittering with the thousands of reflected lights, all hung at a proper height above the eye—nothing was wanting but a little more youth and beauty among the ladies to make the spectacle complete: only Miss Cavendish (now Countess Cawdor) I thought pretty. The King's health was drunk as soon as the ice had been carried round, and then Her Majesty rose and departed, fol-

* These indications of the truly royal hospitality of Windsor Castle have been inserted in contradistinction to the well-known recollections of the correspondent, relating to the order of things in the provisional royal residence called the Queen's Lodge, in the time of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the years 1784 to 1787.

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it, and was in part occupied by an audience granted to two Dutch statesmen, who came unexpectedly.

On Monday, January 31, I was at Stafford House, where the King accepted an invitation to dinner from the Duke and Duchess, whose manner of receiving me was in harmony with their letters, and that is saying all. After the Duchess had granted me more words, and moments, at first entrance, than I should have deemed it possible for her to spare, she presented me to the Duchess of Gloucester, by whom I was greeted as 'the daughter of her old friend;' then to Lady Elizabeth, whom I found charming even beyond the idea that I had formed of her, as everything really good always is. I was taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, whom I found a very agreeable neighbour, in no common way: he is one of the persons with whom it is possible to get directly out of the emptiness of phrases. The appearance of the house was wonderfully beautiful, the staircase in particular, where a band played all the evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill's, never before performed in England, as a mark of attention to the King. The Duke of Sussex invited me to the luncheon he was to give on the following day to the King. The way to Kensington Palace was lined by school-children with flags, and a vast crowd of people. I was received first by the Duke of Sussex himself, and he took me into the library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, who greeted me most kindly, and made me sit between them; when afterwards they rose to speak to somebody else, I took the opportunity of gliding away and placing myself at a modest distance. Lord Lansdowne came up to speak to me, and persons without end—there is nothing like standing within the Bude-light of royalty to make one conspicuous, and sharpen perceptions and recollections! At table I sat down between Humboldt and Lord Palmerston, whom I found very ready to converse. The Duke's speech to the King was, I hear, accurately given in the 'Morning Post.' The King, on being asked by the Duke for the toast, gave—'To the greatest, most illustrious, and most amiable lady—great by her vast dominions, her ancient descent, and most of all by the qualities of her heart and mind—to the health of Queen Victoria!' This was the sense—the words may not be accurate. The moment the

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XI.

in every spot where foot could stand—all looking so pleased—the splendid Horse Guards, the Grenadier Guards—of whom it might be said, as the King did on another occasion, ‘an appearance so fine, you know not how to believe it true’—the Yeomen of the Body-Guard; then, in the House of Lords, the Peers in their robes, the beautifully dressed ladies, with many, many beautiful faces; last, the procession of the Queen’s entry, and herself, looking worthy and fit to be the converging point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall; but were she ever so tall, she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat more royally and classically arching: and one advantage there is in her not being taller, that when she casts a glance, it is of necessity upwards and not downwards, and thus the effect of the eyes is not thrown away—the beam and effluence not lost. The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, was a test of character—no fidget and no apathy. Then, her voice and enunciation could not be more perfect. In short, it could not be said that *she did well*, but she *was* the Queen; she was, and felt herself to be, the acknowledged chief among grand national realities. Placed in a narrow space behind Her Majesty’s mace-bearers, and peeping over their shoulders, I was enabled to hide and subue the emotion I felt, in consciousness of the mighty pages in the world’s history, condensed in the words, so impressively uttered in the silver tones of that feminine voice. Peace and war—the fate of millions—relations of countries—exertions of power felt to the extremities of the globe—alteration of corn laws—the birth of a future Sovereign, mentioned in solemn thankfulness to Him in whose hands are nations and rulers! With what should one respond, but with the heartfelt aspirations, ‘God bless and guide her! for her sake, and the sake of all?’

The King had expressed the wish of being accompanied or followed by Bunsen to Berlin, to make an opportunity for the conversations for which no time was found during the sojourn in England; but he gave up the project, as it became clear to him that Bunsen’s presence, if elsewhere desirable, was now, in the beginning of his fixed position, indispensable *in London*.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

London : Monday, 14th February, 1842.

The complication of Bunsen's illness, following directly on the King's departure, has only increased the difficulty of mastering contending elements, and of spending time according to any plan, determination, or inclination. He is all at once better, sooner than I expected, from the degree of fever and cough : the difficulty will be to prevent his being again harassed and over-excited, for the late indisposition had no other cause. Coughs are the rule in the house—myself as yet the exception, although I live in a sort of fever, not comprehending how I can go on, whirling round the circle with a sensation as though I must drop at last. To-day I feel cooler, but then I always am so on Monday, after Sunday quiet and comfort. The bright moments of last week were those of seeing Lady Frances Sandon, Lady Emily Pusey, and Madame de St. Aulaire—and I have also seen other persons with whom I was glad to renew my acquaintance. On Saturday evening, the 12th, we had the great indulgence of having the music of the Holy Week (as Neukomm arranged the ancient compositions, Roman and German, to the materials combined by Bunsen) performed in our own house, by a small number of good voices (Germans and Danes) sought out by Neukomm and Moscheles. It was droll to see Sir Benjamin Hall walk in,—in the midst of a performance which might not have been supposed to interest him : however, he seemed pleased with what he heard, and afterwards went in next door to Lady Palmerston's, whither we also had been invited—but Bunsen had been in bed till the preceding day, and was quite unfit to go out. On Friday evening I enjoyed the Oratorio of 'Solomon,' taking the two girls : instead of going to Lady Lansdowne's, for which omission Bunsen's illness was sufficient ground of excuse.

Bunsen to Miss Davenport Bromley.

London (4 Carlton Terrace): 15th February, 1842.

Imagine that Neukomm has contrived to find *ten* most excellent professional performers, Moscheles at their head, who

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executed here the other evening the whole music of the Passion Week—and so much to their own delight as well as ours, that they have offered to repeat the performance on March 4. It was so like *Rome*, and like *home*! Since that day I begin to feel at home in our beautiful house.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

22nd February, 1842.

Were it possible to overcome and manage the incongruous mass that presses down one's very soul, how many are the persons and things, the best and most interesting, to be found in London! But one has but one life, and the day and hour cannot be made to carry double and treble. My internal ejaculation is daily—*how long?*—when shall I get out, and get the children out of a place in which I feel not that we ever can *live* what can be called life? And first and foremost, when can I get Bunsen out?—for he will not be himself again without country-air, sea-air, and quiet.

Thursday, 3rd March.—On Monday, the last day of February, we had a most agreeable dinner-party at Lord Stanhope's—just what is enjoyable, few persons and much conversation. Lady Wilhelmina is a very fine creature, and also a very agreeable converser, full of intelligence and information: but I was not prepared for the genius which her drawings denote—original groups from tales, from history, from an imagined cycle of events in a female existence, beginning with babyhood, to old age and death:—from opera scenes, not servilely adhering to theatrical representation, but giving human beings with human reality of feeling—from ballads, in part finely illuminated; extraordinary and individual conceptions of beauty, expression without distortion, and a degree of correctness of outline and proportion very rare even among professors of the art—at the same time no scrawling and blotting to hide defects, no colour or shadow to give effect: pen and sepia outlines neatly finished, in the manner of Flaxman, only—not like the antique—her subjects and costume are of the middle ages. No subject had she treated that was not a good subject, no quotation written by the side that was not poetical. I was very glad to make Lady Mahon's acquaintance—an engaging being, intelligent, conversible, naturally gay, giving the impression of a mind and

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read—I could not read what was mislaid: and for the mislaying there were ‘circonstances atténuantes,’ which I beg you, like the French jury, to take into account, and absolve me from the extreme penalty. For you have really brought a regular accusation against me. Believe me, that I never forget, even when I do not write, and may seem not to exert myself: but where nothing can be done, *che vuol che gli dica?*

I should like to give you an idea of our life. I have again in this place, as I had in Rome, the most remarkable situation, and acknowledged the finest, for my dwelling-place: on the spot where Carlton House, the residence of George IV. formerly stood, which was pulled down, ‘not to interfere with a great plan of embellishment:’ and thence the name of Carlton House Terrace. On the other side of the broad street is a garden, and beyond that the palaces called Club-houses, five in number: this is on our north side—on our south side spreads St. James’s Park with its verdure and sheet of water, to the right of which is the residence of the Queen, to the left the ministerial offices (Downing Street and Whitehall, &c.); in the background of the Park, Westminster Abbey, with Westminster Hall and the new Houses of Parliament. My present Capitol is not in ruins,—God be thanked! The distances therefore to the Ministers cost me little time, but the waiting for an interview, even when appointment has been made, costs much. Matters of business are innumerable here,—visits and notewriting are a real distress: and, in one word, the labour to be accomplished is enormous. I hope in time to master the monster: I have now but one secretary and one clerk, but reckon upon obtaining two of each sort. Just so is it with salary: as much as three and a half Ministers of State in Prussia, seemingly enormous, and yet inadequate.

In the evenings we are alone, when we have not made or accepted an invitation. Yet I should like to have a Capitoline Club—on a fixed day, for the old friends, if to be found. Sunday is in truth a day of refuge and of blessing, when custom forbids making visits: and the Passion Week is comprised in the same privilege. You will imagine that general relations to society are favourable, when one has started with one’s King! It was a joy indeed to my German heart to see him receive the homage of a free nation with such

royal grace and dignity, and his own original supremacy of intelligence. Queen Victoria is most engaging—Prince Albert, amiable and full of tact as ever. Friend Neukomm leaves us to go to France—the same high-minded, attaching philosopher and man as ever.

Extract from a contemporary Letter.

Friday morning, 7 o'clock : 8th April, 1842.

After the fag of the Drawing Room, and much besides, yesterday, I am glad to be up fresh and early. How hard did it go with me to spend money on a Court dress ! how depressed and put out of countenance by my own conscience ! But I was obliged to silence myself with the consideration that royalty is a thing most useful and necessary in the world, and that if one is pushed up close against it one must show the respect one feels in the manner appointed by custom. . . I was much struck by the splendour of the scene, . . . and standing near enough to see every lady come up to the Queen and pass off again, I had occasion to admire many beautiful persons, regretting the difficulty of annexing names from the faintness of the tone in which they were announced. But it was Mrs. Norton whom I most admired, and the face of Lady Canning always grows upon me. . . . Bunsen has just despatched Abeken as courier to Berlin, to prevent, if possible, being obliged to go himself. . . . The name of our present guest is Madame Helfer (*née* Baronne des Granges) belonging to the Saxon province of Prussia, whom we were led to invite by an urgent recommendation from the Princess Wilhelm of Prussia, who desired she should be helped and protected, as a widow returning from India, and having an application to make to the East India Court of Directors. She is handsome and agreeable, and pleases everybody ; she has been in Tenasserim, and has much to tell of her travels—having accompanied her husband (who was a naturalist) years ago on the great expedition to examine the course of the Euphrates.

Will Bunsen be excused from going to Berlin ? Alas ! I have many fears about that.*

* The King's desire for realising the often-delayed conference with Bunsen would seem to have given way to the consciousness that his duties in London admitted of no interruption.

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The last week in May and the first in June formed a period of respite from the tumult of London life, and Bunsen with his family breathed once again freely on the cliffs of Ramsgate, although Bunsen himself could spare but a small part of that fortnight, the arrival of a courier from Berlin having soon called him away from the sunshine, the sea-breezes, and the green meadows; this absence, however, gave occasion to a renewal of communication in writing, from which extracts shall follow.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London : 1st June, 1842.

Yesterday, early, I was received by Prince Albert. The following is the order of circumstances:—As the Queen with the Prince on Sunday was driving back from church, over Constitution Hill, the Prince observed (on a spot where it was afterwards proved that Oxford had stood) a pistol held out towards the Queen, which plainly had missed fire. On re-entering the Palace he questioned all attendants and servants, but no one had seen it. On Monday morning, early, came a boy of fourteen years of age, bearing witness to the fact. Thereupon a council was held, and it was resolved that the best plan would be for the Queen to drive out that same day at the accustomed hour, the carriage closely attended by the equerries, fifty policemen being on the road disguised in common attire, it being calculated that the man of evil intentions would then take the opportunity to renew the attempt. It was the Queen herself who freely resolved thus to proceed; ‘for,’ she said, ‘I should else not have a moment of peace as long as the shot had not been fired.’ They set out upon the drive—think only with what feelings! the Queen *hoping* that the shot would only take place; the equerries (Arbuthnot and Wylde) hoping that the ball might hit one of themselves or their horses, and horse and man striving to cover the Queen! The shot was fired—the Queen exclaimed, ‘God be thanked! now we are safe. I heard the report.’ At the same moment the miscreant was seized—a youth twenty years of age, a London reprobate. Being

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Francis, the miscreant, will be transported to Norfolk Island. All are convinced that he had no intention of killing the Queen.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare. (On the death of Dr. Arnold.)

London: Sunday morning, 19th June, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My heart has been with you, as I am sure yours has been with me. I returned last night from Rugby. O, what is the death of a great and good man! What distraction (humanly) and yet what consolation! Read the enclosed—I add nothing. All who saw him during the last month were struck by something more than usually heavenly-minded and awfully unearthly. . . . He has left the new volume of Sermons just filled; and it appears that it contains some of the finest he ever preached. His third volume of ‘Rome’ is completed to the fortieth chapter. Another colossal *Torso* of Roman History! . . . But there is a still more sacred trust. He wrote in 1838 a book on the Church, to prove, in his way, the general priesthood of all Christians, as the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Fathers, and the groundwork of the Church. The whole may form a volume of no more than 150 pages; but it is pure gold. It has formed the groundwork of long debates, as it in part originated in serious conversation and correspondence between us, in many a hallowed hour. He desired me, when at Fox How in 1839, to write my remarks, or rather confessions of faith, on the blank sides of the leaves, which I did with pencil, and thus it remained. His note in the last volume of Sermons about the Sacrifice in the Pfaffian fragment of Irenæus, would form an Appendix, and perhaps the whole long note relating to the sacrifice might be added. Arnold had a favourite idea . . . a critical and orthodox edition of the Greek text of the New Testament. His plan was this:—
. . . . Each of his chosen friends was to take one or more of the sacred books:—he intended himself to take the Gospels. I propose that this work be done as *Editio Rugbyana*, dedicated to *Piæ Memoræ Arnoldi*. If you could undertake it, the thing would be done. I would give what I promised Arnold—the Epistle of James, the two of Peter, and that of Jude, of which I have already written out the

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II.

Then grew on thee the longing
That lays the storm of life,
In love, in pious trusting,
Thy heart reposed from strife :
How gladly then, our champion,
Didst thou the angel greet,
Sent, to thy home to guide thee,
Thine habitation meet !

III.

And now, the surging tumult
Is still'd beside thy grave,
Whilst thou, a brilliant beacon,
Yet tow'rest o'er the wave :
From seeds in youthful bosoms,
By thee profusely sown,
The germs of holy purpose
And noble deed have grown.

IV.

Apart from earth's wild turmoil
Thou calmly tak'st thy rest,
The worst of sorrows spared thee,
Vouchsafed of joys the best :
The mystery of ages
Unveilèd to thy sight,
Each sequence clear before thee,
In God's unchanging light.

V.

And we would still be waging
The warfare thou hast waged,
With hope and love and fealty
On Virtue's part engaged :
Eternity before us,
Eternal truth our end,—
For this, our life's brief moment
How freely would we spend !

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by Sir Robert Inglis, by Mr. Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), by Mr. Rogers, by Sir Alexander Johnston, by Baron Alderson—(how many more names might not be added, mostly of the dead?)—Bunsen found the thorough refreshment of mind, which made it possible for him to struggle on under conflicting cares and subjects of uneasiness connected with public, fully as much as with private, interests, and under the worrying succession of interruptions, more wearying to the spirits than any amount of labour.

The correspondence of Bunsen with his Royal master, should it ever reach the light, would record the main subjects of interest in this year as well as in many before and after. From 1842 date the beginnings of many friendly connections, which grew and strengthened as time wore on; among which that with Florence Nightingale claims the first notice. Bunsen and his family met, and from the first valued her, on a few occasions, when nothing occurred peculiarly to rouse and reveal the soul which subsisted in her, in the fullness of its energy, or the powers which only waited for an opportunity to be developed; but her calm dignity of deportment, self-conscious without either shyness or presumption, and the few words indicating deep reflection, just views, and clear perceptions of life and its obligations, and the trifling acts showing forgetfulness of self, and devotedness to others, were of sufficient force to bring conviction to the observer, even before it had been proved by all outward experience, that she was possessed of all that moral greatness which her subsequent course of action, of suffering, and of influential power, has displayed. The date cannot easily be ascertained when she first began to enquire the opinion of Bunsen on the question which occupied her mind, ‘What can an individual do, towards lifting the load of suffering from the helpless and the miserable?’—but a correspondence which yet exists (though not with Bunsen

personally) shows that she had already thought and observed much with regard to one of those needs of humanity with which her name has since been connected. The excellent Dr. Sieveking (now physician to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales) had given much of his time, gratuitously, to attend to, and to investigate the condition of, poorhouses and hospitals; and in the full consciousness of one of the awful evils which almost nullifies the benefit of hospitals, the vice and incompetence of the usual attendants on the sick, and, on the other hand, of the large amount of unemployed power of labour among the female inmates of workhouses—he was anxious that ladies might be induced to combine for the purpose of giving help on both sides, by the transference of willing and capable females from the idleness of poorhouses, to a sphere of well-remunerated usefulness. His reflections were submitted to Florence Nightingale; the result of whose considerations upon them was, that from her acquaintance with the inmates of poorhouses, not a single individual among them, however willing to obey a call to another condition, would be found competent to fulfil the arduous duties of the hospital, *without a regular training*; and for such training, a place, and persons themselves instructed, were indispensable. It was owing to Bunsen's suggestion, that long after this date, Florence Nightingale went to Kaiserswerth, not only to study the system, but to serve through a practical apprenticeship in each and every subdivision of the labours there performed, previous to her arduous study at Paris among the 'petites Sœurs de Charité.'

The letters of Bunsen have often borne testimony to the benefit and the relief he experienced from a work of the highest art, such as the successful performance of a piece of Shakespeare, in clearing the mind of care, and restoring elasticity to the overstrained powers; and he often had opportunity, during the managership of Mr.

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Macready, of enjoying that recreation, and adding his meed of applause to the completeness of the entire arrangements, as well as the excellence of individual representation—for instance, in the case of Macready's Brutus (as in later years of Lear), in which he felt that the conceptions of Shakespeare were made more perceptible than the mere dead letter could render them. More than once did he enjoy Händel's 'Acis and Galatea,' then brought out in the full perfection of the combined fine arts, as each could be brought to bear on the performance—the bright and graceful, though frivolous poetry of Gay; the depth and breadth and versatility of Händel's musical feeling, as he endeavoured to represent the tragedy first in preparation and then in solution; the luxury of decoration achieving the effect and earning the praise of landscape-painting; the pastoral groups elevated by the just choice of drapery into a peasantry of ancient Greece; and last not least effective, the voices and demeanour of the performers. The only incongruous portion, indicating decline and corruption of taste, he observed to be the dance of shepherds in the common *figurante* style of the opera stage; he admitted, however, that even had Macready been able to conjure up and reanimate the style of the ancients, it might have proved to modern perceptions insipid. With the opera stage, Bunsen had no patience, and though he visited it in London, in attendance on the Prince of Prussia, even Jenny Lind (although he entirely felt her power of grace as well as voice) failed to enable him to find pleasure or even amusement in that form of dramatic representation against which he peculiarly protested, as being the betrayal of a good cause, and the caricature of a kind of composition which he acknowledged to be founded in reason, and desired to see revived by a real master of combined verse and harmony. The ballet he considered a thing of unmingled evil, and its highest and most applauded efforts as the exaggeration of un-

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earnestly asked for by the publisher, Perthes, of Gotha. The account which has been given of events and avocations since that date may render the non-compliance of Bunsen with the friendly demand intelligible, without reconciling the minds of his friends, and those of the cause, to the result of the delay, which in a great measure defeated the end Bunsen had proposed to himself, and to which he devoted the freshest period of his life and faculties. The first edition met with so much favour, that had a second edition in a more popular form and of diminished size followed upon it, the matter might have pervaded the public mind, instead of being confined to the knowledge of a few ; and Germans might have accepted the evidence brought forward to prove their neglect of one of the principal glories of their nation—the possession of the finest devotional poetry in existence ; and to demonstrate the necessity of reforming and restoring the collections of hymns in use, whether in public or private worship, according to Christian principles, and the rules of sound criticism. But the purpose of republication, which Bunsen unceasingly entertained, was not effected, because he contemplated a larger amount of alteration than others deemed necessary, and therefore put off the commencement of revision, in the hope of being enabled to look forward to a time when he might devote to the new edition his own undivided attention. This was, in the summer of 1842, as far from practicable as it ever had been ; and Bunsen was obliged to confine himself to the general arrangement and supervision, leaving a great amount of detail to the numerous, intelligent, and indefatigable assistants, who were his household guests and inmates during nearly two summer months. It must be confessed that the omission of many much-cherished portions of the first edition, and the retaining and insertion of much that must be termed ultra-dogmatical in the second, was not done in the spirit of Bunsen, so

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one whose zeal in the common pursuit equalled his own, thus procuring for himself that complete refreshment which became a necessity after the long course of official work which he had so unremittingly pursued; so that he needed, as little as he desired, to absent himself during the (so called) dull season, from his delightful London residence, which entirely satisfied all his requirements.

If, however, his own health as yet stood the test of town air, that was not the case with his children, and it had gradually become clear that, used as they had been to a purer atmosphere, the confining them to that of London was out of the question. When, therefore, his wife departed in the last week of July to take the family (for the sake of two among the number) to the baths of Aix in Savoy, Bunsen combined a search after places in the country with a long-desired and promised visit to his beloved friend, Julius Hare, at Herstmonceaux, in Sussex, finding the desired object where least expected.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: 13th August.

I am, God be thanked, as well and as active as ever in my life. This morning I have given Lepsius my last *rédaction* of the first volume. To-morrow I shall rewrite *my chapter* of the Jerusalem book. Abeken's task is done, entirely to my satisfaction. Kuhlo is working hard at the Liturgies; Kappel at the Psalms (the execution of which leads to many discoveries as to their original construction); Stip at the Hymn Book, Sydow at the Prayer Book. At breakfast, and again at dinner in the evening, we all meet. I am up generally at five in the morning, and the air agrees wonderfully with me. I walk in the parks, and drive to Kensington, and the Surrey Gardens, &c. You, of course, my beloved one, are *always* wanting! but there is the prospect of the blessed hour of meeting at Blackwall, and of renewal of immediate communication. May God grant that blessing as soon as it can be!

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I am placed; a thread of connection extending from Zion in politics to the glove and stocking interest! Finishing seemed impossible, but yet it was accomplished. Among the *twelve* was a report on the Casa Tarpea (Archæological Institute, hospital, &c., on the Capitol) superintended by Braun; a detailed statement of the needs and requirements of the undertaking was made out by Abeken, and accompanied by three separate letters from myself to the King—the proposal and petition signifying payment of all the debts of the house, and an appointment from January 1, 1843, of a regular ‘House-father and House-mother’ (as we call the steward and matron) in the persons of the Organist Schulz and his bride elect, who would live *for* and *in* the daily and hourly management of all household concerns. This plan (which I fully believe the King will graciously accept) implies a peculiarly personal gratification (*Angebilde*) to myself—as the confidential reply of Schulz, the organist, to Abeken’s private hint of the project, was that ‘the execution of such a design would make the happiness of two hearts.’ You will imagine how this providential dispensation of blessing comes home to me personally! May I ever keep it in thankful memory! At half-past six all was done; and at seven we sat down to a remarkable parting-meal:—Abeken to Berlin,—Lepsius with Weidenbusch to Africa,—Sydow, Kuhlo, Stip, Maurice, and Prentiss,—the latter departing next day to America, an admirable man, and who has shown me much attachment. Having in cheerfulness eaten and drank, we removed upstairs for singing, as a finale, the ‘German Fatherland’ and the ‘Song of Blücher,’ until the hour, a quarter before twelve, converted mirth into the solemnity of farewell. From twelve to one o’clock I wrote the three letters yet wanting for Abeken (to the King, to the Minister von Thile, &c.) and let him depart, with heartiest wishes for every blessing.

I am thankful for all that has been realised, and for all that might be added to the picture—Zion and much besides—which could not enter my mind three years ago. To God be the glory! I will also thank Him for my being fixed in the land of the mighty Unicorn, in the wave-encircled dwelling of the highly-favoured nation. Early on Saturday I began the revision of the Psalm Book, and read with Kuhlo in the Hebrew Psalms cxxxi. to cl. . . Here have I written a long

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London is indescribably delightful just now. Nobody there to disturb my leisure—no Court, no Foreign Office ; most heavenly weather. Every other day we drive to the charming heights above London—Hampstead, Highgate—walk about there, drive home again, dine, walk again (when there is no rain), talk, have some music, and then go to bed.

The King has again excited the enthusiasm of the nation by his speech, &c., at Cologne. He is as inexhaustible in his resources as in his own kindness and benevolence ; and also full of *daring*. Only *he* could venture upon taking part first in the Protestant worship, and then attending the High Mass at the laying of the foundation-stone for the restoration of the Cologne Cathedral—in both with the Queen and in state. The Pope and the good people of Elberfeld will both grumble.*

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

London : 6th September, 1842.

. . . I do not expect Fanny and the children before the 24th—and shall in the meantime go to Norwich, for the Bishop's sake and that of the Musical Festival. If Ernest and Charles arrive in time, they may accompany me for two or three days. I accompanied Lepsius to Southampton—he embarked on the 1st (for his Egyptian expedition). May God speed it!—it is as if my eldest son had left me ! Abeken is gone also to meet the King on the Rhine. . . . We go to our place in Sussex the end of October. I am sure, if you consider all the circumstances, you will find it (as Fanny also considers it) a God-send.

London : 10th October.—I must thank you with a line for your kind and maternal reply to my letter,—I cannot say how thankful I am that you feel satisfied we are right in going to Herstmonceaux. I can assure you I attach not the slightest importance to the judgment of the world in this, as

* In August 1842, King Frederick William IV. inaugurated in a scene of great splendour the recommencement of the labours connected with the completion of Cologne Cathedral (began in 1248), assisting his eloquent appeal to all lovers of German Gothic by a grant from the public funds of 7,500*l.* annually, which the Prussian Parliament (since its establishment in 1849) has faithfully continued to vote. Bunsen's enthusiasm at the time was expressed in a paper, first published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and then printed separately, under the title of *Die Vollendung des Kölner Doms*.

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*Extract from a Letter of Bunsen's of September 1842.
(Uncertain to whom addressed.)*

[Translation.]

. . . . One thing I must beg of you: cast not away the yoke of Christ,—it is not only ‘an easy yoke,’ but of force to raise you above all the sufferings of earth:—from it can no one withdraw unpunished, for the false freedom of the age is spiritual death. I do not utter this by way of instruction, but as a profession of faith: by the help of which, all other things become equal or indifferent.

Bunsen to his Wife. (In answer to an enquiry as to the nature of his anticipations, when he had alluded, in a letter of 1st July, to trials in prospect.)

[Translation.]

3rd September.

Here you have my share of the thoughts of July 1!—I apprehend that much care and sorrow may be in store for us respecting the children. Of our *ten*, only one is provided for. It were, in our case, not merely to be ‘of little faith,’ but altogether faithless, after the providential guidance which we have experienced, if we could make matter of doubt and dread out of any cares which may arise; even to such I would address the words of the Hymn,—‘Cares belong to the Creator’—but, however, they exist, in full reality. As to what concerns myself, nothing more painful and difficult can come over me, than what has befallen me. If I live, I may yet find the harvest of my earthly endeavours there, where I am as yet misunderstood—in my own country. But great trials of good or evil fortune are before us in the coming time—that I feel distinctly.

Lepsius has departed. I saw him embark at Southampton on September 1. The next morning I began to withdraw from Egypt to the Land of Promise. I put my own hand to the work, and all help me with insight and willingness; but it is an enormous work.

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whole assembly (above 2,000 in number) rose and remained standing, as during devotional pieces. After this piece, the greatest effect was produced by a short chorus, which no one had heard before: and that was, equally from the *Septime*, borrowed from *Carissimo*. This system of intercalation is in itself indefensible: but I must confess that the text, as it is, has a fine effect: the action progresses dramatically, and nothing could be easier than to make a representation with entire dramatic effect of this 'Samson': an idea for which I sought to obtain acceptance.

Abeken writes from Berlin that all are satisfied to whom he was allowed to communicate the MS. My proposal as to the Law of Divorce is vehemently contended against in the Cabinet Council: and it is believed that this will give occasion for the King's calling me to Berlin, when I should be '*obliged to come.*' *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*—that is, I see not any possibility of my aiding the good cause—the only gain would be to remove from the King's mind all the deceptions which he makes to himself about my position at Berlin, and the yet greater entanglement into which he would bring me by such a summons. They have in writing my unchangeable opinion on the subject. Nitzsch, at Berlin, is entirely agreed in the contents of the MS.,—which was as little expected by, as it has been agreeable to the King, and to Eichhorn.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]


London: 18th November, 1842.

. . . . I am comforted by what you say as to a second Secretary in this Legation—your sympathy and that of Schleinitz and Philipsborn does me good. Much longer, indeed, it will not be possible to go on in this manner. What I have had to do for to-day's post to Berlin—(which could neither have been done sooner nor put off later)—you will see: and you must believe me that, in addition, I have had to get through diplomatic conferences, the eternal newspapers, matters of public concern to despatch, at least ten letters in England itself and concerns of private persons to treat, German, English, and French, such as the Chief of this Legation never ought to be troubled with, further than to

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was incomparably interesting. It was Bunsen's desire and aim to elicit from Sir Robert Peel such sentences on matters touching the weal or woe of nations, as he had the peculiar gift of uttering, when the right question had been asked, in a few words of weighty import. He said, in reference to the King of Prussia, 'I hope he will be ready to concede to the wishes of his subjects—it is well to make concessions while they yet can be made:—many Sovereigns have had cause to lament having let the hour of concession go by—which returns not.' Bunsen observed upon Sir Robert Peel's rare power of condensing enquiry into a question, the answer to which, if duly made, would be voluminous.

The party were among the listeners to a sermon of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, preached in Tamworth Church; all joined in astonishment and admiration, whether matter or manner were considered: but neither Sir Robert Peel nor his guests, with the exception of Bunsen, could bring themselves to believe that the sermon could be extempore, as they considered that a composition, so faultless and yet so forcible, could not have originated but in an hour of quiet and seclusion, when it must have been carefully written down and committed to memory. Bunsen was better acquainted than the rest of the party with the effect of such practice, it being universal (except in the case of exceptional talent) in Germany, where congregations do not allow of the reading of a manuscript in the pulpit. He felt the manner of Stowell to be throughout contradictory of such a supposition,—arguing (but in vain) to convince the parliamentary orators that could they but attribute to the preachers of Christian truth as entire a possession of their subject, as great a warmth of feeling, and as thorough a conviction, as they knew by experience to be the stimulus of eloquence in their own case, they would have no difficulty in crediting the spontaneity of '*d'alta facundia inesauribil vera.*' Sir Robert Peel insisted that the position of the



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past speaking, Sir Robert Peel is reported to have demanded three times that Bunsen should be summoned to his bedside. As the meeting was prevented by the rapid approach of the last moment the feeling which dictated this most affecting call must remain a mystery.

It was at this time that when an allusion was made to hardness of hearing, Sir R. Peel mentioned his own unceasing inconvenience, not to say suffering, from a sound in his ears like that of boiling water,—which began in consequence of the report of a fowling-piece, going off unawares close to his head very early in his life; and from which he had no respite. When Bunsen commented on the peculiar hardship attending such an infirmity in the case of the parliamentary debater, bound not to lose or misconceive a word, Sir Robert Peel admitted the effort of keeping up unbroken attention to be severe.

In the calm and solemn brightness of Christmas days, in family intercourse, with the precious addition of the society of Archdeacon Hare and of the widow of the Rev. Augustus Hare, the year 1842 closed to Bunsen and his family, in their beloved refuge at Herstmonceaux.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Herstmonceaux.)

[Translation.]

London: Sunday morning, 12th March, 1843.

To me the case stands clear before the mind's eye that you will outlive me, and be called upon to guide the dear children farther in life; this thought is firm in my mind these many years, although not from the very beginning. The Lord order the event according to His holy will! But I will this day make my will; a short one, for, God be thanked! I have little to dispose of, and what I have is yours; of that I shall speak no more. But what I have to say to you, in consciousness of our indestructible bond of love, is that your letter has caused me to look deeply and sorrowfully into my own heart. . . The wheel of life whirls

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XI.*Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.*

London: June, 1843, Saturday.

Pray read the Duke's wonderful speech on Thursday. It is an *historical* one, more than any we have probably heard these many years; he delivered it almost fluently. As a piece of oratory, Roebuck's philippic is said to have been the finest thing that ever proceeded from his mouth.

As to Lord Ellenborough, it comes out (as a statesman here told me a month ago), that 'he has made blunders, and will make blunders; he has been disagreeable, and will be disagreeable;—but that he will always do great things well.'

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: 3rd July, 1843.

The day before yesterday appeared a work which will mark an epoch in the Church history of England.*

9th July.—In order to seize the connection clearly between the sermon and the commentary, place before your mind the simple question of the Reformation—Is the Godhead—*latens dictus*—in the consecrated wafer, which by the consecration is made the present body?—or is the bread and wine simply *nothing*, either before or after the prayer of consecration, except *in* and *with* the soul and body of the believing receiver—in which connection it may be termed the symbolical or substantial body, according to the school that affixes the term?

Whosoever maintains the former is a Romanist, a servant of the Mass, and is under the obligation to take all consequences.

But that is asserted everywhere in the sermon,—just because without this assumption it is unintelligible. And why is this assumption at the bottom of the whole? Because, instead of the living God and the Eternal Word—whose utterances are spirit and life—Dr. Pusey invests the priesthood, called by him the Church, with a magic power to give

* The well-known sermon by Dr. Pusey.

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in faith. Truth and falsehood, reality and sham, must soon separate, as fire from water. Whoever was not before convinced of the eternal truth of Gospel faith and the doctrine of justification by that living faith in the Saviour, would now become so here on beholding the deathlike superstition of the Puseyites. Be not led into error; the people of England are more strenuous than ever against this party, whose decided adherents are few. They lead astray many green girls and old women, and they have altogether the advantage of the reaction of the Middle Ages against the eighteenth century to make use of—which with us began fifty years ago, and had its consequences—witness Stollberg, Schlegel, &c. All that is told of ‘thousands of Puseyites’ is a falsehood; were you here, you would see it with your own eyes.

What our intentions were with regard to Jerusalem is told in the small book which Hering will bring you. It is by Abeken, written here; if you should discern the pencil of your friend in the first part, keep to yourself the fact that you know it to be from his hand. The establishment will in five or six years show itself for what it is. ‘Patience and silence.’

Your ‘Niebelungen’ are my joy and my pride. The book meets with much approbation here. Lachmann’s publication of ‘Twenty Songs of the Niebelungen’ (in Simrock’s translation) would deserve to be treated in a similar manner. They are more easy for the general reader, and also more grand in style than the former.

We go on better as regards the health of our children. We old ones are well.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

24th August, 1843.

In remembrance of to-morrow receive the best edition of the divine Plato. Take him as being, next after the Gospel, the best means of assisting us in consecrating our life to God, and the most powerful help in the struggle with it. And may God bless you!

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referring the inscription upon Arnold's tomb wholly to Hare's correction and decision, he continues:—] Let me thank you once more for the days of happiness which your friendship, unwearied kindness, and ever ready help and advice, procured me at Herstmonceaux. I look back to those days as to one of the happiest portions of my life, and I cannot help hoping that Providence will bring us once more near together, to exchange thoughts and feelings.

I go with very mixed feelings to Berlin; but the idea of seeing the King—also Schelling and my two boys, and so many kind friends—of settling the printing of the Liturgy, and possibly the Divorce question—fills me with hope and thankfulness. I shall *not* remain; there is no place for me now, and in my opinion there never will be. If I can from time to time go over to Berlin, and *see Germany*, I cannot imagine a more desirable arrangement of life.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Brussels: Friday, 15th March, 1844, half-past two.

Twenty-four hours and a half after you and all my friends had vanished from my sight, I landed well and cheerful at Antwerp; never have I had more prosperous seafaring expeditions than since I have been Envoy to the favourite of Neptune, the Queen of Great Britain! The cause is self-evident. I had begun by making myself at home in the state cabin, by using the upper hammock as a standing desk upon which I placed my book, supported on each side by book bags. When the rain had ceased I walked on deck, the sea was smooth, but the N.E. wind most penetrating.

The dear Arnims are as kind as ever; I have left them to return in two hours to dinner; to-morrow, at half-past seven, I go on to Cologne. When I have dressed for dinner I shall write my comment upon Ewald's book.

Ewald does not admit the historical personality of Joseph—because he cannot explain it from want of knowledge of Egyptian chronology; although he remarks, with great acuteness, that Joseph is never placed in the series of the patriarchs. He perceives that Joseph came to an *Egyptian*, and not to a *Shepherd-King*: therefore he concludes that Joseph came *before*

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Cologne: Monday, 18th March, 1844.

(Soft breath of Spring), eight o'clock, A.M.

Already I have plunged into the open sea of the life of my people, and into the arms of old friends. I left Brussels early on Saturday, and arrived at seven o'clock in the evening at Cologne, where Helmentag fetched me from the station. We talked until after two in the morning. On Sunday Zwirner's assistant showed us everything in the cathedral; for the first time I saw the apsis completed, according to the original plan. Helmentag suggested to me to visit the Archbishop, and one of the principal patricians of Cologne, the President von Grote. I enquired whether he believed the attention would be taken in good part? He was sure that there need be no doubt; and offered to ascertain the suitable time. Then we proceeded to the Protestant church, full to the very street door; the preacher, a true servant of the Gospel. Then I flew by railway to Bonn, and by one o'clock was on my pilgrimage to the monument of Niebuhr, which I beheld with unspeakable emotion. Then I went to Hollweg, with him to Brandis, with the latter to Arndt and Nitzsch, whence Hollweg again fetched me, and he with Brandis accompanied me back to Cologne: on my arrival there, I was met by Helmentag with the intelligence that my announced visit would be very agreeable to the Archbishop. I drove to the Palace, where I had not set foot since the eventful day of September 17, 1837; and had a conversation of an hour and a quarter with the coadjutor Archbishop, who met me in the most friendly manner, and after the first half hour treated me even confidentially. Having returned to Helmentag I met the President von Grote, at supper, and we sat in friendly talk together till midnight. Now, in half an hour I shall be on the way to Düsseldorf, passing by the side of a hospital building, where a fine Roman mosaic has been excavated, 500 square feet, with the images of the seven sages and their Grecian names. The kind President promises to show them to me. We two had never seen one another before, and we have parted as friends. The Archbishop re-

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gloomily still. With the noblest intentions and the highest gifts, *mistakes* continually take place; and the public mind (which is unjustly embittered) seizes upon them. Whatever is done is sure to be misinterpreted—everything that takes place is disapproved, either because it is really faulty, or because it is not *that* which is demanded, the desideratum being a Representative Assembly (*Reichstände*). That the King should have accepted the protectorate of the ‘Gustav-Adolph Verein’ has been matter of great irritation among the Roman Catholics, who intend to have an association for the benefit of poor Catholic communities (as the other is for Protestants), which they will call the *Tilly Society* (!) They will not accomplish this. The Minister has despatched a letter to the Catholic Bishops in defence and explanation of the acceptance of the protectorate, to obviate groundless suppositions; which step is vehemently blamed—it is said, ‘*Qui s’excuse, s’accuse.*’ If things look ill here, it is worse in the old provinces, as I am assured.

One word about Kaiserswerth, which is an admirable institution, superior to what I expected. Not before next year (the autumn of 1845) will Fliedner be able to send us four or five deaconesses (for the German Hospital in London).

A short notice must be given of the institution of a Hospital for Germans in London, alluded to in the letter of Bunsen of March 19, 1844, though there is no paper in Bunsen’s own handwriting to notify his discovery of the great need of such an establishment, or of his own sedulous labour to bring it into reality. Such statements were no doubt made in his communications to the King, who granted munificent assistance as soon as it was applied for, the application not having been made until Bunsen could represent the undertaking as both existing and in a state of forwardness, according to his principle and invariable practice with regard to claims on the Royal beneficence.

The existing need of medical and surgical aid for the very large German population of London was not owing to any objection or difficulty being made to the admission of German patients into the London hospitals, but

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preface. Now for the continuation of my narrative. My last letter was from Düsseldorf, on Tuesday; at half-past two I proceeded to Elberfeld, and there saw Gräber, the President of the Synod, and F. W. Krummacher. With the former I talked over the Law of Divorce; he shares my opinion, that the law is not tenable except on the scriptural foundation, and that must be understood in the sense of the Reformation and of our ancient Liturgies: that is, that marriage is essentially indissoluble, except on the ground of adultery, or of malicious desertion. He declared himself to hold personally the same view, but that many voices, even in the Synod, would be against it, when the proposal should be laid before them; the clergy, he believed, would willingly conform to it as *law*, and he and those agreed with him would thankfully support it, if it were reformed according to my proposal. This testimony rejoiced my heart, in opposition to such fearful infatuation as exists elsewhere.

The accounts I first received of the temper of the public are confirmed in every place. . . Clubs are everywhere in process of formation. It is not insurrection that is aimed at, but agitation. Shortly before reaching Minden, I met so heavy a fall of snow, with a north-east wind, that the postilion had to be lifted off his horse, so greatly was he stiffened with the cold. The snow continued to fall all night: but by eight o'clock next morning the finest sunshine brought in the first day of spring, and at Hamela after having breakfasted, I hastened on, on foot, before the carriage, for, as I was now in the kingdom of Hanover, waiting for the horses was a matter of course. By a quarter past six (Friday the 22nd) I arrived at the Berlin station. . . Yesterday I went early to Bülow, who received me with his accustomed heartiness, and gave me at once the *carte du pays* with reference to myself; it was just what I had anticipated. The granting to me the Star of the Order had called forth great indignation, and my being called to Berlin great alarm. Next Wednesday the last conference of the Council of State on the Law of Divorce is to take place, and they expect that the King will send me there to preach the Gospel. I found General von Thile, and was most affectionately received, and confidentially informed of the questions that awaited me.

The King, I find, has adopted the Ministerial proposal, to

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alone;—it was as if the solar system should be furnished with centrifugal powers only. The Prince stated to me his own position relative to the great question, *and to the King*, with a clearness, precision, self-command, and openness which delighted me. He is quite his father; throughout, a noble-minded Prince of Brandenburg—of that House which has created Prussia.

This audience has created much surprise, and all those who as yet had avoided taking cognisance of my existence, are now full of attention and consideration. I have informed the King of what passed, and I now wait to see whether the Prince will give me an opportunity again to speak to him on this greatest of all the questions of the present day. I have the King's permission to tell the Prince that I am informed of all that the King thinks on the subject, and to communicate my own opinion. Will all this help? That, no one can know; but I trust God will give me strength to speak openly, and yet to be prudent. As to the first, I have no fear; but that prudence I shall never learn which consists in not saying what I think. I see the King almost daily. The day before yesterday I read to him the Introduction to my Egyptian work. Last night I was two hours alone with the King. The aide-de-camp (Colonel Willisen) was commanded not to announce me, but to desire me to go straight into the closet.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Monday, 15th April, 1844.

BEST BELOVED!—Only two words—particulars another time. I am well, and *very happy*. My heart expands in the thought that I *may be* of service to King and fatherland in their immediate need, in *the* question of the time.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Tuesday, 16th April, 1844.

I work in the morning at the 'four preliminary questions.'* In the afternoon I meditate on the great cathedral

* These *Vier Vorfragen* were treated in four essays, proposing certain preparatory laws and regulations to be decided upon by the King (according to Bunsen's opinion), without any delay, so as to prepare the way for the promulgation of a Prussian Constitution.

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much care and vexation, so many mistakes, so much discord and misapprehension! Since this interview, I feel my heart free; I feel again that I am reconciled to my old paternal friend.

To-day I have invited my two sons, with Gerhard, Panofka, Franz, Kramer, Marcus Niebuhr, Usedom, Roestell, Baron Liphart, Reumont, and Stier (twelve in all), to an archæological dinner party, in the strangest and most agreeable locality in the world—Kroll's, in the Thiergarten. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Sunday morning, 21st April, 1844.

(2597th anniversary of the birthday of Rome.)

I have had an important week. My proposal with regard to the reconstruction of the ancient *Schwanen-Orden* (Order of the Swan) consists mainly of two measures proposed as immediate and contemporary:

1. The foundation of an establishment at Berlin for the care of the sick by means of self-devoted and trained females (deaconesses).

2. Restoration of the original communities of *canonesses* (about ten in number in the monarchy), according to the original idea of the institution. You know that these were originally aristocratic convents, retained at the time of the Reformation as places of refuge for the unmarried daughters of the country nobility. The old Elector of Brandenburg decreed that the inmates should 'hold Divine service daily, and lead a pious and contemplative life,' but the Chapters have naturally become mere receptacles of old maids and of gossip.

The King has resolved to announce to the abbesses of these establishments that he 'does not desire to exercise any compulsion, but if any of them will undertake and carry out any work of charity (such as infant schools, for instance), the residue of the revenues of the establishment (hitherto appropriated by the State, after payment of the several allowances and expenses) shall be placed at the disposal of the ladies for public purposes; besides which, every establishment which should thus form for itself a new rule of life, should be

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[Translation.]

The Palace, Potsdam : Wednesday, 15th May, 1844.

I came here, by command, after despatching my letter of this morning to you, and while awaiting further orders, I employ the moment in intercourse with you. My task for to-day is indeed an important one ! The reform of the ladies' establishments would be a real blessing. The King as Crown Prince opposed their suppression, because he would not give up the hope of making use of them for purposes beneficial to the Protestant community, instead of allowing their revenues to fall into the general treasury for the disposal of Government. The election of a truly religious abbess in the most considerable of these institutions (that of the Holy Sepulchre) seemed to be at the same time an unhopedor opportunity for the beginning of the work. The plan of the abbess would include (after indispensable preliminary regulations) the establishment of an infant school, that of a hospital, and of a school for girls ; but she necessarily waits for the King first to clear out the old leaven, it seeming indispensable to allow and to oblige those inmates, who are unfit and unable to live according to new regulations, to consume their annuities elsewhere, at the same time retaining their rank—a thing much cared for, as canonesses take place in society before others who are their equals in birth.

On the same principle, the rich prebends of the Cathedrals at Magdeburg, Merseburg, and Naumburg, will be dealt with ; but these rich morsels fall to the share of persons in whose case it is difficult to find the form by which to make such an alteration as to restore those revenues to their originally useful destination,—a difficulty shared with England in the case of Holy Cross, the Charterhouse, Dulwich, St. Alban's, and many others.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Sans Souci : Whit Sunday, 1844.

. . . The King having desired that music to the great Trilogy of Æschylus should be composed by Mendelssohn, Professor Franz has, at my request, made a new translation, in three acts—brought together by omission and conden-

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cal and gainsaying public, which, instead of beholding in the performance the gratification of artistic taste on the part of the King, was resolved to believe in a design to regulate or school the general taste by authority. At a later period, the 'Œdipus at Colonos' (the Choruses by Taubert) was performed with good effect, and by the desire of the King, under Bunsen's direction, the great works of Æschylus (the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Eumenides,' the 'Choephoræ') were compressed by Professor Franz into one piece, called the 'Oresteia.' It was hoped that Mendelssohn would have undertaken the arrangement and musical composition of the Choruses, but after much consideration, for reasons indicated in the second volume of his published correspondence, he was obliged to leave the royal wish unfulfilled.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam: Whit Sunday, 1844, twelve o'clock.

Here, as at Berlin, all is in the greatest excitement—the courier announcing the Emperor's arrival having come but two minutes before him. The Emperor had accomplished the 250 German miles in 106 hours, including the *four hours* that he passed before the gate of Berlin (in order not to rouse the Meyendorfs out of their sleep), changed his dress, drove to the Greek Russian Church, which was decorated with fresh flowers and branches for the festival, and all present on their knees, the Mass having begun. The Emperor by a sign commanded stillness, and knelt close to the entrance, remaining thus (in his tight uniform) for half an hour, and then proceeded to his proper seat, before the singing of the 'Te Deum;' after that, to the railway, and on to Sans Souci. He is going by Holland to England, where he will remain eight or ten days, and so you will see him. A grand presence! The journey hither, and to England, may become matter of universal history. All is in the hands of God, and this is the festival of the greatest of miracles!

Four o'clock.—I have been presented to the Emperor by the King. He said, he had expected to find me in London. The

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This last would be the *one* rational aim, and therefore a political intention, of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, as it is the foundation of Brunnow's policy. He wishes to influence them. To what end? To what, but for plans as to the future—the near future, in which he would fain not see England and France pursuing the same line! Thus he may yet more strengthen the already ruling conviction of the Government, that he will *never* lend a hand to a combination with France, such as all other Russian politicians demand, in order to take a share of Turkey, without asking leave of England or of Germany. But *further*. There is the world's prospect barred up from our view. England never gives an *eventual* assent, and takes upon herself no eventual obligations: not one of her present statesmen is capable of a prescient, systematic course of politics respecting Turkey; but were there even such a systematic course adopted and followed up, it could only be for the present, not for a future transaction. And what inducements can the Emperor offer?

It may, after all, have been only a whim of autocracy that has decided him personally to examine into the state of men's minds. But a courageous autocrat in truth he is! No police in London can protect him from the daggers or pistols of the Poles, or of any possible madman; and how many of his bitterest enemies are there, in despair, breathing forth vengeance, setting life at nought! He has a firm belief in Divine protection; yet upon what is such faith founded?

No confidential intercourse has taken place *here* between the King and the Emperor,—of that I am convinced: it was scarcely possible; and, besides, they are upon no confidential footing. Were that the case I should now be on the way to London. The Emperor himself brought the matter near to me—‘J'avais cru vous trouver à Londres. Quand y serez-vous de retour?’ ‘J'attends les ordres du Roi, Sire.’ ‘Je peux donc me charger de vos commissions pour Londres?’ A low bow on my part. End of the conversation; the Emperor moved on; the King came near; Humboldt remarked, as in joke, ‘You ought to travel after the Emperor, and return with him.’ ‘Yes, indeed,’ said the King, ‘that is true!’ ‘But he would not arrive in time,’ observed Humboldt. ‘It might be possible, by Hamburgh.’ ‘Rather by Ostend,’ rejoined the King. I was silent, for I saw it was

not the King's intention, and could perceive no use in such a journey to and fro ; on the contrary, it would give rise to erroneous suppositions, as though there were a great political plan between the two Courts, into which I was to help to induce England to enter ; but that is not the case—the Emperor has indicated no such design. Of course I should go, had the King given the least sign of a wish to that effect. I believe he would like it as little as myself. Ideas or imagination the Emperor has not ; but there is an inward dignity in him.

As matters now stand, it is clear to me that *now* no measure can or will be taken from which an important result could be expected. The temper of minds in the country *may* improve, just because it cannot be worse. As long as the aim and the means of attainment remain separate, there is nothing to be done, but to pray and to hope and to believe.

I was with General Thile the day before yesterday. He assured me that he would make use of the leisure he should obtain, by the King's short absence on a visit in Prussian Saxony, to study the subject of my Political Memoirs. So it is here—everybody has to do with so much current business, that there is no time to bestow on the weightiest concerns ; that is, just now, the very question of life—not even to *think* of it, much less to work it out. Imagine (the fact is significant) that during the *fortnight* in which the two Memoirs have been in the General's hands no clerk has had leisure even to transcribe them—they are too much engaged with writing on daily business to find time for anything unusual !

As I know that I should perish at the end of a few years if I was obliged to remain here, I often seem to myself like the insect, which, though singed, yet flies ever and again to the flame. I do that to which my innermost feeling urges me, without consideration of consequences to myself ; but when I fully contemplate realities I see that no danger exists of my being detained here. That nothing whatever will be done is a matter of the highest probability : should anything be done some of my ideas may be made use of. *That* is what I must consider the gracious ordinance of God's providence for myself personally ; and it would also be well-judged to act without me, for I am not suited to the execution of affairs, or not suited to the men with whom I should have to act. I cannot even

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comprehend how business can be performed as it is here—I mean really great and necessary business. All seem to be gliding quietly down the stream to the cataracts which are actually before them. The daily life of the Court and of the Ministers experiences no interruption for a single day, as though we lived in the most commonplace period; and yet every one *says* that we are in a time of crisis! *Non ci capisco niente!* Often am I haunted by the spectre of the Court and Ministry at Paris in 1788-89; but then, I say again, Prussia is not France, and, above all, Frederick William IV. is not Louis XVI. I have shown throughout my life, that I am not nervous: I can sleep in the storm, and be silent in the fire; but if I sat at the helm, I should have no peace until a resolution had been taken, and I could then set about the work resolved upon. For delay between determination and action is as intolerable as between betrothal and wedding.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

The day that the Emperor was here at dinner, I sat, as usual, opposite to the King, who addressed me, in conversation, more even than usual. He began by explaining the sense of Beethoven's 'Overture' to the 'Coriolanus' of Shakespeare, which was performed under the windows of the dining-room, remarking that the composition designated all parts of the action, &c.; his subject led him to speak of the 'Eumenides,' and I mentioned that I had induced Franz to make a fresh translation, condensing the three parts into one whole, in three acts, by the omission of unnecessary portions. The Emperor enquired what the matter in question was? and the King related, shortly and humorously, the subject of the tragedy, concluding with—'The thing ends thus: the Furies receive the title of *Excellency*, and a house rent free outside the gates,—and withdraw, on these conditions, well pleased!' All the allusions contained in this jest you must get Thile to explain,—one allusion, among many others, is to a set of grumblers who a few days ago were dismissed and paid off with the title just mentioned and other desirable things. The Emperor must have remained as entirely uninformed as before, and have thought his Royal brother-in-law original

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stains fixed upon her by unbelief and false belief, by despotism and anarchy, by aristocratic greediness of gain ! It will not be long before I shall be called a Jacobin, as before I was reckoned a Jesuit. Never mind ! With God's help I may yet attain the end. Next week I am to go to the King ; this week I requested him to leave free to me. To-morrow is the anniversary of the late King's death, which the King keeps in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg.

[In English.]

Berlin : Thursday morning, 13th June.

I have to tell you an important fact, that I must be in London soon after the middle of July. The commercial discussions are becoming too important to allow of my being longer detained. Bülow has written in perfect accordance with my own declarations and convictions, at my instigation, to the King, that he must not keep me longer than necessary. I was to have been yesterday at Sans Souci, but the telegraph announced the flying Emperor's arrival here to-day, and that I am to dine with the King *here*, and go with him to Sans Souci when the northern gale is blown over.

The King has my two Memoirs, and I have announced to him my *last word*, which contains the *Key*, and which I have shown to nobody else. I do not *work* much now ; I merely *think*, which costs me no trouble ; I eat and drink (homœopathically), which gives me none either ; and I sleep, which does me much good. Besides, I lounge about, doing nothing, and enjoy the society, first of the King, then of friends, from five to eleven every day. What interesting letters from Lepsius and Abeken ! It is with the Ethiopian hypothesis (i.e. that Egyptian civilisation came from Meroe), as I said in 1841, in my instructions to Lepsius,—it is all a bubble, humbug, and nonsense. No Ethiopian monuments before the Ptolemies ! Possibly the name of Queen Candace. . . .

To the Same. (At Berlin.)

[Translation.]

From Sans Souci : Wednesday, 26th June, 1844.

. . . I am still here, and shall probably also be here to-morrow, and the day after (Friday). I am to have a solemn audience—the audience. To-day is the birthday of

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daughter to Berlin, ended in the recommendation of a cold-water treatment, to be undergone at Marienburg, near Boppard, on the Rhine; and Bunsen and his wife departed in different directions from Berlin at the same time—he to be ready in London for the Prince's arrival, and she for a temporary banishment, which prevented her being present to receive his Royal Highness at the dwelling of the Prussian Legation, then No. 4 Carlton Terrace.

To the Same. (His wife being at Berlin ; while he was at the Palace of Sans Souci, at Potsdam.)

[Translation.]

Saturday morning, seven o'clock : 6th July, 1844.

I am still here,—for how long?—one knows nothing here beforehand. . . . The King said to Count Redern that I *must* now go back to London, on account of public business, but that I was to return to fetch *you*. Humboldt insists that the King said the same to yourself (when he spoke to you at the New Palace), of which I know nothing. For my own part, I have no desire to return ; I see no reason for it, and all reasons against it ; but if the King should command, I must do so. Will he indeed command ? that must depend upon events. All this troubles me not, for I have *cast my die*, let it fall as it may. I have chosen my line, and on that I will run my course, as long as God gives me strength. . . .

10th July, Thursday, half-past eleven.—I am deep in work, and, spite of the name of this residence, deep in cares. Never mind !

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London, Carlton Terrace : 24th July, 1844, Wednesday.

. . . You have been informed of our prosperous voyage and you also know that the Prince of Prussia, in all probability, will arrive to-day, and receive the intelligence of Queen Victoria's safety, and the birth of a second Prince ;—he will also find all things here prepared for his reception I must consider this as providential. How extraordinary, at least, that the Prince should just enter the house I inhabit

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work on Egypt. At Oakhill (the country-house) I work at the completion of the 'General Evangelical Hymn and Prayer Book,' the printing of which is to begin on August 15, at the Rauhe Haus in Hamburgh, in 10,000 copies. This is essentially my work of life and love; and it has in the latter years constituted itself, in its form and its matter, into a popular German form. A book of choral melodies will appear simultaneously; in which you will find the genuine ancient harmonies, with equal notes for congregational singing, and, on the opposite side, a rhythmical arrangement for the choir. For each and both these works I have declined all favour or concern on the part of Government, as I desire that the work should appear before the congregation entirely as a private undertaking. The Hymn Book contains sixty-two psalms and 450 hymns; the Prayer Book contains the Church Prayers as its liturgical section, and forms of private prayer extracted from those of the former publication in 1832.

Much besides, humanly speaking more important, was also agitated at Berlin, but is not calculated for communication in a letter. Still I must say a word on one subject—that of the Cathedral and the Campo Santo. Only the latter will be built in the first instance; before the present church can be pulled down, the Petri-Kirche must be finished, which will require three years. The designs of Cornelius for the Campo Santo are the finest that he has ever made. He will execute the Cartoons, but that he should ever paint them is most improbable.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: 7th August, 1844.

. . . I am just returned from Windsor Castle, where all is prepared for the friendly and dignified reception of the Prince. Prince Albert very happy in the birth of a second son, the Queen as well or better than ever. . . . I shall to-morrow write and try to induce the King to cause the oldest Obelisk in the world—that of Sesortosen (under whom Joseph was Vizier)—to be sent to him from the Fayoum. . . .

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of less than a foot, tore through all my clothing; but I experienced not the slightest sensation, and it rolled off from the breast-bone, powerless into the carriage! Be silent, and adore! is my motto.

‘The Obelisk will be lost to me. But, may the Arazzi be mine! I will give the sum out of my pocket, and into the bargain the twenty guineas for the cameo of my great-uncle. Pray settle all at once. God be with you!—F.W.’

‘To William all that is cordial and affectionate! Talk over with him all things as much as possible—politics, Church matters, the arts, Jerusalem in particular. I have begged him, on his part, to discuss everything unreservedly with you—that will be most useful and very necessary.’

Whither will the Lord guide us, beloved? Not to greatness; but I say in words of the hymn:—

Thus lead'st Thou, Lord, Thy people still to blessing—
To blessing still, by strange, unthought-of ways.

I say *Amen* to all that you express in your two last letters, so full of love. I rejoice in Christiana's visit to you. A thousand greetings to her!

A letter to Bunsen from the banks of the Rhine, dated August 20, 1844, records a condition of weather strongly contrasted with the report repeatedly given of the clear sky and bright sunshine which favoured the tour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia in England.

Since the 10th there has been scarcely a cessation of pelt-ing rain, and the Rhine is swollen to such a degree as to cause apprehension of the low grounds being flooded; at the same time it is as cold as in November. Yet in despite of this state of weather, a troop of 400 pilgrims set off on foot this morning at four o'clock (from Boppard) to attend the festival at Trêves on the occasion of the displaying of the *Holy Coat*—supposed to be that of our Saviour for which the soldiers cast lots, as being ‘without seam, woven from the top throughout.’ This is a relic, as a rule, shown only once in a century; but the Pope has issued a permission for its being exposed on August 23, and again on September 8, and tracts on

the subject have been distributed for some time all about the country. . . . A travelling woman, who offers for sale pieces of fine guipure, said that most of it was purchased of the peasant-women, who sell it to obtain the means of defraying their travelling expenses to worship the Holy Coat at Trèves! These pieces of lace are considered as the necessary decoration of the wedding cap, worn on festivals for life, and intended to descend from one generation to another. To see them set off, in procession, headed by their priest, and chanting as they walked, was solemn and edifying, looking like devotion; but wretched was the sight as they returned, with clothes wet and muddy, and countenances worn and expressive not of fatigue only, but of discontent also. All the most serious-minded Catholics wish for the prohibition of such travelling and crowding under plea of devotion, which the late Archbishop Spiegel used to check by charges and admonitions to his clergy, as tending to more moral evil than can be told.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace : Thursday morning, 5th September, 1844.

. . . . I am this day to receive the Raphael-tapestry, and forward the pieces to the King, I hope before the equinoctial storms. On the journey with the Prince of Prussia I had occasion to see and know fine specimens of human nature, besides Wellington, Peel and Aberdeen, with whom I have really *lived*, and conversed much and confidentially:—Lady Adeliza Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland (who translated Tholuck's sermons), I saw at Belvoir Castle; and Lady Westmoreland, with whom I first became acquainted on this occasion; and this flight through the country will save me half a year of future travelling, both time and expense, for I have seen much that I had need to see, and should long since have seen. One *friend* too have I gained—Stockmar. He will accompany me next Sunday to Oakhill.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London : Monday, 9th September, 1844.

The Prince has departed, and the end has passed off as happily as the beginning and the middle of the time. The Prince has heaped all possible kindness upon me, and, as he

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is true and sincere, I can thoroughly rejoice therein. He has not only allowed me to lay before him all important papers, but has discussed them with me.

Numerous additions might have been made to this scanty report of the important and prosperous journey of his Royal Highness to and through England, in particulars related by Bunsen of conversations with the distinguished men whom he presented to the Prince, always endeavouring to lead to topics on which they might be moved to utter opinions, which he then reported in German to his Royal Highness. The Duke of Wellington readily replied to questions on military subjects, and his answers (as was always the case with every word that fell from him) would all have been well worth recording; but only one is remembered—when asked about military regulations:—‘I know of none more important than closely to attend to the comfort of the soldier: let him be well clothed, sheltered, and fed. How should he fight, poor fellow! if he has, besides risking his life, to struggle with unnecessary hardships? Also, he must not, if it can be helped, be struck by the balls before he is fairly in action. One ought to look sharp after the young officers, and be very indulgent to the soldier.’

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare.

[Translation.]

Board of Trade: 4th September, 1844.

I reply to your invaluable letter not till the third day, and from this place!—that must show you that I have had as much impediment to writing as I have had desire to write. May God’s richest blessing be upon the great and important change in prospect! I call it down, with truly confident belief that it will be granted to you. I feel as though a long-desired personal benefit had been conferred upon myself, when I see that happiness conferred upon you which I have so often desired for you. I am convinced that your heart’s impulse has guided you rightly, having felt myself drawn

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are of suffering it to become a custom or rule. But who will doubt that many persons find it a comfort and a blessing? and the opposite view, in the Roman Catholic Church, where the popular habit (in Rome and Italy) in the *one* paschal communion, is, as Calvin so truly says, 'an invention of Satan.' . . .

The article in the 'Times' on Arnold was very malicious and insidious. Not venturing to ignore his book, and not daring to trample him under foot, the Tractarians do after the method of their brethren the Jesuits,—they praise the schoolmaster, declaring him to have been the greatest that ever lived, but, *of course*, nobody ever failed so signally as a controversialist. 'A splendid boy, he was indeed,' as Moseley says in the insidious Review in the 'Christian Remembrancer.' 'Luther was a great popular writer' (*Volksschriftsteller*), says King Louis of Bavaria, 'only no theologian.'

Niebuhr's Lectures—what a treasure!—we read them every evening. And how admirably are they rendered by Dr. Schmitz! The character of Cicero is given like the description of a friend with whom you have passed your life.

To the Same.

Oakhill: 27th November, 1844.

I have received, from a highly respected quarter, a very strong recommendation of a young man of twenty-two years of age, much thought of by Schelling. He has made himself known by a new edition of the 'Hitôpadêsa' from the Sanscrit, and is a *general* scholar, altogether distinguished. He desires to live some years in England. . . He is the son of the celebrated poet and philologist Wilhelm Müller (author of the *Griechen-Lieder*, and *Römische Ritornellen*), of high moral character, and, as far as I know, of serious convictions.*

* This is the first indication of an important event in the life of Bunsen,—the acquaintance (which at once became warm friendship) with Dr. Max Müller, now Professor at Oxford; and his approach is hailed as the rising of a beneficent luminary on the horizon. The kindred mind, their sympathy of heart, the unity in highest aspirations, a congeniality in principles, a fellowship in the pursuit of favourite objects, which attracted and bound Bunsen to his young friend, rendered this connection one of the happiest of his life. Bunsen had always made advances to meet men of the

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text, 'That it cannot be a heresy to try to prove that which is delivered to us as an historical fact, to be *also* true, independently, in its idea.' And that seems to me the connecting idea of whatever has been said on the subject since Kant. As to Hegel, I confess that I think every year more highly of his power to embrace reality, although the method remains to me unpalatable.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Oakhill.)

Carlton Terrace : Tuesday, November, 1844.

I had a charming dinner-party at Peel's—Sir H. Pottinger Sir R. Sale (who leaves England to-morrow for India) Everett (disconsolate at the election to the Presidency of Mr Polk, the representative of slavery and repudiation, with what in America is called ultra-Radicalism, and therefore of prime quality!), Dodd, Stanley, Graham, Gladstone, Lord Lonsdale. . . . Peel invites me to Drayton during the winter.

To Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London : 4th December, 1844.

I admit fully a degree of uncertainty upon many historical particulars : but as long as the two principal points,—personal responsibility towards God, a resting upon a sense of the immediate relation of the soul to Him,—and faith in the Holy Scripture,—are held fast,—then a serious, Christian course of life will and must bring the Christian nearer and nearer, every year of his life, to the Gospel, if he has but once known it.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London : 11th December, 1844.

. . . The criticism of the historical school endangers not faith, but, on the contrary, is calculated to strengthen and confirm it. We do not in the least give up prophecy, but consider it as specifically different from divination and subtle combination : we place prophecy in its true light, by proving it to be based in every instance on historical facts.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

'CHURCH OF THE FUTURE'—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY—BRÜHL—STOLZENFELS—VISIT TO CORBACH, BUNSEN'S BIRTHPLACE—DEATH OF MRS. FRY—THE OREGON QUESTION—JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—CASHEOBURY—WINDSOR—TRENTHAM—THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE—AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN—DR. HAMPDEN—WOBBURN ABBEY—ALTHORP—LADY LOUISA STUART—THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

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THE following letter was addressed by Bunsen to one of his sons, then on a visit to Corbach, his own birthplace, in the Principality of Waldeck. After giving directions for the erection of a monument to his parents in the cemetery of his town, he proceeds:—

[Translation.]

London: 11th March, 1845.

Be sure to see my friend, Syndic Wolrad Schumacher, at Arolsen; he was the best-beloved of my youth in the school-years, and I have never ceased to be attached to him with all the peculiar tenderness of youthful feelings. Make a point of visiting Louise Cramer, with whom I was confirmed—an old maid, living in poverty. Remember me to Frederica Wigand, a Bunsen by birth, my cousin and playfellow, now a widow and a grandmother. Visit the *schoolmasters*. I should like to contribute to the Strube Fund.* Tell Curtze that I shall send my works for the school library. Greet the thatched roof under which your father was born, and where he lived for seventeen years; the Eisenberg, on which he often sat in waking dreams; and pray in the church of the old town, for yourself and us, and for the cherishing light and warmth needed by the whole country!

* A foundation towards assisting needy scholars at the Corbach Latin Schools, in commemoration of Dr. Strube, for a long time one of its most meritorious masters.

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburg.

[Translation.]

London: Thursday, 10th April, 1845.

. . . The first part (of 'The Church of the Future') was added after the entire work had been written. I felt the need of clearly stating beforehand the idea which the work was intended to unfold, in its deepest roots, and in its most extensive ramifications, shortly and yet fully. I am quite aware that I have thereby rushed into a new danger, but I could not do otherwise. I chiefly apprehend having given the ill-disposed a pretext for considering me a semi-Pelagian, a contemner of the sacraments, or denier of *the Son*, a perverter of the doctrine of justification, and therefore a crypto-Catholic theosophist, heretic, and enthusiast, deserving of all condemnation. I have written it because I felt compelled in conscience to do so. Again, however, I think that many a German reader will understand me all the better, for (as Reck says) 'a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth, without the spoon of metaphysics!'

The course of the Leipzig Council (as it may be called) shows how just was the opinion of —— with regard to the majority of members of the conference. That will become a rationalistic Church, but a free, congregationalist one. Can you suppose the members had any *more* faith *previously* to making the present negative profession? I rather think they believed less, or nothing at all before. Upon the degree of moral earnestness with which men treat the matter, depends the giving it a right direction. It was an experiment, and as yet seems to me sadly abortive; but the Being which ought to have been born into the world is the child in the Apocalypse saved from the dragon in the desert,—it is the child of Eternity, which will reveal itself in Time. Christ will become the State, as eighteen centuries ago He became Man.

At the same time, what remarkable conferences have there been on the Rhine! 'O, that thou knewest, now in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!' May the Lord and God of His people and of His Church ward off from us the consequences!—otherwise the End is at hand.

CHAP.
XII.*Contemporary Notice.*

6th April, 1845.

. . . Since Monday, the last day of March, when we left Oakhill after a bustle of country business, I have been plunged in London business. A few persons were invited yesterday evening to meet the Arnims, for conversation and to hear Ernest sing. Tuesday, we had the duty-undertaking of a great dinner party to the Dietrichsteins and other diplomats. Wednesday, dining out at the Dietrichsteins, and refreshing ourselves afterwards at the St. Aulaire's. Thursday evening, we were at the Hebelers. Friday, a small party at home in the evening; and Saturday, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie to luncheon, with a party of twenty in all (Lady Palmerston, &c.). On leaving the table, we conducted the Grand Duchess to the Clubs—the Reform and New Conservative; before luncheon she had been to Westminster Abbey, and the new Houses of Parliament. Besides all the engagements mentioned, I have had daily sight-seeing with the Arnims, and very glad have I been both of their company and of the sights. They are delightful people, and know how to enjoy everything. Our music was fine on Friday evening; Hausmann played on the violoncello exquisitely; Frances accompanied at sight, and was much praised by Neukomm; then Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) sang, as if inspired, a Scottish ballad—poetry, melody, expression, all wonderful.

Contemporary Notice.

Tuesday morning, 22nd April, 1845.

This date and no more was written yesterday, and I wonder how much more will be added to it to-day! for besides writing notes, and having had a party of guests at breakfast, and a walk since to Covent Garden for flowers, (not for enjoyment, but decoration,) I must rest, arrange rooms, look after the dinner-table, dress, and be ready for guests at dinner, and be at the Duchess of Kent's by ten in the evening. Last Friday, we dined at the Duchess of Kent's, who had a very good concert in the evening: the Queen was present. We missed a musical evening at Mrs. Sartoris's through the Duchess of Kent's invitation. Satur-

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you shall read, please God, next month, in a book which I shall send you, entitled 'The Church of the Future.'

Bunsen to Kestner. .(In Rome.)

[Translation.]

Oakhill (near London) : Monday, 30th June, 1845.

My dear old heart's-friend, this day closes the twenty-eighth year of the happiest married life ; and this day it was given me to write to the beloved bride-elect of my dear Ernest the first letter, as to a daughter ; and now do I approach my desk again to announce to you this family event. You were always fond of my Ernest. Elizabeth Gurney is the same that he saw five years ago at Berlin, with her father and aunt, when the latter, Mrs. Fry, visited Germany.

In my letters to Mr. Gladstone, I have maintained the lawfulness and the apostolic character of the German Protestant Church. You will find the style changed in this work, bolder and more free ; I hope also easier to understand. It is my endeavour to write as I speak ; and I try to exercise both writing and speaking as an art. France writes to my dictation : she enters quite into my ideas, which is a great enjoyment to me.

To act as a statesman at the helm, in the fatherland, consider not to be in the least my calling : what I believe to be my calling is to be mounted high before the mast, to observe what land, what breakers, what signs of coming storm, there may be, and then to announce them to the wise and practical steersman. It is the same to me whether my own nation shall know in my lifetime or after my death, how faithfully I have taken to heart its weal and woe, be it in Church or State, and borne it on my heart as my nearest interest, as long as life lasted. I give up the point of making myself understood in the present generation. Here, consider myself to be upon the right spot : I seek to preserve peace and unity, and to remove dissatisfaction, wherever is possible. And then I learn daily in this country much from life itself. Therein consists English greatness ; in art and science we have still the advantage. The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that same life. I was never a better German than since I have lived in England. Of Rome, I thin

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The Prince of Prussia sends kind congratulations to Ernest; the King wishes all joy to him and you and me; and he commented (in the railway-carriage) in his animated manner upon the desirable circumstances of such a connection,—‘to have Mrs. Fry for an aunt, and the excellent grand Samuel Gurney for a father-in-law!’ He added, ‘The first free hour we have, we will write a letter to Mrs. Fry; I shall give you my thoughts in German, and you shall put them at once into English.’

I had of course got into one of the carriages of the suite—when the King, who was in the central carriage reserved for him, with the Prince of Prussia and the Ministers of State and General Thile, called to me to get in, saying, ‘Bunsen will fill the whole carriage with English comfortableness, which does me good.’

I shall not attempt to give you an idea of the tasteful and judicious regality of style in the arrangement of the Palace of Brühl, because such descriptions are tiresome. Queen Victoria’s apartment is the only thing *magnificent*,—and in that the only thing *costly* is her dressing-table, with the cover of finest Brabant lace. ‘After Stolzenfels all this is not to be looked at,’ said the King; ‘but comparisons are odious—*there* all is romantic,—here is the spoilt antique, which yet has a style of its own;’—like the Romanic languages, and the French literature of the time of Louis XIV,—*I*, his ‘younger brother Duncie’ (as the Chinese say), should have added!

Humboldt is here, greatly depressed by the tragical failure of Bülow’s health, at the moment when he might have had a brilliant close to his political life. Canitz and Radowitz are to arrive to-morrow. I believe the King’s object is to bring us three together; we have never yet had such an opportunity. I was to have been lodged in the same house with Bülow in the village of Brühl, but am now to have Arnim for my companion.

I shall write to Miss —— as soon as I can find time. The Spirit moves me to urge upon her, that she can be saved only by casting off all theological contests and modes of utterance, and by seeking to rekindle her faith in the love of God, which in the New Testament, and especially in the Gospel of St. John, speaks in every part to the seeking soul, and

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Queen herself declared that she had never heard anything to equal the effect. The prose of life disturbed its sublimities by unheard-of scramble and disorder, with which I can entertain you when I return.

Yesterday, the whole party went to the uncovering of the statue of the pride of Bonn, Beethoven. Speeches were made and songs sung, in the open air, on the space before the Minster at Bonn; and then the King, with the two Queens and Prince Albert, drove to the house which the latter had occupied in his University years,—afterwards through the Avenue of Poppelsdorf, and back to Brühl, where dinner followed, the first at which Queen Victoria had been present for on the preceding evening, owing to official mismanagement, neither her waiting-women nor her clothes arrived till after eleven o'clock!

The King gave the following toast:—

‘Gentlemen, fill your glasses! There is a word, resounding in British and in Prussian hearts, which thirty years ago echoed on the heights of Waterloo from English and Prussian voices, as marking the result of a glorious, hard-won, brotherly deed of arms; *now*, it resounds on German ground, in the midst of the blessings of that peace, which was the blessed fruit of the great conflict. That word is, *Victoria*. Gentlemen, drink to the well-being of Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (bowing gracefully towards the Queen) and (making his glass ring, according to German wont, against the glass of Prince Albert) that of her most illustrious Consort!’

The Queen bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him and kissed him on the cheek; then took her seat again with a beaming countenance.

At six o'clock the Sovereigns rose from table; from six to eight Lord Aberdeen and I were with the King. At quarter past eight all set out to see Cologne illuminated. We embarked on the steamer before nine o'clock, proceeding down the river about five miles, as far as Rothenkirchen. Many houses, bridges, and gardens, were illuminated, the splendid river reflected the lights on the vessels; at the appointed spot the vessel turned, and an indescribable scene

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XII.*To the Same.*

[Translation.]

Castle of Stolzenfels (in the room just left by Lady Canning):

Saturday, 16th August, 1845 (after the departure of Queen Victoria)

MY BELOVED,—I take possession of the only sheet of paper left behind by the late amiable occupant, to tell you in continuance of the letter sent from Coblenz by the messenger) that I am promised my audience of leavetaking for to-morrow, and then on Monday intend to proceed to Bonn.

The clouds collect, darkly and heavily. The telegraph has just brought the intelligence of an insurrection at Leipzig, in which thirteen men were killed and many wounded; Prince John having with difficulty escaped. I was with the King when the news came. He lamented deeply that with the much-talked-of ministerial declaration of right of protection over the Evangelical Church, a resolution of Government has not been promulgated, announcing the most entire freedom of religious confession, and for the formation of religious communities, based on *constitutional right*. ‘The commotion can only be met and overcome by freedom, absolute freedom! Golden words! in the sense of which may God maintain the King!’

Queen Victoria has given 500*l.* towards the completion of the Cologne Cathedral. Prince Albert gave 100*l.* to the building of a new Protestant church at Bonn. Having been informed by Lord Aberdeen of the Queen’s intended gift (which she would have made 1,000*l.*, but Aberdeen thought that too much), and happening to come across Archbishop Geissel, I was enabled to tell him the good news, as a secret for which he thanked me warmly. The King was alarmed at the effect which this might produce in England, and commissioned me to tell Prince Albert of his anxiety. The Prince replied: ‘That does not concern *us*, the responsible Minister is here,’—a state of composure which astonished the King.

The most striking moment of the journey was the passage of the Rhine between Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz. Forty thousand men stood on the lines, and, as the royal vessel approached the nearest batteries of Ehrenbreitstein and Fort Aster, commenced firing, which continued gradually along the whole line, Coblenz, the forts called ‘Franz,’ ‘Alexandre’

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that I should at once accompany him on the vessel; of which no mention had been made before. I said of course I was ready, if such were his commands, but I should think it was better to go by Cologne and await him at Berlin. He left me free to decide, and I remained standing on the pier as he stepped into the vessel, which instantly departed. Stollberg had been entirely of my opinion. Metternich and Radowitz were both on the vessel, the one to go to Johannisberg, the other to Frankfort. The King was indescribably excited by the telegraph news just arrived from Leipzig, and by another report from Posen, showing that his commands (forbidding Czerski to go about from place to place) had not been carried out; therefore, amid such a variety of thoughts and of opinions my presence could only have increased the existing disturbance of spirit. The King's last words were, 'At any rate, we meet at Sans Souci,' from whence, on September 6th, he will go to hold a review at Stettin.

In all this you will have felt what my thoughts are. What has taken place is as much without any preconceived plan on the part of the King as it is against my arrangements. What is the fate of man? Is it true that a man fulfils the fate appointed him?

I go, of course, by Corbach, Göttingen, Halle, Leipzig, Wittenberg, to Berlin. I should gladly go to Carlsruhe also, only that I should have no time for Christiana and Rothe, because I must necessarily wait upon the dear Grand Duchess Stéphanie, and present myself at Court, besides seeing Radowitz. My stay (at Berlin) will certainly not be a long one; the King's heart is like that of a brother towards me, but our ways diverge. *The die is cast*, and he reads in my countenance that I deplore the throw. He too fulfils his fate, and we with him.

I return ten years older, but unbroken in spirit of life, and in the faith, which God has given me, and which may He preserve to me! My heart longs after the invisible world and its eternal centre—after the secrets of the human mind, their products and results; but in humble conviction that no mortal can attain to the knowledge, otherwise than as in a mirror or image. *Latria, patria, atria,** Church,

* The ancient motto of the Port family (of Ilam, Staffordshire), to which Bunsen's mother-in-law belonged.

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To-morrow I drive to Cassel with my sister—I am to arrive at one, and go on directly to Göttingen, where Lücke and Reck expect me. On Thursday to Halle; on Saturday, 30th, in good time, at Berlin. When I have had the audience in Sans Souci, I depart forthwith.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Brunswick: Thursday, 28th August, 1845.

MY DEAREST,—Make haste and see Kotzebue's 'Stranger,' and, when I come back, you must go with me to Bulwer's 'Lady of Lyons,' and weep a whole springflood of youthful tears; for those writers are *heroes* in comparison with the *poetasters* that now rule the stage, even in Germany! Yesterday evening, not finding Schleinitz at home (here Minister of State), I went into the theatre only to look at my dear 'Cousin Michel,'* collected in one locality—for I never can see him, except in church or in a theatre—otherwise I must have tried to glide incognito into the Singing Association, or into the Assembly of the Friends of Light, for there crowds are to be found; but incognito is no longer possible, for I am astonished to find myself a marked personage, recognised like a spotted dog. The piece given came from Paris, translated from St. Hilaire—the plot of the 'Lady of Lyons,' but spoilt, and thereby a pickle-sauce of religious sentimentality and blasphemy, à la Victor Hugo and Co. And instead of seeing *Vetter Michel*, I had close under my eyes Count——, &c. &c., with officers and officials right and left, all busy in their attentions to a handsome and animated lady in high station, the centre of attraction, while *Vetter Michel*, high over their heads, was weeping over the catastrophe of the piece—the husband stabbing himself to make the heroine happy. I perceive the newest fashion is to compress a novel of three volumes into five acts for the stage: in short, the epic drama in its lowest degradation. But, in *good earnest*, you must go with me to see the 'Lady of Lyons.'

Now to return to last Monday. You have had my report as far as the pilgrimage to the Eisenberg, the Sinai of my boyish years. We went through the flourishing plain (Dr. Curtze,

* *Vetter Michel* serves to designate the German people, as *John Bull* does in England.

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verb, 'God forsakes no Waldecker'—and of its connection with that other, still wider saying, 'God forsakes no German.'

With Herr von Hadeln I conversed till late at night: he has both head and heart in the right place, and therefore both ache!

After a short rest I drove at five o'clock in the morning towards Cassel, breakfasting with Schumacher at Arolsen by the way. Everywhere do I find the same condition of mind: the same highly-developed intelligence, the same honest striving in the greater part of the nation—in too many exasperation, depression in all. From the Rhine to the Spree, one feeling, one speech!—the officials being not less excited than the rest.

Near Magdeburg I met Humboldt, with whom I drove as far as Göthen, learning much that was remarkable. He perfectly understands and approves my intention of leaving immediately.

(*Finished at Berlin.*) All friends absent, except Pertz, Lachmann, and the faithful Roestell. I am to see Böckh to-day. As soon as the King arrives I am to be announced for audience of leave.

The weather is heavenly; the harvest on the whole good; the heat *Italian*.

Monday, 1st September.—The King did not arrive till this morning early, and goes on Friday morning to Stettin to meet the Empress. I have had a long audience of the Prince of Prussia. I have taken a place to-day on the steamer from Hamburgh, for Thursday morning, the 4th. *Deo gratias!* All right!

Contemporary Notice.

21st October, 1845.

Alas for the loss of dear Mrs. Fry! She fell down insensible, on Sunday, the 12th, and expired early the next morning, was heard to utter words in prayer once, but otherwise she gave no sign of consciousness. It is believed to have been the dropsy which was gaining ground upon her, and threatened lingering pain, which suddenly affected the brain, and thus terminated at once a life which had been a continual preparation for death. The consciousness of an irreparable privation is blended with much thankfulness for her having

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many kind friends to see that we were bound to hurry on. The simple Bible reading with which the day begins in Mr. Gurney's house, short and earnest, accompanied by deeply thought comments, will, I trust, not easily be forgotten. He took us to see Norwich, and Mr. Hudson Gurney at Keswick, one day, and the next accompanied us half way to this place, showing us by the way Blickling, once belonging to the father of Anna Boleyn, and still in a good state of preservation, as the house was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. After enjoying the hospitality of the Dowager Lady Buxton at Northrepps, and seeing many of her family assembled, we were forwarded to Mr. Daniel Gurney's at Runcton, where I am now writing; having been kindly greeted at Fakenham, half-way, by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. We are received and cherished in this good county of Norfolk with a fulness of kindness and of considerate attention to all possible wants and wishes far beyond what I can describe. You will believe that we were struck with admiration of Anna Gurney! The victory of the mind over suffering never surely was more complete; for the countenance does not retain a trace of the conflict, beaming, as it does, with a fulness of benevolence and intelligence. Her linguistic talent is a matter of wonder, rising in proportion as it is examined into by those competent.

On Monday, the 17th, we hope to return home, leaving this friendly and charming abode in time to allow of our seeing Ely Cathedral on the way to the station.

The Oregon question is become a tale of other times, and it may be beyond the power of readers at the present time to conceive with what force it throbbed through all minds devoted to that which concerns the weal or woe of nations. Speaking, writing, seeking a way out of the complication of claims and interests in this matter, occupied Bunsen much, until, by the wisdom and moderation of the Governments on each side of the Atlantic, the chaos was subdued into order, and the beautiful and promising colony of British Columbia was the unexpected result. The two honoured brothers, Joseph and Samuel Gurney, were urgent with the members of the Society

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But as practical men we must not attend to feelings. I hope on Thursday to see Lord Aberdeen and Mr. M'Lane (the American envoy), the latter for the first time. But I fear that little is to be done here. Humanly speaking, my hope is beyond the Atlantic, in the good sense and Christian feeling of the New England States. My opinion therefore is, that the principal field of your operation is *there* and not *here*, but you must act quickly. My services are at your disposal, but I fear it is too late *here* to urge the plan I have submitted to you.

What I propose to you is, to adopt my idea, if you continue to approve it; make it your own, and that of the Society—convince your friends—write and send to America—through publicity alone can success be hoped for.

I do not believe that an entire cession of the country (without reservation of ten or fifteen establishments as forts, in block-houses, *and* of the best part of Columbia) is the practical and the right thing. My feeling is this:—

A nation and a government in a Christian State are bound not to suffer wrong and untruth without openly declaring what they think about it; nor ought they (in my opinion), in conscience, to pander to a grasping ambition, trampling upon the rights of mankind, and violating the law of God and man. God willed the being of States, therefore He willed that they should maintain, in His name, His principles of right and truth, defensively; for governments are placed by God for that purpose. Besides, the whole nation, (or nearly so) is opposed to the theory of applying to such public cases, the charge of our Lord with regard to private wrongs; and even in the latter case they consider it not only a right but their duty, to stop the thief, and to call to the police to prevent the robber from conveying away your property, or beating your children!

But I persist in believing that something practical might be made of my idea; for England can afford to take no offence, she can also afford to give way. I intend to write to two influential friends at Boston, and in South Carolina merely to perform a duty. One of them is already infected with the Oregon and universal occupation fever; the other is one of the heads of the old Federalists of 1814.

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here. But *all* institutions of the law, and all prophecies, are Messianic, and *that*, Christ has said Himself.

The formula of the old Church differed not much from the practice of ancient Rome in consulting the Sibylline books, as indeed the *Sortes Christianæ* were literally the same. The Reformation did not overthrow that formula, but prepared its death, and the life of the new one.

To the Same.

Oakhill: 31st December, 1845.

[In the interval since the letter of 18th December, Bunsen had spent a few days with Hare at Herstmonceaux Rectory.]

In these concluding hours of a year which has been full of blessings to me, I feel the want of conversing with you, at least in writing, and of dwelling upon some of the happiest hours which were spent under your hospitable roof. They have been a real refreshment to me, and I hope will be a lasting benefit. I delight to reflect upon all the affection, and charity, and piety, and thought, which I there beheld, and pray that your happiness may be long preserved. I thank you for all the affection you bear to me; of which I had a new proof on my arrival here, where I found your and your dear wife's corrections of my letter to Gladstone, which make me say exactly what I wished, but had failed to express exactly.

Contemporary Notice.

Oakhill: 12th January, 1846.

Inscriptions in the arrow-headed (cuneiform) character, a short time since considered hopelessly sealed, have been read, and wonderfully confirm statements of Herodotus with reference to Darius Hystaspes. With what renewed interest we shall behold the ancient Persian bas-reliefs in the British Museum! But, apropos of these, I must mention that Bunsen saw three days ago, at Sir Robert Peel's, just unpacked, two specimens of the sculptures of Nineveh, presented to him by Sir Stratford Canning, to whom they had been sent by the Consul at Mosul. A male and female head of exquisite execution, and without a particle of barbarism except the conventional mode of representing the eye in full

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horn, Wachler, and Hallam. I suppose, on the contrary, that the Tylorian Professorship is to be instituted for the advancement of the knowledge of modern literature, based upon the philological knowledge and philosophical analysis of the languages of modern Europe. For it is exactly this union which has made modern philology a fruitful, and modern literature a solid study, and which has led to many important discoveries in the last thirty years. Now it is such a union between the language and literature of modern Europe which seems to me to characterise the course and scope of your studies.

Of the four great families of Europe, the Germanic, the Romanic, the Slavonic, and the British or Celtic, you have directed your attention to the literary remains, and the interesting questions of origin, affinity, and history, of all of them. You have availed yourself of those researches of Kopitar, Dombrowsky, and Szaferik, of Talvj and other German authors, which have given such an importance and interest in Germany to Slavonic studies, and made us acquainted with the beautiful Servian and Bohemian epic and lyric national poetry, as essential elements in the history of the European mind and art. You have equally followed the researches of Schultze, Meyer, Villemarqué, Leo and others, respecting the origin and history of the different branches of Celtic language and literature, hitherto buried in confusion in fables and imposture.

But as to the two remaining most important families, the Germanic and Romanic, you have, as a worthy disciple of Grimm, first made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the two principal dialects of the Germanic tongue, the *German* in all its branches, the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, the Old, Middle, and High Dutch (to use the word in its true sense), the Low-German or Dutch, and the Scandinavian, in its mother-language, the Icelandic, and its daughters the Swedish and Danish. Your edition of the Icelandic grammar, your Prose-Edda, your researches into the Runic inscriptions, and your other works, give ample proofs of the success which has attended those studies. Thus you will be able to give lectures partly philological, partly literary, on the Edda, on Beowulf, and on the Anglo-Saxon laws, on the great epic poem of the Germanic tribes, the Niebelungen, on the Minnesänger, and finally on the literature of Lessing, Göthe,

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XII.*Bunsen to a Son and Daughter-in-Law, staying at Rome.*

Oakhill: 16th April, 1846.

How often in spirit do I fly over to my beloved Rome, and to the house of the dear friend* who has received you with such affection—to the Capitol, to the chapel and the hospital!

We have passed the quiet and holy week in such quiet as could be had in London. Our dear child went through her preparation for Confirmation by the venerable Steinkopf, in deep seriousness and concentration of mind; and on Palm Sunday, in the name of herself and her companions, pronounced composedly her profession of faith. On Easter Sunday we partook with her of the Holy Communion. It was on Easter Monday that I peculiarly thought of you in the beloved chapel on the Capitol. Through all this course of serious thought, I had a very anxious affair to fight out, relating to the noble-minded Gobat, named by the King as the Bishop of Jerusalem, which has drawn upon him much envy; and, moreover, I have had something to complete in my MS. of the two volumes of 'Ignatius,' which are to be sent off to the press to-morrow.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday: 20th April, 1846.

The book enquired about, which Bunsen gave to the Princess Sophia, was a copy of the new edition of his Hymn Book. Many years ago she had wished for the original edition, having become acquainted with a copy given (by you) to the late Princess Augusta; but the enquiries made after it were in vain, as similar ones from many quarters had long proved; more purchasers having appeared for the former Hymn Book than copies could be found. We were longer than we had intended in delivering the book to the Princess, having twice driven to Kensington in vain, finding her engaged with royal visitors; a third time, however, we succeeded in seeing her—I thought her much altered and aged, but as usual conversible, and entering into every subject with interest and intelligence.

* Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister Resident, who had found an apartment for the travellers under the same roof with himself, and in every way cherished them.

It is edifying to behold the mild and benevolent expression of her countenance, knowing that she lives in ceaseless pain, and has but sorrow and trial to look back upon.

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Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London : Thursday morning, 30th April, 1846.
(32 years after the taking of Paris.)

. . . The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologist, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramaguna and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

Take hold of the thing with spirit, my beloved son; and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation. Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward enclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like

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manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian*), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the *ὅσιον* shall unfold out of the *ἱερόν*: not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind* popularly worked out, from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! Such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman.

It is said that a Jesuit pupil has this advantage over the disciple of Deism, that revelation is of real worth to him. That is distorting the fact. Neither of them, neither the believer in authority, nor the believer in an abstract God, take into consideration historical revelation. But inasmuch as inward subjective religion is a moral conviction, and therefore a belief in reason and self-responsibility, the follower of Kant has an incomparably firmer hold on the truth of life than the scholar of Loyola. If the latter be actually *believing*, then he is a converted Christian; and of *such* I am not here speaking. But the person or the people, proceeding from that school, as natural men (not as born again in the Spirit of God), are the first to sink into unbelief of Christianity, and that all the more easily if of intelligent mind and refined cultivation; for as all was to them *authority*, not *inward consciousness*, nor *revelation* evidenced by competent testimony, they cannot avoid becoming aware of the deceit and hollowness of their foundation. But the Deist, under the same conditions of moral energy and intellectual activity, although on the domain of the natural man, is drawn into a struggle, which brings Christianity essentially near to him. Compare the history of Germany and of Spain since 1780.

I am resolved to encounter the school of Tübingen, to the full extent of their exertions; in order to tear asunder the veil of romance in which they have enwrapped the history of the two first centuries with their web of self-delusion.

I have written afresh my long-commenced work on the

Pastoral Epistles, after having worked through De Wette's commentary, excellent *in its way*. I am quite convinced that Paul wrote the First Epistle to Timothy, as well as the second: (De Wette says, 'as little as the second')—first, because it does not in the very least fall in with the later period (neither with the year 100 nor 160): secondly, because although it must be rated beneath the Epistles of St. Paul to congregations, it is throughout *Pauline*. Thus I go through the epistles that have been called in question, and close with the few undoubted. Then I shall work through Dorner's new book on the person of Christ; and then we shall see what the Spirit moves me to write; as to which I am very curious.

Our complication of difficulties lies in the seventeenth century; and that of the seventeenth lies in the second; the solution of the first is the nineteenth!

May God guide and strengthen you!

Bunsen to Platner (Chargé d'Affaires of Saxony in Rome).

[Translation.]

London: 5th July, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot let my friend Mr. Harford go to Rome, without sending a sign of life to you. He is an old Roman, since 1817, when he spent a long time in Rome, in great intimacy with Consalvi. His ample fortune is shared between the needy and the fine arts; he possesses many fine pictures of the grand historical school, and the object of his chief veneration is Michael Angelo, to whose especial history he has devoted most persevering research. He caused your articles upon the subject of art in Rome, upon the Arazzi, the Sistina, &c., in *our* work, to be translated for his particular study; and has the greater wish for your personal acquaintance.

I and mine are struggling on through these months of turmoil as well as we can, securing to ourselves hours if not days of rest; and if one has but *inward* tranquillity, and a happy family circle, one may maintain independence even in the midst of the bustle of this world's metropolis, although ever longing after the comparative quiet of the remaining nine months of the year. My occupations are a pleasure to me: I have learnt much here, and daily learn more, principally by the contemplation of the grandest political existence of modern times, and a close observation of the great statesmen

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of this country. I like the nation, and the nation likes me. But never was I a more thorough German than now, or more proud of being one. In everything relating to intellectual and scientific progress, the preponderance of Germany is ever increasing; other nations begin to discover that they have much to learn from us, and that Germany in the last sixty years has worked through a revolution in the world of intelligence, like that of France in political life, but which may well prove of still greater influence and duration. Upon this truth I have dwelt much in a small book, published at the beginning of this year, with the purpose of cutting short much empty declamation both in Germany and here, entitled the 'Church of the Future.' In process of years more will be heard from me on this matter, if God shall preserve to me life and health; but my 'Egypt' must first be completed. With the part that is about to come out you will be more interested than with the first portion, except the general introduction. I hope to live and die here.

May God preserve you! With affectionate greeting to all yours, I remain ever your faithful friend,

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Wildbad.)

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace : Monday, 13th July, 1846.

You will have heard of the two great days—the Consecration of Gobat on Sunday, the 5th, with the Bishop of Calcutta's memorable sermon; and the dinner-party (extemporised) on Monday, the 6th, with all the speeches and after-dinner songs from the 'Messiah.' The excellent Gobat left us on Thursday for Antwerp; the day before we had got through all business matters satisfactorily. Friday and Saturday were very lazy days. Saturday evening I felt the spirit of composition and thought, which had sadly left me, to be returning, and next morning I rose soon after five and worked at Letter VI. (to Neander) successfully. After five in the afternoon I walked with Meyer and Reumont to Kensington. To bed by ten, and this morning I went on where I had left off. I hope to read the whole letter this week to Hare—whose volumes are real treasures of thought and erudition. He and Mrs. Hare were among those most inspired by that Monday dinner, when the Spirit fell upon us,

including the Primate of the Church of England. Hare is full of wrath at an attack made upon me in the 'Christian Remembrancer'—in a very Jesuitical way, insinuating that I ought not to have so much influence allowed me. Another article execrates the bishopric of Jerusalem as an abomination. This zeal savours more of hatred than of charity.

I have succeeded as to Lord Westmoreland's remaining at Berlin.

The Bishop and Elders of the Moravian Brethren, on June 25, in their meeting at Berthelsdorf, have decreed to present to me through Latrobe a copy of the new edition of Zinzendorf's poems. I prize the gift higher than ten academical honours or orders.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London : 23rd July, 1846.

. . . My life here is full of important and varied interest. With the new Ministry I am on a very good footing. Palmerston is like an old friend: *he* in the palace like a brother. The Queen's half brother, Prince Leiningen, has also shown me much confidence; there is a new and popular spirit arising among these mediatised peers of the empire—a proof of the resistless impulse of the German nation towards unity and freedom. The Synod shows an excellent temper, good intentions, just appreciation of time and measure. Theiner has declared against the so-called 'friends of light' and Ronge. The fermentation of minds is great, spiritually and politically: great events, as they are preparing, create a pressure against inferior men, without bringing them forward—they will therefore be either overthrown or pushed aside.

I have worked out Letter VI., and made new researches, or rather renewed older ones, in order to write that letter more effectively. It is not to be said what a comfort I feel it, to have my books and my children all about me.

27th July.—The greatest event of the day is the proposition of the First Committee of the Synod (the constitutional one), Nitzsch being chairman. It is this:—1. At the first examination of the candidates *pro facultate prædicandi*, no subscription of any Articles. 2. At the second examination, the *vocation* to a given parish, the subscription is to be according to the usage and wishes of that congregation. 3. At the

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final examination, subscription of a new, universal, Protestant declaration, embodying the belief in Christ as the Son of God, the authority of Scripture, and justification by faith. That would be the signal of a new Reformation, which the world wants everywhere. We Germans, alone, can give the *formulæ* of the new consciousness of Christianity.

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London : 8th September, 1846.

Among the latest events nothing interests me so nearly as the Evangelical Alliance, and its coincidence with the General Synod at Berlin. The fact that 150 and 180 dissenting ministers, of both hemispheres and of all colour, should have knelt at the communion-table of the English Church, on two successive Sundays, to receive the elements from the hands of Baptist Noel, speaks for itself. About 200 clergy of the Church of England were among the 500 British, Lord Wriothsley Russell, brother of the Premier, being one of the number.

The Alliance has originated a Society for evangelisation among the foreigners here collected, Lord Ashley being President, and I have publicly advocated the measure.

I hail, with you, the emigration of our countrymen to North America (the land of the Anglo-Saxons and of our own kindred), towards the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. I have daily the map before me, and contemplate the Rio Bravo del Norte, of which I take possession from Santa Fè and San Felipe, and then the two Californias* and the fine desert land between North California and the Rio del Norte as the connecting tract; and then I draw a line

* Whenever the *curiosities* of Bunsen's diplomatic life in London see the light of publicity, his plan of accepting the offer made by the rulers of Mexico in 1842, to *purchase California for the King of Prussia* will be reckoned among the most original. Humboldt dissuaded His Majesty, and the matter was dropped. The Prussian Envoy at Washington, Baron Rönne, on the other hand, warmly applauded the project. 'The time has come,' he said in a letter to Bunsen, 'when we ought to take a grand and independent attitude. For this we must be united, and we must possess a fleet and colonies. Your idea of purchasing California is excellent. I never ventured to express such far-stretching desires. But I pointed out in 1837 already, when reporting upon the condition of German emigrants here, that Mexico would perhaps resolve upon ceding a portion of California. Your plan of purchasing the whole is better in every respect.'

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The Princess of Prussia arrived yesterday (28th), and we are to dine with her at the Queen Dowager's to-morrow.

Contemporary Notice.

Cashiobury Park: Monday morning, 14th September, 1846.

. . . A few words about our pleasant visit here may perhaps be written before luncheon—after which we return to town. On Saturday, the 12th, the Princess of Prussia came again to London, and after seeing the new Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey she took luncheon at Carlton Terrace, and we were fortunate in getting Lord Palmerston to meet her, as he was in town for the day. After having conversed with everybody, she went to some shops, and then to the station, where we were awaiting her. Then by special train, we reached Watford station in half an hour, the Princess talking and listening to Bunsen all the way—although when she entered the carriage she looked as if she were quite exhausted. It is inconceivable how she keeps up an incessant activity of body and mind, although perhaps less surprising than in the case of the Queen Dowager, who is an habitual invalid; but she must be much the better for her journey, or the fine season, or both, for she is very rarely heard to cough at present. The weather was beautiful, and I enjoyed the sight of Cashiobury—the picturesque house and garden and magnificent trees in the park. Queen Adelaide was as kind to us as possible; and I found, as I have always experienced at her dinner parties, that her good humour and good nature seems to pervade the company.

Tuesday, 15th September.—After all, this letter could not be finished yesterday. When, in the morning, the Queen Dowager had the kindness to send us for a drive to Lord Clarendon's (the Grove, adjoining Cashiobury Park), we found Lady Clarendon, as usual, very pleasing, and she showed us the valuable collection of Van Dycks and many other pictures of the friends and descendants of Lord Chancellor Hyde.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: Wednesday, 23rd September, 1846.

Here I am, all day in conversation either with one or the other of the royal personages, or with my excellent philo-

sophical friend [Stockmar]. The Queen is most gracious: last night I had the honour of her taking my arm to be conducted to dinner, the Queen Dowager going first with Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, then came the Queen, and then the Princess of Prussia with Prince Albert. The Queen spoke much to me of the King's kindness to herself this day a year ago, and was very conversible.

I reached the station just five minutes too late! the train to arrive at 5 o'clock, being a Sunday train, all other days at 4 45. As I arrived, the whistle sounded, but the superintendent stopped the train, and had my carriage put on; off we went, but only for two seconds, for then there appeared Lord Palmerston, and for him there was a second delay. I learnt the state of the case at Slough, where I invited Lord Palmerston into my carriage, and had a good long conversation with him. I have been two hours with Prince Albert—the subjects being Spain and Prussia.

Contemporary Notice.

Windsor Castle: Friday, 25th September, 1846.

I arrived here yesterday at six, and at eight all followed the Queen in to dinner in the great hall hung round with the Waterloo portraits. The band, so placed as to be invisible, played exquisitely, so that what with the fine proportions of the hall, and the well-subdued lights, and the splendour of the plate and decoration, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Dawson, and Miss Stanley were beautiful enough to personate the ideal attendants of an ideal Court. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression that she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind—which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the *fixed mask* only too common in the royal rank of society.

The many interesting objects in the Corridor always cause Bunsen and myself to linger on the way back to our rooms. . . In the afternoon the Queen took a long drive in the Park. I was in one of the open carriages with Lady Palmerston and Lord Edward Howard, and very glad to see so much

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of the grounds, and the various establishments as they were shown to the Princess, the fine collection of dogs, and that of fowls, and the perfect arrangement of each, the dairy, &c., to say nothing of the fine trees everywhere. I am now (Saturday, 26th) returned to Carlton Terrace, after accomplishing a visit undisturbed by any *contretemps*. Bunsen remains at the Castle as long as the Princess stays, that is, till Tuesday: on Wednesday we are both invited to dine at the Queen Dowager's at Marlborough House; it is the Princess's last day, and her birthday, for which festival Bunsen and I have been at much pains (in which I wish I may succeed) in getting together an Album, with views of the various places she has visited during her stay in England—a matter of greater difficulty than could have been imagined, as the poverty of London in the representations of London can scarcely be believed. I have taken my share in hunting through print shops, and I found most of what would at all serve the purpose in a little shop of no show, very near St. Martin's Church. But of Marlborough House and of Cashiobury, two of the principal resting places of the Princess, no representation was found to exist: so I have made views from nature of them, as well as I could. The difficulty when at Cashiobury was to find an opportunity to draw unobserved; but the early morning proved fine, and I found my position and made my sketch, before the grandees were up. So little was I perceived, that it has been reported of the Album that Bunsen had been at great expense in employing a regular artist for its decoration, and Lord Edward Howard looked incredulous when I answered his question, that I had been out drawing at eight o'clock in the morning. The Princess intends to depart on the 1st October.

Saturday, 3rd October.—On the 1st we saw the Princess of Prussia glide off from Woolwich, in the Black Eagle steamer, in the finest weather imaginable. She had been much affected at parting from the Queen Dowager, who has been like a mother in kindness to her; and altogether her visit to England has turned out as well as possible. She accepted the Album with great kindness, and gave every proof of being much pleased with it. The *catalogue raisonné*, in verse, by Meyer, was very ingeniously adapted to give spirit and connection to the contents, and

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midshipman from this moment, if he desires it after information. I gave the other day a similar admission the son of Lord Francis Coningham, but he is only thirteen.

1st June.—I have just received the appointment of your great-nephew, in an official packet, which should be forwarded immediately, as H.M.S. Dido is fitting out according to Lord E.'s note, which I have enclosed. I shall be in town from to-morrow till Saturday, and am glad to present Mr. F. F. Waddington as soon as he arrives. On these three days, the two last of May and first of June, I consider it a peculiar blessing to have been enabled to gratify a wish of yours.

Contemporary Notice.

14th May, 1861

At the annual dinner of the Literary Fund last night, at which Bunsen took the chair, the Bishop of Lincoln (Kaye), in proposing Bunsen's health, made, of course, a great eulogy upon him, and wound up by observing that it might be presumption in him to dwell upon this or that point, but that he must be allowed to bear testimony to Bunsen being 'one of the ablest divines of the day,' which is a strong stroke against the Puseyites, who are very angry with Bunsen for his letter to Gladstone, and for having caused the appointment of Gobat as Bishop of Jerusalem. They accuse him of heresy on account of the work on Egypt, in the number of the 'English Review': for which condemnation must be consoled by the favourable tone of the 'Edinburgh Review,' of the 'Journal des Savans,' the 'Prospective view,' and others, and above all by a good conscience. It is unusual for a foreigner to have been invited to preside at an English anniversary dinner like that of yesterday evening. Bunsen would have felt bound to decline the distinction, had he not regarded it as a compliment to his King and country, and to the diplomatic body in general.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Saturday morning, 23rd May, 1861

I must breathe a warm welcome to you, although I do not venture in person so early to break in upon the quiet of the Palace! First of all I hope that the journey will have

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ing Meyer as his librarian and private secretary, in the place of Dr. Pretorius, who does not return, owing to his wife's ill health. Thus has Providence helped our excellent friend, for which we have reason to be truly thankful. I have suggested that Meyer should have a leave of absence occasionally, that he may in Ireland and Scotland study the remains of Celtic antiquity, as he has done already in the matter of the Welsh manuscripts.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

4 Carlton Terrace: 11th November, 1846.

It is the more welcome to me to have matter of business to communicate to you which obliges me to write; for the 'fair days in Aranjuez' still exercise their influence, and the habit of exchange of ideas draws me in spirit often back to the proud towers of Windsor.

The bomb has burst over Cracow. Not even the idea of giving to it the character of a free imperial city (which according to the despatch was offered for consideration) has been reckoned possible.

A certain Montesquieu said once, that the principle of a certain form of government was 'la peur.' We have made such progress in principle that 'la peur de la peur' is become the principle of modern rulers.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

4 Carlton Terrace: 13th November, 1846.

. . . I have a message for you from the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom I presented Prince Löwenstein the other day. She enquired after you, and said she wished you to read the sixth volume of Madame d'Arblay's book, as containing an excellent character of the Princess Sophia. I was invited to Windsor Castle to spend the birthday of the Prince of Wales, for the first time, as it is not usual with the Queen to have foreign guests on that occasion. In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace, to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I enquired of Prince

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matter for her own advantage, and for that of France. A sanction was wanting for what she has done, and intends to do. Incorporation! the only thing not yet proceeded to with the Kingdom of Poland!

I hope the German press will demean itself with dignity. Here we have done nothing further than to give in the Note of the Conference with an accompanying memorandum: the only thing that could be said was that Cracow did not fulfil the condition of her existence—that is, steady neutrality: having joined the Polish insurrection in 1830; and that the attempts made in 1833 and 1836, to govern with a modified Constitution, proved fruitless; but even this is not successfully brought out. For a State paper it is too long, and as a documentary statement it is insufficient, unless assertions can be accepted for facts. Here there is but one voice of lamentation. Peel is deeply concerned, both by the outrage itself, and then by the tragic complication of the present moment, which destroys our best prospects.

Your 'Florentine Histories' have been latterly our family treat in the evening; when they proved an initiation for my eldest daughter's journey to Florence, where I hope she may arrive in a fortnight.

The enclosure explains the wishes of the society. An attempt to collect the wandering sheep of Germany out of this London abyss is the matter in question: and we have need of itinerant messengers of faith. The City Mission employs 200 such among the natives in London, who are fully occupied; but they mostly belong to the class of Scripture-readers or colporteurs. What we more especially need would be one of the brethren trained by Wichern. He would, of course, receive a competent salary, &c. Wintzer conducts the Young Men's Association, which he and Kind (now gone back to Switzerland) together founded. The Association flourishes; but Wintzer has not leisure for exploring the *east end*, where by far the greater number of German mechanics are employed.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Windsor Castle: the last day of the year 1846.

. . . I have passed some happy and important days again in this beautiful Palace, often turning my eyes towards the spot below the Castle where you used to live. . . .

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preaching, in his conversation, in his actions. We shall never see his like again on earth; we must look up to Him in whom all redeemed spirits live and are united together! Your brother's memory will live also on earth, in his family, in the Society of Friends, among thousands of Christians of all tongues and creeds. He found the key which opens all the secrets of faith, and he spoke the language which opens all hearts—*love*. And there was with him a living witness of the Spirit, a certain majesty of Christian gentleness and truth, which struck even persons who were not in the habit of seeing him. I shall not easily forget, how Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen spoke to me of the impression he had made upon them, when presenting the peace-petition which had such a blessed effect. I should desire the privilege of being present at the funeral, but that I am ordered, on account of a relapse into influenza, to keep to the house.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 8th February, 1847.

The Constitution is made: as I said, it has appeared on the anniversary of the late King's summons to his people, February 3, 1813.

It is much better than the original design.

The foundation is laid for a House of Peers.

The right of petition is not infringed upon: and that is the new point gained, which was not promised by Frederick William III.

So far, so good. Pray come soon to your faithful,

BUNSEN.

To the Syndic Sieveking, at Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: 16th March, 1847.

Again I close my post-work to-day with a few lines to you, for my refreshment and invigoration.

I have not yet replied to your declaration, 'that for the alliance of England you would give up the German Navigation Act.' *That would I not.* Either England will abrogate her own, and then we are not affected; or she will maintain it, and then ours is the only possible means of bringing

about moderation and fairness. The wish of the Government is to do away with the antiquated ordinance; but first there must be a new Parliament, and the friends of Government will be rigorously catechised on the hustings. John Bull is an egotist; we must not take it ill of him (for others are equally so, only not so openly), but we must not allow him to indulge in this egotism! I tell him so plainly, with a shake of the hand, but seriously and decisively; and he does not take it ill of me, but remains on the best terms.

The prohibition of the 'Weser-Zeitung' ought to be removed; but I cannot write again to Berlin on the subject—the security in which they remain there is appalling to me. I have surely told you already, that Peel wrote to me an admirable letter of twenty-two pages in quarto on the subject of the Constitution, in answer to a letter of mine with questions.* He is of opinion that the Government *may* be able to maintain the Constitution, if only sincere in desiring its due development, and prepared in mind for that development. That is here the general conservative opinion; the French assertion, 'que ce sera une constituante ou la révolution,' finds no more response than the Orleanistic animosity in the 'Débats.'

Another request! A German society of young working men has been formed here by Wintzer (as I believe I must have already written to you), for whom I have procured (unostensibly) support from the Prussian Government; these good people want good books—the accompanying letter will explain everything. May I request you to take the thing to heart? I should suppose the excellent Perthes and Besser would undertake it. The package might be addressed to me, and I will be answerable for immediate payment. It is a matter deserving support and sympathy.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: Easter Monday morning, 1847.

I hasten to announce to you, that I shall be with you by luncheon-time. I can the less resist your invitation, as I am to go the day after to-morrow to my Archdeacon.

* This letter has been sought for in vain. It must have been transmitted to the King.

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That Pacheco would be Prime Minister I communicated, as a supposition, to Berlin a fortnight ago. To have Espartero here as a colleague I think would be amusing; Narvaez at Paris would cause a scene half comic, half tragic. Fancy the three persons—Louis Philippe; Marie Christine; Narvaez, the representative of a Ministry *anti-afrancesado*!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Thursday in Passion Week, 1847.

It would be very popular, and indeed meritorious, if the Prince would undertake to bring Shakespeare again on the stage, where he hardly ever appears now. In Drury Lane where once Garrick and Mrs. Siddons reanimated his creations, elephants and horses are now performing! Macready would be the man. The aristocracy has never done anything for Shakespeare, which would have been so easy. If the Queen would be present at a Shakespearian performance, the entire aristocracy would flock thither the first day, followed by John Bull on the second.

The 'Times' have placed couriers between the east and west railway (Hanover and Cologne) and ordered special trains, to receive the King's speech before all other papers. I told the sub-editor that the King would never read a speech, but speak it as the Spirit should move him at the moment. He fancied that I might perhaps already have the speech in my pocket, or at least should receive it on the day of the opening of the Chamber. On Thursday, for the second edition, he expects to receive it.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Herstmonceaux Rectory: 9th April, 1847.

I have been thinking much of you here, where every step brings back to me the memory of past days and years happy times, happy above all through you! I feel that I am growing old, for when this afternoon I walked by the side of our former house and the Castle (both in equal desolation now) I was overcome by my feelings, and could scarcely repress my tears. I was therefore doubly happy to have a letter from you to-day. Now for the various messages! The first is from the assembled primroses, daffodils, and violets which

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and hints, which will give matter for people to consider. Some of my historical statements will be attacked, and I shall reply to such attacks by my volume on Ignatius. I find only a part of the seven epistles attributed to him to be genuine, the rest interpolated or absolutely forged. But before the work on Ignatius (now printing) reaches England, I intend to appear before the English public with an *Introduction* to my work on Egypt, entirely written by myself, instead of that prefixed to the German edition. Three translations were attempted of that, but I was obliged to declare against all, and to tell my own tale. I well remember what you once told me (and I was struck by the acuteness of the remark), that you could not help smiling, in reading what I had written in French, at my assuming a French character. Indeed, it is very true, that one identifies oneself to a certain degree with the nation whose language one is writing; and in writing French I am conscious of taking certain airs and *allures* which I should forego if writing German. But in English I have more courage—I shall leave out all that is metaphysical, but expatiate more on what I can make tangible to my dear and worthy friend, John Bull, or rather to his ladies, for he himself has given up reading books, and even sets his ladies to write what he would have written. Therefore, my dear mother, bear patiently with all Germanisms in this book, and you shall soon see me quite a steady, sober, arguing Englishman, in opening Egypt to the English public. In reading this translation you must retranslate into German—which you know by intuition, through Madame de Staël.

I send you the copy of Kay Shuttleworth's pamphlet which the Prince Consort gave me; I am *for* the plan, because it is the *wedge* for introducing a better, and the last chance of introducing *any* reform in the midst of the terrific crop of ignorance, immorality, and infidelity, growing up yearly among and around us. There is one weak point, which Dr. Vaughan has spied out, and you will find out yourself; but the very weakness of the defence in the pamphlet shows that the Council are prepared to be more liberal towards the Dissenters, if the Clergy of the Church and Managers of the National School Society will not be too intolerant.

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do. He was not in health before his departure; and the tidings of his sudden death, in the month of November following, were a severe blow to Bunsen. He was much beloved by him, and his growth had been watched over and rejoiced in by Bunsen almost as though he had belonged to him by ties of blood.

It may not seem irrelevant to the mention of Mendelssohn to add a 'contemporary notice' from the recollections of a son present on that last and memorable occasion. The last song accompanied by Mendelssohn was selected by himself from his Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' saying, 'We will have this for a close!' It was a grand composition to the words, 'Be thou faithful unto death' (*Sei getreu bis in den Tod*)—and having played the last note, he started up, and precipitately left the room and the house, exclaiming to those who followed him, 'I cannot take leave! God bless you all!' It is not known what cause produced this unusual sense of the solemnity of parting; but whether or not he may have been possessed with some foreboding, he was certainly about to be met on his return home by the tidings of his beloved sister's sudden death—the gift of Fanny Mendelssohn Bartholdy, wife of Professor Henrich—a loss most peculiarly afflicting to him.

It was on this last occasion of Mendelssohn's presence in London, that he was requested to conduct the execution of the Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' when the Queen and Prince Albert had promised their presence at Exeter Hall. It is well remembered how striking was the effect of his reception by the orchestra, filled with musicians of unusual amount of numbers and of talent, who, when he entered, struck up the air of triumph, 'See the conquering hero comes!'—after which, on Her Majesty's entrance, 'God save the Queen' was given with thrilling effect. The Oratorio had (and has) but the one imperfection (shared with the 'Elijah') of over-tasking human powers of taking in the abundance of musical meaning.

—half the piece would be quite enough for thorough enjoyment.

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Later, in the last month of this year, the 'Elijah' was finely performed at Exeter Hall, the whole orchestra and most of the audience being in mourning for the death of Mendelssohn. On this occasion the rare powers of Jenny Lind called forth the full effect of the soprano passages, so grand in the last act.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Sunday, 9th May, 1847.

. . . . For me, God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training, through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.

Bunsen to Mr. Graff, the Missionary.

4 Carlton Terrace: 3rd June, 1847.

. . . . Although I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again, I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks for the papers entrusted to me, and my gratification at their contents.

Your observations on languages show that you have applied true philosophy to the most original and primitive province of the human mind. Your memoir on the connection of such linguistic-philological studies with the labour of a missionary, treats of a most important subject, which has occupied my mind for many years, and a clear understanding of which seems to me the indispensable condition of further progress in our missionary work. We have been long enough behind the Romanists in this respect, and we seem to have lost sight of the great and divine type held out to us, in this respect too, by the outpouring of the Spirit. For the firstfruit of that Spirit was the sanctification of the native tongues, hitherto only used for the purposes of common life, into hallowed organs for praising the 'great things of God.'

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I agree with you, as in the whole tenour of your Memoir, so in particular in the five points with which you conclude—with the exception of *one*. You say (3) ‘Send home the raw materials.’ I would answer, Do no such thing! You, and all who have similar gifts among your brethren, are perfectly capable of, and in a certain degree alone competent to, digesting those materials for the two purposes in point:—

1. A clear and complete representation of the grammatical forms, preceded by such remarks on the race and country, to which the language belongs, as the observation offers.

2. A dictionary, preceded by such general remarks on the formation of words and the connection of roots among each other, as the study of the language itself suggests.

I suppose both such works would be eagerly printed by the Society, for use both in Europe and Africa. They would not be very bulky, and the more they are made in a uniform, general, and clear plan, the more succinct and more useful will they be. The grammar will be logic to the tribes themselves, and both grammar and dictionary will fix the ever-floating element of speech among them.

Of course the Gospels will be printed at the same time, and gradually the whole New Testament, and finally the whole Bible. I should recommend the Psalms among the first objects of translation in the Old Testament. The great point in all these is a reasonable system of transcription. It is impossible to take the English pronunciation as a standard; it is not only in contradiction to that of all continental languages, but in itself too full of contradictions. Almost all scholars have, therefore, agreed in the system of transcription used by Humboldt, Bopp, &c., and adopted by the French. It is capable of simplification and of improvements which Lepsius intends soon to publish. The principle is, to express *every unity of sound* by a *unity of sign*. The Latin alphabet—on the whole according to Italian pronunciation (which for ancient languages was originally used also in England)—suffices for all simple sounds, with exception of the Greek χ (Chi) for which the Latin alphabet has no corresponding letter. The modifications are to be expressed by additional signs, as for instance $\text{—}\text{̣}$ or $\text{—}\text{̤}$, and similar ones. Lepsius proposes to adopt a peculiar sign for

every organ of speech, viz. guttural, lingual, palatal, dental, nasal. You will find that the Hebrew *Keph* and *Koph* differ by the one being guttural, the other dental. So do many other letters in different languages. Take the German *ch* in *auch* and in *ich*. The African languages will, of course, have many *nasal* sounds, according to the specimen. I will send you Lepsius's treatise as soon as it appears,—he intends laying it this summer before the meeting of Orientalists.

What *we* upon such foundations can do in Europe, is to find out the analogies of languages, and deduce consequences from them. But here, too, you must put us in the way. You will first find out the languages which are connected by *immediate affinity*. By this expression I understand the same fundamental elements in the grammatical forms. The gradations are made clear by the Indo-Germanic philology. You know that they give us the following general scheme, starting from the Teutonic stock:—

<i>Sister Languages.</i>	German.	Scandinavian.
<i>Dialects.</i>	Saxon, Franconian, Suabian, with all their infinite varieties, including Dutch, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, Allemannian (Swiss), Burgundian (Berne).	Danish, Swedish.

All these we bring back to the most ancient forms, known to us:—The *Gothic* of Ulphilas, of 380 of our era; the *Icelandic* of the Edda, of about 900 of our era. These two most primitive forms, then, we bring in connection with the most ancient forms of the languages of common origin:—*Sanscrit* and *Zend*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Slavonic*, *Lithuanian*, *Celtic* (with *Persian*).

The next higher step is to take all this Japhetic stock as *one*, and to compare it with the Semitic in all its most ancient forms—*Hebrew*, so-called *Chaldaic*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Abysinian*, with *Samaritan*. Lastly, you know we have found the original language of *Ham*—for *Ham*, *Cham*, is the name of Egypt in the Egyptian language. I have published all forms, and such of the roots as are known to us, in my work on Egypt, and in the first volume of the English translation there will be a complete dictionary of roots. These I consider as the *keystone* of connection between the Asiatic and African languages.

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But we must proceed in all this systematically. No *jumps*—no crude comparison of single words (which prove nothing),—gradual comparison ascending from the languages of immediate affinity to those of less immediate connection, and always showing the constant analogy (as Grimm in his *Lautversetzung*). The subdivisions in Africa are greater than in Europe and Asia—in America they are still greater. But affinity of grammatical forms, not only in the general system, but in the material itself, is necessarily a sign of historical connection. Single words may differ much, particularly in degraded languages. Finally, the *physiological* element must not be neglected. Pritchard's works have done much in that. You should also get his 'Ethnographic Atlas,' imperfect, of course, though it be.

Japhet's son must kindle the divine fire, as one of Japhet's sons, Prometheus, is said to have done of old; but the children of Ham must keep it up. Train *African linguists* as well as African preachers; both will serve the cause of the Gospel, and both testify that the Spirit of God is with us, as Luther says of that Spirit:—

Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.

Contemporary Notices in Letters.

26th June, 1847.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, Bunsen went to Oxford, and returned on Thursday. To-day the Count and Countess St. Aulaire will dine with us, quite alone. It is a sad leave-taking, for they go away for good next week.

30th June.—Bunsen went to Oxford again yesterday, to the meeting of the Ethnological Society, having dined and slept at Cuddesdon Palace. Meyer is said to have acquitted himself admirably, and to have produced much effect, having been listened to with extreme attention. The end of the week Prince Waldemar is expected, and there will be little regularity of life until he is gone into the country. On Monday, July 5, he will go to Cambridge (to be present at the reception of Prince Albert as Chancellor), Bunsen having contrived for his being received by Dr. Worsley at Downing College. On Wednesday all return from Cambridge.

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for the journey to Cambridge) stood guarding the Prince's portmanteau, when, close by, talking across Aaron and his luggage, stood three Princes and a Bishop! As we shot along every station and bridge and resting place and spot of shade was peopled with eager faces watching for the Queen, and decorated with flowers, but the brightest and gayest and most excited assemblage was at the Cambridge station itself, and from thence along the streets to Trinity College the degree of ornament and crowd and animation was always increasing. I think I never saw so many children before in one morning. I felt so much moved at the spectacle of such a mass of life collected together and animated by the feeling, and that a joyous one, that I was at a loss to conceive, how 'any woman's sides can bear the beating of so strong a throb,' as must attend the consciousness of being the object of that excitement, and the centre of attraction to all those eyes! But the Queen possesses royal strength of nerves. We met the magistrates and yeomanry riding forth to await the Queen, and as they desired to fetch her from the station, and go in procession before her to the town, her arrival took place rather later than intended. We saw her entrance into Trinity Lodge, as we stood at a window in the Lodge, and the academic crowd, in picturesque attire, were as loud in rejoicing as any mob could have been. Soon after, I went with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Monteagle, to take our places in the yet vacant Great Hall of Trinity, whither the Queen came to receive the Chancellor's address, and a few minutes after she had placed herself on the throne (an armchair under a canopy at the raised extremity of the hall), the Chancellor entered from the opposite end, in his beautiful dress of black and gold, with a long train held up—made a graceful bow, and read an address, to which the Queen read an answer, with peculiar emphasis, uttering approbation of the choice made by the University. Admirable was the command of countenance in both! and she only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over, and she had allowed all the Heads of Houses to kiss her hand, which they did with exquisite variety of awkwardness, all but two or three. Afterwards the Queen dined with the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of a small College, where but few comparatively could be admitted—Bunsen was among

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the Queen's table the names were marked on places, and anxious was the moment before one's place was found—I was directed by Lord Spencer to one between himself and the Duke of Buccleuch. In the evening the Queen received the ladies belonging to the University, and some not belonging to it—which was an occasion of much *crève-cœur*. I was instrumental in explaining in some quarters, what I hope was believed, that the Master of Trinity and Mrs. Whewell had nothing to do with the whole matter of reception—the Queen being at Trinity Lodge (a royal foundation) at home, in her own house.

Yesterday (Wednesday morning, the 7th) I walked with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Desart through the Library, King's Chapel, Clare Hall, and the beautiful avenues and gardens, with combinations of trees, architecture, green turf and flowers, bridges and water, such as, under such a sun and sky as we had, could nowhere have been found superior. The Duchess was conducted by the Master of Trinity (Dr. Whewell), Lady Desart by Lord Aberdeen, and myself by Meyer (in uniform, as all had been attending the Chancellor's levée), and he passed, among the admiring crowd who followed us at respectful distance, for the hero Sir Harry Smith—as being tall and weather-beaten, as Lord Fortescue was supposed to be the Duke of Wellington, having a large nose and wrinkled countenance. At one o'clock the Queen set out upon the same round, through the cloisters and entire domain of Trinity College, connected by a bridge with St. John's—and we followed, thus seeing everything to the greatest advantage, and particularly the joyous crowd that grouped well with the splendid *still life* objects. Then the Queen sat down to luncheon under a tent, and we were placed at her table: the only other member of the diplomatic corps being M. Van de Weyer. The Queen returned to Trinity Lodge, and took her departure finally at three o'clock: as soon as we could, we drove away with Prince Waldemar, to share his special carriage, and got well back to London, though not very rapidly, on account of the great length of the train.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House : Monday, 19th July, 1847.

Here I am, *well and quiet*, just as if taken away from a seething cauldron, or awakened from a bad dream. The journey and the passage over the beautiful sea, and then a good walk which your good Queen took us, did me a vast deal of good. We arrived at Portsmouth in *two hours*, saw the Victory (Lord Nelson's ship), going thither in a boat; then got on the Fairy, and passed the splendid fleet quite near, greeted by all ships with the royal salute, the men drawn up, and the band playing alternately the English and Prussian national melodies. Prince Albert was awaiting Prince Waldemar on the shore, and conveyed us all in a sort of char-à-banc. We drove between rows of laurel and myrtle, as in Italy, and on arriving found that the Queen herself had come towards us on the lawn, but had not been perceived by the party! for which omission I was made responsible as being the only one wearing spectacles! Now, my dearest, forgive me all my fretting, and impatience, and crossness, and all other things unamiable of the latter days. Something may be laid to the account of indisposition; but the greater part of it I must take seriously to myself, and so I hope I do. The night's result, when I awoke, was this—and you know all good thoughts come over night,—I shall write (I think) to the King, stating that I need *one year's leave of absence*. So did Esterhazy—so did Björnstierna—regularly. . . . I *must and will* go away from London; but I will take advice as to the manner. I have steered my life's bark hitherto alone with my God, in all the great emergencies of my course; and thus I will do to my end, whenever the price of my life is at stake. I never weighed secondary considerations, and always found I was right. This is my night's thought. We shall see how it will bear the scrutiny of the day. But I will not withhold it from you.

Osborne : Monday, two o'clock.—Let Ernest and Elizabeth know that there will be a great naval manœuvre to-morrow, Tuesday, I believe by three, certainly not earlier, as Her Majesty takes luncheon at two. The Prince has taken Prince Waldemar and myself over the New House, which is delightful. The Prince's own room contains well-chosen paintings of the

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old school, from Duccio and Fiesole to Lorenzo di Credi. The Queen's own room has a beautiful prospect from a balcony towards the sea, Spithead and the fleet: all decorations everywhere show good sense and real taste. Prince Löwenstein is in the former apartment of Prince Albert in the Old House, and I am allowed to occupy that of Her Majesty, which the Duchess of Sutherland had just left. So we are royally treated; and yet the Queen expressed last night her regret that I had to cross the open place (20 yards) between the Old and New House! Prince Waldemar is quartered at the latter.

Contemporary Notice.

31st August, 1847.

. . . I send Lamartine's remarkable speech, in many parts so beautiful, and even where that epithet does not apply it is memorable as a monument of the time in which it was spoken. When you get to the end, you will need no explanation to understand that I objected not to the reasoning (as you had been told), but to the wretched narrowness of mind in a man of such intelligence, to wind up a speech, showing such a strong sense of his nation's moral misery, by pointing out '*la raison*' as the means of relief. One should think, *à l'heure qu'il est*, that people were past *that*. The history of the world shows that human reason struggles ineffectually against passion, and corruption, or the power of selfishness; and Lamartine does not propose to them any sort or kind of religion, nor any aspiration after the invisible; in short, he does not name Christianity, to subdue *self* and its dictates, and sublimate all energies into the love of God and man, but only that same reason, in the force of which I cannot suppose he believes, any more than do his hearers; only he wished to flatter them, and feared to excite ridicule by naming anything higher or less commonplace.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Osborne House: 22nd July, 1847, five a.m.

The news of Sieveking's death struck me unawares, in spite of mournful anticipation, on my return, the evening of the 7th, from the Cambridge Installation solemnity. To Cambridge I had gone with an ever-strengthening feeling of op-

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existence, connecting the present with splendid recollections of the past ;—but what is it to a German ?

Thus I returned home ; with the prospect of another fortnight's waiting upon the kind-hearted Prince Waldemar. The first letter I opened on my return home told me of the death of Sieveking. That evening passed amid manifold reflections.

When I awoke next morning a means of escape presented itself before me, which I had not before perceived.

I had often previously stated to myself the question, If continuing here becomes impossible, might not a less oppressive position be found at Berlin ? As Minister of State, certainly not. A private position near the King, like that of Humboldt, was manifestly impossible. The course taken by the Chamber makes it clear that the King will be obliged to choose his next Ministers from among persons belonging to it ; and no more than I can, and will, and ought to work with the present set, do I perceive a calling for myself to work by the side of the next Ministry. I have no position in the country, and only *with* such an independent position can a Minister do what he ought, viz., help the King, support and defend him. Lastly, it is become ever clearer to me, that, by nature and circumstances, I am so constituted as to be only then politically serviceable, when, watching from the prow or topmast, I can give timely notice of storms or rocks appearing on the horizon, but *not* if placed at the helm. As often, therefore, as I ruminated over the Berlin projects, I found myself within the thick walls of a prison, out of which I could discern no way of escape ; and at the end of such contemplation I was ever thrown back upon London.

On that morning, then, Bonn appeared before me ; and after contemplating that image for half-an-hour, I declared to your mother (who was up and dressing) my determination to give up London and diplomatic life, and retire to Bonn. Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, 'That would be ideally desirable.' But other difficulties remained. On Saturday evening, the 7th, therefore, I found myself again between the four dark prison-walls !

That evening and Sunday morning belong to the darkest times of my life. When I rose in the morning I found that your dear mother had placed close by my bedside the Hymn Book, open at Paul Gerhard's hymn—'Commit thy ways unto

the Lord,' which I thoroughly felt all through. I went to Steinkopf's church, and came out much tranquillised. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I was obliged to be at the railway station, to accompany Prince Waldemar hither.

With a heated head and overclouded spirit I accomplished the journey. The spectacle of the sea refreshed me. The noble fleet at Spithead saluted the royal flag of Prussia with far-echoing thunder; the musical bands of the five vessels of the line, as we glided past, played alternately 'God save the Queen,' and the 'Landesvater' (which I had introduced in England in 1842), and the whole did me good. Seeing Prince Albert and the Queen, in their beautiful tranquillity, in the isle of the south, overlooking the sea, rejoiced me. I am heartily devoted to them both, and they showed me all their accustomed kindness.

I considered my plan yesterday, calmly and clearly, and I write it to you as it now stands before me. Now enter thoroughly into what I am about to write, make the condition of things entirely clear to yourself, and then read on.

[The particulars follow of a plan, never executed, of a removal from London to Bonn.]

You ask where the place is in history for the languages of Ham? The following formula contains my reply:—

Cham=African humanity=the first great *joint* of the Caucasian language-formation.

All our languages have at one time been *Chamitic*; as the human embryo passes through a period of fish-existence.

To this *joint*, or *knct*, as their given basis, the African nations have, more or less, added on a stump formation. I developed lately at Oxford* the elements of this science—as it were, thus:—Every language consists of at least two formations—the one, that of the now dead, dissolved language constitutes its basis (as Latin is the basis of the Romanic tongues), and the second formation, which produces the new tongue itself (e.g. the Romanic). But according to the nature of the crisis, which causes the destruction of the first formation, we observe very divergent results. The crisis may take place in so organic a manner

* See *Three Linguistic Dissertations*, read at the Meeting of the British Association in Oxford, by Chev. Bunsen, Dr. Charles Meyer, and Dr. Max Müller; reprinted from the Report for 1847. London: 1848.

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as greatly to promote expansion of consciousness ; inasmuch as by the destruction, i.e. *volatising* of many words (nouns and verbs), it constructs particles, and syllables of inflection, without which the language would be a very imperfect organ of the mind ; and at the same time *spiritualises* the substantial roots ; thus doubly furthering that self-consciousness of the intellect, which is the aim of development. This Shem has accomplished once, discreetly restricting his impulse towards form in the roots to the triliteral system, and to much that is conventional. Japhet, on the other hand, has performed the process twice ; the last time being in the Iranian (commonly called Indo-Germanic) tongues.

The opposite *pole* to this is brought about in the following way :—A tribe, isolated and thrown back to struggle with the rigid needs of physical existence, loses a large portion of its word-consciousness (commonly called language), and not till after a thorough darkening of the earlier perceptions (i.e. after the loss or corruption of the inherited mother-tongue) can the instinct of speech throw out a new shoot. This new formation may be full of luxuriance (like the fresh growth round the trunk of a felled tree), but it is and remains a stump-formation, such as a narrow basis only can yield, which is insufficiently penetrated by the spirit of life. Examples of this kind are found in the frightful constructions of the American (falsely called Indian) tribes, whose stump-formation is so vigorous, that even neighbouring races, with equal or closely-allied forms of speech, often exhibit hardly any similarity in their roots.

‘Ham’ passed through many degrees of these formations ; the speech of the Bushmen is its condition of lowest degradation ; the speech of Abyssinia is a Semitic variety. As to the rest, this question remains :—which point of Caucasian linguistic formation constitutes their basis ? The chronology of the various branches must be arranged in accordance with the variety of views in fixing this point. That is the highest and most difficult point of scientific, linguistic enquiry.

I am truly pleased that, in the case of young Sieveking and yourself, the friendship of the fathers has passed over to the sons. The Oregon question belongs now as entirely to the past as the Seven Years’ War. The office of arbitrator in that case had its difficulties. I should have decided for the

forty-ninth degree as regards the coast of the Continent, (without separating Vancouver's Island from the British possessions) because the more southern land is suited to tillage, and the colonist (American) deserves preference, on general grounds, before the huntsman (Indian and English). The agricultural title (this is my English formula) is superior to that of the hunter: else, where is *our* title to our own soil, and where our right to divide a land not ours? That dear admirable man! How have I loved him, and how much affection and friendship has he not ever shown me! Remember me most kindly to his son, and tell him he must look upon our house, wherever it be, as his home.

I must close this letter now. I write it in the Queen's room, which she used to inhabit before the annexed, newly-built Osborne House was built, in sight of the sea-mirror gilded by the sun, and inhaling the breeze from it, the background near Spithead being formed by the ships of the line, under whose salute we passed yesterday. To-day, within a few hours, we shall cleave the waves again, to inspect the Arsenal and Dockyards at Portsmouth; then the Prince Waldemar goes to Oxford, and on to the north, but I with Prince Löwenstein go homewards; Prince Waldemar returns to London in the beginning of September for three days. He is a highly amiable and chivalrous character, of sound political views.

Contemporary Notice.

20th November, 1847.

We shall have Mr. Brooke (the Rajah of Borneo) to dinner, and many others; Lady Raffles comes to meet him.

22nd November.—The review in the 'Quarterly' of Captain Keppel's 'Journal of H.M.S. Dido' is written by Lord Ellesmere. The account is most interesting of all that Mr. Brooke undertook and executed for the benefit of the people of Borneo, following out the notions of Sir Stamford Raffles, formed so many years earlier, and which had not been acted upon by any Government. Both by the original work and by the review a great interest has been excited about Mr. Brooke, which we have warmly shared; but it cannot be said that after having seen him the feeling has been kept up at the same pitch. However willing one may be to make every allowance for his desire to shrink from being made a show

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of, yet still, every allowance made, he proved 'dry as a remainder-biscuit after a voyage.' The favourable appearances are to be characterised by negatives; he is unassuming, unpretending, unobtrusive: but the degree of curiosity that remains is only as to whether he *can* warm or kindle, *be* warmed or *be* kindled. An attempt proved unavailing to-day to be present at a meeting relating to the Mission to Borneo; the crowd overflowed from the large Hanover Square Rooms, and it is only to be hoped that the subscriptions may be in proportion to the zeal displayed in listening to and cheering Mr. Brooke.

Contemporary Notice.

10th November, 1847.

The death of Mendelssohn has been a great shock to us, and it is a sad breaking up of human happiness; he and his very charming wife were attached and united in no common degree. He was full of energy and power and talent, in every respect happy and fortunate in his position; independent and active, and having no views, no habits, no occupations, but those of a noble and refined nature. He has quickly followed his accomplished sister, the wife of Hensel, whose death was also frightfully sudden. And our poor dear Neukomm remains, to drink out the dregs of life in blindness! inscrutable are the ways of Him whose dispensations are only for the good of His creatures!

12th November.—A passage in the 'Times' relating to Mendelssohn does credit to the writer, whoever he be. It is to be wished the account of his funeral might be given entirely by the English papers. After a solemn service at Leipzig the body was conveyed to Berlin for interment, and by night for privacy; but it was watched for at the railway stations in two places, and met by processions of the principal inhabitants singing hymns. At Berlin there was another solemn service, hymns and a funeral address, and two of the choruses out of his own Oratorio of 'St. Paul' were performed, the words of which, from Scripture, were suited to the occasion. Here, the Harmonic Society wish to have his bust executed in marble, and placed at their expense in the British Museum.

Saturday, 13th November.—On Monday, the 15th, we are to have at dinner the Duc de Broglie, Lord Westmoreland, Lady Raffles, and Sir Robert Inglis.

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self, and he is stopped short. He has just learned *how to learn*, and has just acquired knowledge enough to be aware that he knows nothing, and his eyes refuse their aid! His mind and character have evidently grown under this trial beyond his years; he is resigned, and yet hopes even less than I do.

You shall have, in an English lecture, what I have to say, in another garb, in my fifth book (of the Egyptian work). Politics and some other (disagreeable) business have for a fortnight and more not allowed me a moment's freeness of spirit to finish my lecture. I hope I settled an important point in the course of last week: the general outlines of a rational system of transmission of the sounds of foreign languages, and in particular of non-written tongues, for the use of the African stations. I enclose to you my correspondence with the excellent Mr. Venn on the subject, together with a letter of Graff, who with Koelle (a good Sanscrit scholar) went the other day to Sierra Leone to be directors of the new College.

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: Sunday, 20th November, 1847.

(Last Sunday in the Church Year.)

. . . The present day brings to mind afresh the solemn intelligence which you communicated to me a year ago, and with it the feeling of the debt I owe you; together with the consciousness of undisturbed affection and friendship faithfully preserved in my heart. Whatever letter I do not answer at the very moment, alas! falls directly into the mass of things heaped up and put by to the hoped-for time of alleviation of my burden of official and social avocations. But we have indeed all mourned with you, and at the same time hailed the grace given to you to receive the heavy blow as a child of God from the hand of a Father.

This day brings many precious dead to our remembrance; and last of all, my truly-beloved Felix Mendelssohn. Within our family circle we have lost Elizabeth Fry, who by Ernest's marriage had become his aunt. On the other hand, the house-circle has been widened: Ernest's Elizabeth, the beloved of all, has made me grandfather to a fine boy.

Henry's dear wife is also a real daughter to us, and Henry is as happy as man can be—with a Christian congregation, in a beautiful county of England, enjoying and spreading around him that fullness of blessing which makes the position of a country clergyman in England unique of its kind. We old ones are in good health, and in our accustomed cheerfulness. I have lately published the newly-discovered ancient Ignatius, with some letters of my own to accompany it; and I have desired the Rauhe Haus to send you a copy. Other things are in hand. The critical state of the evangelical Church in the fatherland urges me to declarations: I am not satisfied with the manner in which the King's ideas of Church and State have been carried out. *Freedom and Love* have I inscribed upon my banner, against the heads of parties, each and severally. I praise the intentions of young Thiersch, but he is too green and too narrow. The Swiss concerns have for some weeks disturbed me day and night: there, also, great sin has been committed—that effusion of blood might have been prevented. Jesuitism and Radicalism are two several masks of the same destroying spirit; but the former poisons the very germ, misusing the name of God. Wrong is on both sides; but if on the one side there is a false life, on the other there is actual death. The pinion-stroke of Time just now out-tones the cries of petty considerations. No one can hinder the inevitable: the endeavour must be to soften and turn it to good purpose. I earnestly hope, that the two great Protestant Powers may herein go hand in hand.

I cannot give up the wish to receive you in this house, and to see the magnificent cartoons of Raphael with you. The journey is so easy! You would find here many who admire your works. Now forgive your old friend his long negligence in writing, and accept, with all yours, from us all the heartiest greeting!

The following transaction referred to a private letter of the King, addressed to Queen Victoria, which it was his desire that Bunsen should deliver in a private audience to Her Majesty: at the same time Bunsen was informed by a letter from the King to himself, that the subject of the communication was political, relating to

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Neufchâtel. Bunsen having requested instructions from Prince Albert, received in reply an invitation in the name of the Queen to come immediately to Osborne House, in company with Lord Palmerston (to whom Her Majesty's invitation was simultaneously despatched) that the letter might be read without infringement of constitutional rules. This statement will account for the emotion with which Bunsen announces having safely steered between conflicting difficulties.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House : Sunday, 5th December, 1847.

MY BELOVED,—God be thanked ! All right ! Better than could be hoped ! I delivered my letter last night, in private audience, to Her Majesty,—not speechless, but without speech—after eight, before dinner.

I had desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to do. As an abstract Whig, he said, 'It was unheard of, quite unusual, that a foreign Sovereign should write to the Sovereign of England on *politics*.' 'But,' said I, 'you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal.' 'Yes, but that was between relations.' 'And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival, and of the contents of the letter and will learn all that is in it. I shall, in handing over the letter to the Queen, say nothing but a few complimentary phrases, and plead the King's cause in the way the Queen will direct, in your presence the next day. Will that do ?' 'Perfectly,' he replied. And so I did. The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner, Prince Albert told me that the Queen and I had had Lord Palmerston with them before dinner (from seven to eight), and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the morning, the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of an answer. Then I was called in to read the letter, and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. We all agreed :—

1. That conferences on Swiss affairs, on the basis of m

diation between contending parties, were out of the question now. But the Queen wished to say (and Lord Palmerston saw no harm in it) that she *would* have accepted Neufchâtel in preference to London, as a place of conference, if it could still be thought of.

2. That (as I had proposed) *the Neufchâtel affair* was now the object with respect to which Her Majesty would try to be of use to her friend and brother. (I had demanded mediation with arbitration, between Neufchâtel and the Federation ; but Palmerston observed, ‘ That could only be done upon the ground of general treaties, and then the three other Powers would come in too, and spoil the whole.’) So I was to be satisfied with ‘ *bons offices*,’ in consequence of the instructions already given to C., ‘ based upon the detailed Memoir written by your Majesty’s faithful *Bunsen*, as your Majesty allows me to call him.’ Circumstances would show what further could be done.

This the Queen will write *in English*, beginning and end in German. I ought to add, that she answers, besides, to the point, on the coming forward of the German confederacy in a worthy manner on this occasion. She says, ‘ She and her Government wish nothing better ; but as the only point now in discussion resulted from general treaties not regarded by the Confederacy, this was perhaps not the right opportunity. (Of course there are weighty reasons against it besides.) But that she was sure the English public would with great sympathy see the German Confederation take a prominent part in European affairs—only that it would make a very material difference in their eyes, if the councils of Germany were directed by the enlightened Cabinet of Berlin, and not by Prince Metternich.’

All this is now already written out fair, by Prince Albert, under Lord P.’s revision, for the Queen, who will write it herself to-morrow, when the letter will be despatched by express messenger. As soon as we hear what the Diet of Berne has decreed against Neufchâtel, Lord P. and I shall confer further.

If the *ground swell* was strong in the mind of Bunsen during this occasion, of experiencing the accustomed gracious kindness of the Queen and Prince Albert at

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Osborne, his return from thence in company with Lord Palmerston was attended by serious commotion of the elements without. In the boat which brought them to the shore, Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed, that he had not been before aware of the necessary connection he now observed between *steering the vessel of the State*, and steering a common boat—whereto Lord Palmerston answered, ‘Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learnt nothing better.’ They landed in safety, but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he *must* return to London on pressing business, and *must* have a special train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, ‘On *my* responsibility, then!’ and thus enforced compliance, although everyone trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage, the Directors refusing all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having transgressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result, and their own escape from serious blame.

Contemporary Notice.

22nd December, 1847.

A Puseyite clergyman said to a friend who informed us, ‘You know whom we have to thank for Dr. Hampden’s appointment? it is all Bunsen’s doing, he prevailed upon the Queen to lay her commands upon Lord John.’

The fact is, that Dr. Hampden is as much unknown among us as a person can be, who has been brought before the public. At Oxford Bunsen *saw him once*, among many other people, but had neither conversation nor correspondence with him—in short, no acquaintance, and he had been inclined to think Dr. Arnold too violent in his defence, in the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ of 1838. But now, he has set about examining his

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gallery divided into four compartments, the middle occupying two-thirds of the length: there the company meet, or occupy themselves separately. The Duchess gave me a golden key, with directions to Stafford O'Brien to conduct me to the gallery of statues, a detached building in the midst of a garden, like the Braccio Nuovo; a beautiful hall wide and long, with statues antique and modern; the *Leda* Vase (from the Villa of Hadrian) and the Sarcophagus of Ephesus form the principal ornaments, with a splendid mosaic from Rome, which occupies the centre. At the extremities are flights of steps, each conducting to an *exedra* or sort of temple: in the one are the Graces of Canova, which *I did not* worship; but the other, the Temple of Liberty, the sanctuary of the Whigs, interested me much. The present Duke's predecessor had the heads of the friends Fox and Grey modelled, and executed in marble, and planned the temple; when dying, he disclosed the secret of his intentions to his brother, who executed the idea faithfully. Opposite the entrance is the colossal bust of Charles Fox, with verses on the pedestal written by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. On each side there are two busts of smaller dimensions—Lord Grey's is the only very fine head; a certain Fitzpatrick looks like a satire upon a senatorial countenance. I admire and relish the idea, so well suiting the residence of the head of that illustrious family of Russell, with the martyr and his angelic wife among them.

I saw besides, Woburn Church, built by the Abbot who was put to death by Henry VIII. with a beautiful churchyard. We passed by the farm, which is like a village, where the inhabitants, i.e. oxen, pigs, cows, occupy corridors of stalls and styes, opening into spacious well-aired rooms, a regular convent of animals! In the afternoon I shall bury myself in the Archives, to try to find the traces in explanation of the destroyed monument at High Wood, of which there is a tradition in the family. The Duchess expresses the wish that another time you may not be prevented from coming. The kindness of the family is indescribable.

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house-music has been spread afar, particularly by Lady de Clifford, who says she always comes out on the terrace when told that music is going on, especially to hear the singing of *the tenor*.

I yesterday read letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough (incredible), where Mrs. Pendarves' letters to Swift are mentioned in a marginal note. I studied also three volumes of John, Duke of Bedford's life and embassy to Paris, 1763, to conclude the peace: he was a clever man, and did the least evil he then could to Frederick the Great. I also saw the conservatory, and the unique evergreen walk, planted by that same Duke 100 years ago: rhododendrons, laurels, &c., as underwood on each side of the walk.

To the Same.

4 Carlton Terrace: 31st December, 1847.

Here I am, faithful to my dear children and myself; under other circumstances, I certainly should have remained till Monday, as I was indeed very much pressed to do. The decision of the Hampden affair made the time yet more interesting. You will see in a few days an excellent letter of Lord John's, an answer to an address of the clergy of Bedfordshire *in favour* of Hampden. He had waited for such an opportunity in order to speak fully his own mind on the subject. Yesterday I went with Lord John to the Gallery of Sculpture and the Temple; then he played at tennis with Stafford O'Brien, and on returning to the house was met by the Duke, with copies of the letter to the clergy and other papers, which he, the Duke, had been revising for him. It is the Duke's glory to help his brother, in whatever way he can.

In the evening after dinner, Lady Rachel Russell (who is my great patroness) gave me a playbill on satin, and the Duchess another, which she offered to me in order that I might send it to you, but which I declined, saying I should send you nine. (All other such bills were on paper.) The plan of the charade had been arranged that morning; only the scenes made out, the rest left for improvisation. The first word, *Nightmare*, was represented by *Knight* (the dubbing of Sir Walter Raleigh), and *Mayor* (the Mayor of an unreformed borough near Woburn Alley) admirably acted. The next you must guess from the four parts. 1. Thetis (Lady Rachel)

about to *dip* the infant Achilles in the Styx. 2. An old Tory country-gentleman (Milnes) complaining of the Whig administration, and of the *low* state of funds, of commercial enterprise, of rents, of agriculture, and what not, and hoping that, for some comfort, Dr. Pusey will be the new Bishop; on hearing the name of Hampden, he swoons. 3. A *Maypole*—girls and boys, headed by Lady Rachel, dancing round it, and singing an old national May-song (very fine). 4. A young actor, Mr. Pantwell, offering his services to Madame Vestris (Lady Rachel), as a peculiar proficient in bringing out a *sigh*. The whole was *Diplomacy*,—represented by my three colleagues, of Russia, Austria, and France, holding a secret conference, and signing a protocol *without me*; the one saying, when he last heard of me, I was in Egypt; another, that when he last saw me, I was in search of what I called a Church. When they are just about to sign, the genius of Great Britain (Lady Rachel as Britannia) appears, and after tearing the paper in pieces, advances to the audience, addressing verses complimentary to me, on the relations between the two countries. As no foreigners were present, the joke could do no harm. I have gone thus into detail, thinking the particulars might amuse your dear mother. Nowhere is hospitality practised on so grand a scale, or at least nowhere grander, than at Woburn Abbey; every room is the perfection of all credible and incredible comforts for the guest—all meals in inconceivable perfection of arrangement. The Duchess enacts *visibly* the Queen and Duchess, and *invisibly* (in the intervals, by her directions) the supreme *Maîtresse d'Hôtel*. The Dowager Duchess assists her with much tact. The day after my arrival, a banquet was given in my honour, with a display of all the wonderful silver services, gifts of Louis XV. to Duke John: the other days all was more simple. I have reflected much on the position of a Duke of Bedford or of Sutherland in the nineteenth century, and do not think it could be essentially more than what the present representatives make of it. The charm here is the historical and political standing of the House of Russell. The house is evidently the work of the first Duke, and then of Duke John, who made the Peace of Paris. I find all that was good in it was his merit, against Bute and Egremont; still Lord John justly blames him for having consented to keeping secret the transaction from Frederick the Great.

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My plans are these, D.V.,—4th January, to Althorp; 8th, to Castle Ashby; 11th, to Peel; then home, and one or two days at Broadlands, with Palmerston, who returns to town on the 20th, as do the Russells, who want to see Prince Löwenstein at Richmond Lodge before that date. The grief of the House is the abstraction of the Marquis of Tavistock, who writes daily most intelligent papers on political subjects, but will not *live* at Woburn, nor take any part in active life.

On the whole, I would not be the Duke of Bedford for all his income, if I was to lead his life but for one year.

To the Same.

Althorp: Thursday, 6th January, 1848.

I have been very lazy here, and that even since I had your precious letter! The fact is, I have so much here to *say*, and to *do*, that I scarcely have time to *limp* out for an hour, and then I must rest till dinner time. Be not uneasy about me,—it is nothing but flying rheumatism, one day in one leg, another in the other, with toothache, sometimes to the left, sometimes the right. The library is unique; so is the gallery for family portraits, and originals of illustrious men, Montaigne, Arnauld, also Sacharissa and her husband, who resided here. Van der Weyer and I *live* in the library. Host and hostess very kind and agreeable. To-morrow George and I go to Lord Northampton's, Tuesday to Peel's, from whence home on the 15th, and not stir a step, unless I must.

Carlton Terrace: Friday, 7th January.—Here I am, my dearest; my last evening and night were so uncomfortable from the pains I mentioned, that I resolved to cut short the proposed visits. Whether or not I go to Peel must depend upon the pain; but what I can say already is, that I feel very comfortable here, at my desk, in my room, in our dear house, with the good faces around me.

Saturday, 8th January.—I read last night Bancroft, with increasing admiration. What a glorious and interesting history has he *given* to his nation, of the centuries before the Independence! The third volume is a masterpiece; after having displayed all the plans and decrees of the monarchs of Europe from 1741 to 1748, he brings in 'the son of a widow, gaining his livelihood by surveying land in remote and uninhabited districts—George Washington.'

Mrs. Bancroft read to me a beautiful passage out of a letter to her from Paris—the writer alluded to the atheism of Laplace and other astronomers in France, adding, ‘Let them study *man*, and his history; on every page they will trace the hand of a protecting and loving Providence directing the world. This is the lesson which every day draws more and more from history. Man advances, and God protects the advancement of humanity.’ This reminds me of a fine expression of Bishop Lee, this morning, respecting the Unitarians, ‘The belief in salvation through Christ, and the opinion respecting the nature of Christ, are two quite distinct objects.’ This is what in other words Schleiermacher says, ‘The faith of the Christian rests essentially, not on that which took place *in* or *with respect to* Christ,—what befel Him or befel Him *not*,—but on that which Christ *did* and *performed* as the Redeemer. His accomplished work of redemption—actuality of redemption,—is the single essential object of the faith in which is blessedness; the contests about its nature belong to the past.’ All right, in my opinion, where there is a Christian, that is, a spiritual, philosophy. But what is to be done in a nation where there is no such thing?

I shall not go to Peel at Drayton, alas! My toothache returned after I had made a dozen steps in the damp air.

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace: Friday, 14th January, 1848.

. . . Just come in from calling upon Lady Louisa Stuart. I wish I could write every word of her conversation. She was quite well, assured me that she ‘had no complaint but extreme old age,’ and that ‘sometimes her head went like a cradle at sea.’ I succeeded tolerably well in making her hear, and asked her about Lady Sundon (Mrs. Clayton), of the Court of Queen Caroline, as to whose Correspondence (lately published) the ‘Quarterly Review’ complained of the incompetence of the editor,—and that brought her upon the subject of the Court of George II., when she recollected and repeated to me a humorous ballad, attributed to Arbuthnot, on the occasion of the King’s naming the Duke of Newcastle as godfather to a Prince just then born to the Prince of Wales, at which the latter took

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great offence, and objected to his standing in any other way than as proxy for some German Prince. The ballad is parody on 'Chevy Chase':—

To name a child with might and main,
Newcastle took his way :
The child may rue that is unborn
The christening of that day.

The Duke is ill received; other noblemen are sent; among others the Duke of Roxburgh,—in vain. They bring word to the King (of whom it was said that he had learned but *three French words* wherewith to hold converse with his English subjects—'bon!' 'comment?' 'diable!')—so they report that they have waited upon the Prince—'Bon!' that he objects—'Comment?' that he has been furious, and sent them off—'Diable!' After this exclamation, the King sent orders to the Prince to turn out of St. James's, with his spouse, his men and maidens, his trunks and all trumpery, *except his children* (I am sorry not to remember the rhymes), and the ballad goes on to say that the newborn Prince took the thing so ill, that he removed at once to another world; and the writer (a Jacobite) winds up with the pious wish that the country may profit by such royal quarrels, and all the family seek domestic peace and union by voluntary secession to—*Hanover!*

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace: 19th Jannary, 1843.

Yesterday I called upon Lady Louisa Stuart, who had been reading Alison's 'Life of Marlborough,' which I had lent her. She told me the only daughter of Cardonnel, the Duke's secretary, was a remarkable woman, whom she had seen, as the wife of a Peer whom she named, but whose name I do not remember. This lady showed Lord Macartney many papers, one being the copy, made by herself, of a letter to the Duke from her father, remonstrating against the practice of granting safe-conducts, or protections, for money, to secure individuals or districts in Flanders from free quarters and plundering. Cardonnel declared he could have nothing to do with the transaction, and remonstrated with the Duke on such acts of rapacity.

Contemporary Notice from Diaries of Daughters.

Carlton Terrace : Saturday, 27th January, 1848.

My father spoke much at breakfast in a very interesting manner,—first on the objections to entails, which tended to the absorption of landed property in a few hands, and to the exclusion of the only efficient means of preventing poverty, by giving the poorer classes the means of making themselves independent by having a share of the land.

On Sunday morning, the 28th, the conversation turned upon the natural gift of healing, apart from all medical art or science ; then upon the *wise man*, or *wise woman*, in almost every village ; then upon the *evil eye*, which my father said was the oldest superstition in the world, and one which was to be found among all nations : he thought it belonged to the secret religions of mankind, on which he said he had written a good deal himself. Then he spoke of the secret societies, — the Freemasons, about which he gave us a most interesting account. He said Lessing had been the first to give a true idea of them, and that he had proved Freemasonry, as it now existed (although there might have been something of the kind among the Knights Templars), went up no higher than the time of Sir Christopher Wren, and not (as most Freemasons insist) up to the time of King Solomon. In the time of the former, party spirit ran so high, both in religion and in politics, that there was a general feeling of the want of having some common ground to meet upon, and with Sir Christopher the idea originated of forming a society, the members of which should be initiated with the greatest secrecy, as well as of adopting the signs used by the Guild of Masons, as common means of recognition. Then my father made a digression on the subject of Guilds, how when he was a child they were flourishing, and each had peculiar signs, into which each apprentice was initiated previous to setting out on his wanderings, to secure admission to all members of the Guild. The signs among masons referred to the peculiar curve of the Gothic arch, whereby the secret of construction had been preserved through centuries.

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XII.*Bunsen to his Wife. (At Lilleshall.)*

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Saturday evening, 29th January, 1848.

. . . There is a comforting report from —, of present good-fellowship, where the contrary prevailed before. A expression used is, ‘I now like this place very much, because people are kind to me.’ The hardness of the natural man is broken through; that divine spark of love which exists in every human heart, but which has need to break through the tough shell of *self*, has been kindled, and so she now feels the love which surrounds her: she supposes it to be something *new*, because she was not aware of it before and she feels it now, because she is now capable of affection in herself. The kindness, whether of God or man, is not felt or estimated but by the heart which is capable of love in itself: in the hardened mind, discontent, hatred, and spite, are rather generated. You know that we have had occasion to observe in other instances the first burst of the divine being which is in man: not as a creature (as our German theology of the year 1400 has said), not as *self*, but as *God’s image*. How hard was the shell in *one* soul (you know which), and yet how has meekness and affection and humility and kindness burst through that rind of pride and obstinacy and discontent which presented itself outside for so long a time! Depend upon it, that rind is just bursting in the other soul. Many struggles will still follow, but I hope He who kindled the fire will keep it up!

Letter to Bunsen.

29th January, 1848.

Has the appeal made by Mrs. Fry to the King of Denmark for the persecuted Baptists, and for liberty of conscience general, been of any avail? The quantity of actual persecution under Protestant Governments, on account of diversity of religious opinions, weighed heavily on Mrs. Fry’s spirit. The details of those last years of her life, when we lived near and from time to time felt the sunshine of her presence, are deeply interesting; but the epithet is very tame to express the charm of her heavenly-mindedness and the pain of knowing

more of the anguish of body and spirit that she was called upon to endure. Mrs. Fry was so essentially feminine! the full growth and development and perfection of womanhood, with strength and power and firmness to preserve equipoise, such as woman rarely had before! Other women, when thus powerful, have often something harsh and masculine about them.

How little is one conscious of the 'joy and the bitterness of the heart,' even in those in whom one takes a deep interest! What 'abîmes de douleur' were in that heart, while the countenance and voice spoke only of peace and love! not an atom of self-compassion was there—no shrinking from anything she was called upon to bear, even though the keenest native susceptibility gave her peculiar capability of intense suffering.*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

4 Carlton Terrace : 3rd February, 1848.

This is a grand day for politics! I can hardly keep my pen in order. The King of Naples has proclaimed, on Saturday last, January 29th, for his whole kingdom, the Constitution of Lord William Bentinck, given in 1812 to Sicily. O the Nemesis!

This rather crude, but not democratic, copy of the British Constitution, was given in spite of Caroline (who fled under execrations), and of Ferdinand, who abdicated. Francesco sanctioned it.

Then Napoleon fell, and Castlereagh disowned the work of Bentinck. The Constitution was abolished. Ferdinand promised a *Charte, à la Louis XVIII.*; we know the scheme of it,—it was never even finished, far less introduced.

In 1815, the King, instead of all Constitutions, after a preamble, confirmed the 'privileges granted to the Sicilians,' and gave an Edict of Administration, *à la mode de l'Empire*.

In 1820, that reaction produced a revolution, which was put down by force in 1821.

Then a quarter of a century, twenty-six years, absolutist misgovernment, which we have seen!

* This passage is introduced as containing the sentiments of Bunsen in the words of another.

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And now, up to January 12, the Sicilians would have been satisfied, as well as the Neapolitans, with reforms *à la* Pio Nono. January 12 was to be the day of decision. All was prepared for the outbreak; no publication appeared; the people set to work; Palermo was bombarded forty-eight hours, but resisted. The King's heart sank, and he yielded. *One* eminent characteristic of this King is his fear—an heirloom from father and grandfather.

The consequences may be immense—incalculable. *Lega Italiana*—the Pope driven to secularise his government; Sardinia and Tuscany to give a Constitution! I am afraid that the waves set in motion by this event may be too boisterous for the frail Italian vessel. May God lead them to wisdom!

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XIII.*Contemporary Notice.*

Carlton Terrace : Monday, 28th February, 1848.

. . . We are all awe-struck and melancholy at this terrible state of things in France ; and how is such a mob government to go on without war to employ the idle and flagitious hands demanding mischief ?

On Saturday evening we were rejoiced to see our friend Max Müller arrive from Paris safe and sound. He had gone there a fortnight before to examine a manuscript, and found himself caught in the midst of a revolution. He went about the streets, and saw all he could, and got away on Thursday night by climbing over three different barricades in the direction of the railway to Havre, which, close to the station, had been broken up, but further on was in a condition to be used. The description he gives of the Pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savages, the wanton firing of shots aimed at quiet spectators, sometimes by mere boys (one of whom was heard to boast, 'J'en ai tué trois!'), brings very close to us, as it were, scenes from which we believed ourselves separated by a long course of years. It is said that robbery is not to be apprehended, but destruction is the object.

On Saturday, Bunsen dined with Sir Robert Peel, and went afterwards to Lady Palmerston's. I wanted to be told what people said—what people expected. He answered: 'Everybody is stunned.' . . . It would seem as if the Ministerial difficulties would be much helped by the 'wars, and rumours of wars;' people will feel that if the money had been spent it must be made up for somewhere, and in contemplation of a French *debordement*, the idea of national defences being put in repair will not seem unreasonable.

Friday, 3rd March. . . The French *Gouvernement Provisoire* can hardly continue long paying the rabble to be quiet—and then, what can employ them but war ?

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace : 8th March, 1848.

Yesterday morning, very early, a request came that I would hasten to the library. I went, prepared for walking,

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have judged of the tendency of that work, in unconsciousness of effects which were so near at hand.

I know not which way the Duchess de Montpensier is endeavouring to get to Spain; she came to Neukomm at Rouen, in her flight from Paris, to ask an hour's shelter while the Comte de Lasteyrie sought out a conveyance to take her further. Neukomm's sister-in-law gave her luncheon, which she ate like one half-famished, having had nothing for some hours. Neukomm had been present at the royal déjeûner given on her arrival from Spain, and it is remarkable that he should be the person to show her the last hospitality in France.

On Tuesday, 14th, we dined at the American Minister's. I contemplated Lord Carlisle, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: on the 22nd day after the Second Deluge,
15th March, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your arrival and that of Stockmar in Frankfort, as it were on the same day, has been the fulfilment of two of my unceasingly cherished wishes of two months' standing. Stockmar is one of the first politicians of Germany and of Europe—the disciple of Stein—army-superintendent of the medical department in chief, during the war—preceptor of Prince Albert—the friend and private adviser of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians—finally, the confidential friend both of Lord Melbourne and of Sir Robert Peel:—that is the man who now represents Coburg at Frankfort, to advocate which measure I earnestly advised, and Prince Albert as urgently entreated, Stockmar himself to undertake that position. Pray go to him directly: after an hour's intercourse you will part as friends. So much for the present. I love Stockmar sincerely, and he loves me. I have no secret from him.

Day and night I repeat: Only unity with one accord,—within three weeks at most. . . .

No one in England any longer believes in our future.

Contemporary Notice.

Thursday, 23rd March.

... From the papers as much may be known as we know of the awful scenes at Berlin: the result—the breaking up of the Ministry, and the King's awakening consciousness of the realities and necessities of things, in which he could not bring himself to believe, when for years so many and various faithful servants have tried to obtain a hearing for their statements—rouses Bunsen's sanguine nature to hope for the future. The choice of Ministers is on the whole that which it was to be hoped the King would have made, at the close of the Diet (*Vereinigte Landtag*) last summer,—they being the individuals who commanded the confidence of that popular assembly. But now that they have been set a-going they have an immense work to do, which, had they been at it for the last eight months, the whole insurrection might have been prevented. The shadow of this event came beforehand, in the shape of a report from Paris of the King's having abdicated, which many people believed in London the day before yesterday, and there was almost need of an extra servant to take in all the notes and visitors and inquiries at the door. Several of the notes contained kind offers of hospitality, if the King was coming to England—houses in town and country placed at his disposal. But everybody was answered that the King *had* certainly not deserted his post,—*would* certainly not sneak away; and that has proved to be a fact. I cannot get the awful scene from before my mind's eye, when the slain were carried in solemn procession before the windows of the King's Palace—within the very court-yard; the bearers singing a hymn usual at funerals: calling upon the King, who not only appeared at the window, but came down, uncovering his head at sight of the funeral procession—spoke to the people, was cheered, and, after a pause, all sung the hymn of thanksgiving (for promises received) which you have heard my children sing. People and King are made of different stuff to those of Paris!

CHAP
XIII.*Bunsen to Stockmar.*

[Translation.]

London: Saturday evening, 25th March, 1848.

A solemn seriousness ought now to fill the heart of every German: for without that, without self-conquest and self-control, we fall into the hands of Nemesis.

On the morning of March 27, at eight o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia arrived at No. 4 Carlton Terrace, unannounced, and causing as much surprise as if, on reading the notice in the papers two days before his having retired from Berlin, the possibility of his directing his course towards England had not occurred to the mind of Bunsen. The Prince was pleased to accept the proposal to make a speedy arrangement of rooms for his residence in the abode of the Prussian Legation. Some members of the family were at once quartered with friends, to make room for part of his Royal Highness's suite; Ernest Bunsen, with his wife and child, having been received under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Gurney, in St. James's Square—therefore, so close at hand, as to enable Ernest to assist his father in daily attendance upon his Royal Highness, and in ordering things, as well as circumstances allowed, to lessen the inconvenience of such a provisional mode of life to the honoured guest. Prince Löwenstein remained the only inmate of the house—being Counsellor of Legation. Extracts from letters, written during the period following this event, will furnish a slight sketch of the external circumstances at a time of great commotion and excitement, almost to distraction, in Bunsen's life;—a time memorable in the annals of Prussia by the close and appreciating study which the heir presumptive to her Crown applied to the working of the British Constitution.

The dignity, the manly cheerfulness, the gracious kindness, the constant regard for others' convenience,

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One longs to perceive in what manner a bridge can be constructed for his return home. He expresses much concern and scruple about the trouble he occasions; but now the arrangement has been made possible, it is infinitely preferable that he should be here, where we can watch over everything and know what is wanted, rather than his having to hire a place of abode; and it is also much fitter for him to stay here than anywhere else. I have had a walk in the park, while Ernest attended on the Prince at his luncheon. The Prince reminds me much of his father the late King, in the expression of truth and kindliness in his face.

. . . We have had our prospect again for the last week—the park and the Abbey becoming visible after three months' fog.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace : 30th March, 1848.

I have been glad of the comparative quiet of this day, as, Bunsen being compelled to stay in bed, I sat in the room to defend it as well as I could from invasion of business. The doctor came early, and enforced his lying still—and indeed he is not fit to do anything else. The whole of the last month I have expected his having an illness, for it was not possible to live on beyond a given time without suffering, in that continual ferment of news, and talking, and writing.

The Prince breakfasted again with us in the morning, but our presence was not necessary at his luncheon, to which Mr. Barry was invited, as well as to show the Prince afterwards over the New Palace at Westminster. I feel truly sorry for him; for opinions, right or wrong, that have been held, and honestly held, during life, cannot suddenly veer round to the opposite point of the compass, just in proportion as they are honest. This would be my own case if I were he. He bears up, with dignity and feeling, but in a manly manner, against the daily shocks of newspaper intelligence. But I wonder that some persons should at once leap to the anticipation of the Royal Family emigrating! There never has been an idea of the Princess of Prussia or her son coming here; and I am sure they will not stir from their residence at Potsdam.

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Naumburg, without awaiting the end of his rheumatic fever so stiffened in his limbs as to need being helped like a child. Not till all had departed could I go and welcome him, and was shocked at the sight. He had received most benevolent help from a Danish gentleman, with whom he crossed over the sea, and who saw him safe into the conveyance which brought him from the steamer. This proved to be a well known political writer, against whom Bunsen had been bound in duty to defend his King and the acts of Prussia in a mild manner. No one was ever more incapable than Bunsen of blending personal with political animosity; and assuredly in the case of the political antagonist in question (as a man entirely unknown to him) no such feelings existed. But it was with one of the many pangs attending this period of political feud that Bunsen had to discover in the kind and helpful fellow-traveller of his invalid son, to whose truly Danish good nature he paid a heartfelt tribute of gratitude, the keen opponent whom he had keenly met in the battle-field of opinion.*

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 10th April, 1848.

I had a walk before breakfast with T—— round the park this beautiful day, which, God grant, may close unstained with bloodshed! Nothing was to be remarked but a few more policemen and not so many passers-by as usual. At breakfast, the Prince's aides-de-camp expressed surprise that I should have ventured out. I declared the impossibility on my part of believing that any disturbance would take place. On Saturday evening we had all been at Lady Palmerston's, when Bunsen approached the Duke of Wellington, saying, 'Your Grace will take us all in charge, and London too, on Monday, the 10th?' (This day being that of the expected Chartist disturbance, on the occasion of presenting to Parliament the monster petition.) The Duke answered, 'Yes, we have taken our measures; but not a soldier nor a piece of artillery shall you see, unless in actual need. Should the force of law—the mounted or unmounted police—be overpowered or in danger, then the troops shall advance—then is their time. But it is not fair on either

* The Danish gentleman's name was Orla Lehmann.

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Sheriff might enter as an intermediate authority. The institution might, in my opinion, be of great use, more especially for Ireland, if managed with prudence.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday morning: 17th April, 1848.

Our dinner-party went off well, I think. Lord John was very lively—so happy in his wife's safety. The Prince is going to Osborne to-morrow, to stay till Thursday, Bunsen with him. I am glad he should have the sea air—and being with Prince Albert and the Queen always is a refreshment to him. The sympathy and interest with which they receive and encourage all his outpourings is as remarkable in itself as it is rare; and his consciousness of the insight and judgment of Prince Albert grows in proportion as he becomes better acquainted with his manner of thinking on various subjects.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday morning: 30th April; Totteridge.

How we have enjoyed being here since Saturday afternoon I cannot describe. We were out for hours after returning from church, sitting and sauntering and reading in the charming garden, and in the finest weather. . . . I am glad to have waked early this morning, thus being enabled to write; for as soon as we have breakfasted, I must drive to town directly, and plunge into the turmoil—going to the Queen's Ball in the evening.

Pray read the 'Nemesis of Faith.' I have not for a long time been so occupied with a book; but I wish no young person to read it, and have kept it out of sight while I had it in hand—only E. looked at it on the way from the circulating library, and was greatly shocked, which impression I wish her to retain, and not to make the allowances for the unhappy writer that I can. It is impossible not to feel that he writes his own experience in sentiment and opinion, though not in outward events.

Totteridge: 2nd May.—Yesterday, after disposing of much business, we were surprised by the appearance of Ernest and his father, Count Pourtalès, and Harry Arnim (nephew of our friends sent over as courier), who came to stay all

CHAP.
XIII.*Bunsen to Henry Reeve, Esq. (On the Draft of a Constitution for the German Confederacy.)*

[Translation.]

Saturday morning: 6th May, 1848, half-past seven o'clock

With heart and mind thus prepared, you have taken the Draft and its great object into consideration; you have conceived both in their relative import to the world's history; you render justice to both,—and yet you have not attained to a belief in our future.

What is with you essentially opposed to this is your rigorously conservative view as to the origin of the present Constitutional movement. You say poetically, 'The truly animating principle comes from above—the shades of Endor rise out of the abyss.'

Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is from the Spirit—*descendit cælo*. Was not its beginning indeed from above? in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Göthe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernal, preternatural, those deductions of philosophy?

Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realising of which, the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly prophetic (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' &c., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' &c. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's

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amid the raging of nations, the vain fears and imaginations of Princes, the scorn and mistrust of France and of England, of actual insurrection, and latent anarchy.

Descendit cælo.—Our Draft of a Constitution, the firstfruit of German political energy, is not a ‘Déclaration des Droits de l’Homme,’ it is not one of the numerous transcripts of the parchment Magna Charta upon continental blotting-paper—it is not the aping of the American or even of the Belgian Constitution; it is as peculiar as the nation to which it offers a form. A nation! rather, many nations:—no nation, and yet a nation! and, so may it please the Almighty, a great and a free nation! not one of yesterday, but of a thousand years of fame and of suffering. I cannot claim from you the enthusiasm I feel for the work which is the weighty subject-matter of the Draft in question: but I crave belief in it from you, for the very same reason that you, the true disciple of Burke, demand confidence in your own political faith.

I am ready to give up to you the Committee of Fifty, and the seventeen ‘men of trust,’ and the entire Diet: but though the Fifty, and both assemblies of Seventeen were blown to the winds like the free corps of Herwig and Hocker, yet the rock around which they collected will remain,—that is, Germany and the German people, even though humbled and torn in pieces for a thousand years, to many a mockery, to all an enigma!

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

15th May, 1848.

. . . Pray let the utterances of Peel and of the others be read to you. The Prince does all that is possible to help the German cause: but no one has faith in it.

Contemporary Notice.

Totteridge: 15th May, 1848.

. . . The Drawing Room of last week was entertaining—the number of new presentations was great, and there were many very pretty faces: the effect of dress was all the worse for the command that, with due regard to the general distress, only English manufactures should be worn—the time not having been sufficient for preparing or ordering on pur-

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CHAP.
XIII.*Bunsen to Usedom.*

[Translation.]

London : 17th May, 1848.

. . . Peel said to me three weeks ago :—‘ Let not Germany attempt to speak a word in European politics for six weeks—not till you are constituted. You speak in the feeling of a future in which we do not believe.’

Thus, we must with honour, but quickly, close the Schleswig affair :—that is, here on this spot, by means of a protocol, conclude an armistice.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace : Wednesday, 31st May, 1848.

. . . The amount of flurry and fatigue of Saturday, the 27th, almost passes description ; as, after the *long* Drawing Room, I had hardly taken off train and head dress, when I found that I must drive to the Riding-house in Hyde Park to see the arrangements for the German Hospital Bazaar, and decide in what part I and mine were to set up our stall. I came home and dined, and worked all the evening with my daughters, at making out lists and prices. To bed late, intending to drive off at seven to Totteridge for refreshment and quiet on Sunday morning ; but as I was rising at six, Bunsen woke me, and informed me that the courier, who had arrived late the night before, had decided the Prince to start immediately. Therefore I remained over breakfast time to take leave. The Prince spoke most kindly and touchingly—‘ thanking for kindness received’—and saying that ‘ in no other place or country could he have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety which he had gone through, as here, having so much to interest and occupy his mind both in the country and in the nation.’ This was my share of the ever memorable farewell. Then I and F. drove to Totteridge ; from that time to Monday we did nothing but enjoy the glorious weather in the garden. After witnessing the departure of the Prince of Prussia, Bunsen came here late on Sunday night, the 28th, and on Monday took his share with us of the luxury of sun and air, and rest and quiet, after walking with me in the morning (a rare treat—to go out in the very glory and perfection of the day, and such a day !) to High Wood, to fetch Lady Raffles. We sat on the dry turf, under the shadow of

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among others, Sir Robert and Lady Inglis. The park and country are said to be interesting, not far from the New Forest.

Bunsen was with us at Totteridge from Saturday to Monday, when he returned to town, Ernest and Elizabeth being there for him to have recourse to in any interval of business. He enjoys highly this Totteridge garden; pacing up and down on the turf, and writing in the fine large room which he has for a study, and of which in his absence we make a drawing academy—many good casts belonging to the house being arranged on a long table.

Monday morning, 21st June.—On Friday, the 18th, Bunsen and I dined at the Queen Dowager's, and it was an agreeable party, Lord Clarendon keeping up an animated conversation, stimulated by questions from the Grand Duke of Weimar, the same that came to visit us at Palazzo Caffarelli in 1835; he is now here with his young wife, a daughter of the King of Holland, a lively clever person, with a most royal power of locomotion and enjoyment, dancing late, up early, for the British Museum and other sights, and all day out. In answer to a question from the Queen Dowager, Lord Clarendon expressed himself as anything but cheerful in the prospect of his impending Viceroyalty in Ireland: things were in a bad state now, he said, and he could not expect much alteration for the better for a long time; important changes, difficult of accomplishment, must be and would be made; but contentment and satisfaction would hardly follow, as they should in reason.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: 1st July, 1848.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I should long since have written to give you a sign of life, from the midst of this Second Deluge, if I had not believed you had intelligence sufficient to convince you that we were still above water. But on the morning of this anniversary, I must address a line to her, whose dear, kind image is always before me on the recurrence of that blessed day which made *your Fanny mine*, without tearing her away from your heart. Who would not be thankful?—and I hope I feel so more than ever in this fateful year. In the midst of the crushing of thrones, administra-

tions, and favourites, in Germany, in the abeyance of all authority, in the birth-pangs of a nation of forty-five millions, I not only have not been crushed, but I have received proofs of confidence more than ever, not only from successive Governments in my own country, but also from the nation at large. If I am thankful for all this, I am still more so for being conscious of perfect tranquillity of mind (which is God's own gift), in looking to the future for myself and all mine, and for my dear country. It is not the tranquillity of apathy, but of conviction that all will be right in the end, in Germany, because country and nation are sound in heart, but only in the end.

My beloved King is in the position of one who, not having acted at his own time and opportunity, when present, now is obliged to see the nation act for him. . . . With all the facts that support my hopes, it is too possible that as long as I live, I may not see the great work of regeneration complete: but at least I have seen its beginning, such as I looked forward to with all the friends of my youth, and with all my honoured elders—Stein, Niebuhr, Gneisenau, and others—thirty-four years ago, when it ought to have been accomplished, and when it could have been done in peace. In this country, the cause I have at heart has to encounter two great enemies: first, a commercial jealousy of one united Germany; and secondly, that apathy which is the offspring of egotism and the parent of ignorance. I have unspeakable satisfaction in saying this openly, when I hear *radotage* about Germany. . . . The English press has done but too much to make the name of England an object of hatred. Fortunately, it must be the interest of both countries to stand well together; and we can dispense with English sympathies. As to myself, although all delusions have been destroyed as to the politics of England, I shall never cease to be attached to it, and never forget the kindness I have received, and am receiving, from so many persons in this country, or cease to be grateful for the practical understanding of life which I owe entirely to my stay in it; and the blessings, above all, which through my connection with an English family, through your and Fanny's kindness and affection, have become my portion!

And so I end as I began, with the assurance of being

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your truly grateful and attached son, of thirty-one years' standing.
BUNSEN.

To the Same.

Carlton Terrace : 4th July, 1848.

My heart is too much moved by one of the kindest and most loving letters I ever was blessed with, not to yield to the impulse of responding to it immediately, hoping, however, that you will never think of sending me any answer except from time to time the single words, 'My dear son,' 'Your affectionate mother.' How these words penetrate to the inmost of my heart! I was afraid of having worried you with details of opinion, but I wrote what was uppermost in my mind, hoping on that account to be forgiven. How kind in you to take so encouraging an interest in all I have communicated to you! . . .

After the election of the Archduke John as Regent, the seventeen Plenipotentiaries of all the German Powers (forming the Diet, hitherto constituting the Federal Government), agreed upon a congratulatory letter to the Archduke, in which they inform him that they had been *all* beforehand instructed 'to express the cordial consent of their respective Governments.' People *here* cannot understand this; they say, 'Why consent to be mediatised?' not conceiving that to do so is the saving of all of them. Baron Hügel has already been recalled to Baden; in Würtemberg, the Parliament has insisted upon the giving up at once the pretension of keeping up diplomatic representation; Baron Beust, from Saxony, is in the same position; Baron de Cetto expects his recall from Munich; and Count Dietrichstein has sent in his resignation.

I send for your kind acceptance a copy of my 'Egypt,' in English, out of which your daughter, when she arrives, will read to you some passages containing thoughts which may interest you. . . .

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace : Saturday, 8th July, 1848.

I must give some account of the multitude of impressions received in these days of bustle, which form such a contrast with the life of Totteridge, unwillingly left on Tuesday. On

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animation, of her bodily movements, and of her voice, taken together, all seem the result of one impulse. No essential beauty, and yet the result of grace and unceasing suitability, making the whole appearance beautiful; accounted for by the mind, whose softness harmonised the whole! But all words are flat that would describe such an union of exquisite, highly-finished representation of feeling, with the most perfect modesty, chastity of deportment; one must rather try by negations to separate the idea of her from that of any actress ever seen; she has not a single gesture or posture of the common stage sort, and the flow of action is as original as the flow of her voice. The long-sustained, ever-varied, piano passages, in which the softest, lowest tone was as distinct as the sharpest and loudest; the long-continued, rich, subdued, sotto-voce *shake*, followed by a swelling note, without any appearance of taking breath—in short, the whole of her singing was *song*, without any admixture or imitation of an instrument. I should think her's the perfection of the 'voce di petto,' almost without recurrence to falsetto. Her walking in sleep, gliding like a ghost, scarcely seeming to lift a foot, moving along a high beam over a mill-wheel, and descending a steep—sinking on her knees, rising again,—all forming the most complete contrast to her light, elastic, lively motions when awake, showed the same extraordinary command over powers of body, as her 'Sonnambula' singing over her voice. One never heard singing from a sleep-walker, but one feels her unearthly tone to be a just representation of it. After this inexpressible enjoyment, we stayed on, *as being once there*, to see the ballet, graced by the celebrated names, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Cerito. I know not which was which, but one was beautiful—all were wonderful. The style is quite different from what I used to see in girlish days; all is *now* slow and soft, not springing and twisting and flying. The body and arms most graceful; the rest sinning as much against lines of beauty as against rules of decency. It is a disgrace to a civilised country, that pleasure can be taken in such a spectacle. The Greeks would have turned away in disgust from such ugliness in positions, although they would have allowed of exposure yet more complete.

CHAP.
XIII.*Bunsen to his Wife. (After receiving a call to Berlin.)*

[Translation.]

25th July, 1848.

. . . Beust writes to Kielmansegge, that the post is to be offered to me, which Kamphausen has refused—that of Minister of Foreign Affairs for the German Empire. Who knows whether there be any truth in this?

Whoever now accepts the post will leap into the abyss of Curtius. It may be a duty so to do; but, oh! not fruitlessly. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Cologne: Sunday morning, half-past six; 30th July, 1848.

Here I am, sitting with my *three* sons, the glorious bells of the Cathedral ringing in the Thanksgiving for Germany's *Reichsverweser*, or Administrator of the Empire (the Cathedral itself is to be ready for opening on August 14, 1848, the first time since August 14, 1248); all soldiers with the citizens going about in their *gold, black, and red* cockades.

When I alighted here, I saw George with Helmentag. He brought me a message from the old Oracle—'*Accept*. I have declared that I will accept the Premiership, if you take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.' Thile writes the same. But at Berlin they are not at all desirous I should.

Here all is German. I saw Mevissen last night—the Liberal deputy—with mutual satisfaction. Germany for ever! I would rather die for my noble country than live for anything else! What a difference! I at Cologne in 1837, and now in 1848! I am quite fresh. Hollweg I met at Malines.

Contemporary Letter.

30th July, 1848.

. . . After you had departed on Friday evening, Lord Ashley came in, direct from the chair of a meeting about the Ragged Schools. Nine young people, seven boys and two girls, who had distinguished themselves by good conduct, were to embark for Australia next day, and Lord Ashley was going to Deptford to see them off. He believes that serious measures will be taken to help off the young generation of these helpless ones to another soil. The night before, he

had been at the meeting which the 270 thieves had entreated him to give them : he and Jackson, the distinguished City Missionary, and the thieves constituted the assembly. The unhappy men were quiet, respectful, and thankful,—communicating particulars of their wretchedness, representing that they would do any work, submit to any labour,—but that, without character as they were, no possibility existed for them of access to the overstocked labour-market. Lord Ashley promised them another meeting, after he should have had an interval in which to consider and consult as to a plan for helping them. The greater part were individually known to Jackson—he had talked to them, read to them ; but it was not his suggestion that they should apply to Lord Ashley—they thought of it, and consulted him on the subject. When this communication was finished with reference to the criminal population of London, and their miseries, Dr. Sieveking stated that he knew of a sphere of wretchedness yet more affecting—that of industrious, respectable tradespeople and mechanics, people who had never begged, or committed any offence against society, who yet knew not which way to turn for employment and means of subsistence. He had a district in the parish of St. Pancras—where it would seem that much was done for the poor ; but the families whom he attended as a physician had more need of nourishment than of medicine : and the distress was not to be described of seeing want and privation which had not been incurred by any misconduct.

Alas ! for the state of the world ! May it please God to move the hearts and enlighten the understandings of all classes and individuals, so circumstanced as to be capable of applying the remedies needed,—and thus renew the face of the earth !

This passage, like many other ‘contemporary notices,’ is inserted to mark some images in surrounding scenes, through which the track of Bunsen’s life was laid, which excited in him intense interest and sympathy, but as to many of which no written words of his own are to be found. With respect to the conditions of misery here indicated, *much was done* in alleviation : and the many prayers which accompanied the efforts of Christian

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charity, in well-conceived and zealously-effected plans, have been heard and answered—even though ‘the poor cease not from the land,’ and, wherever man is found, evil of every kind remains to be striven against.

Letter to Archdeacon Hare.

2nd August, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND,—Bunsen charged me, on the morning of his last day at home, to write and express his regret not to have had time to take leave of you, and explain the circumstances attending his departure.

A letter arrived on Tuesday, the 25th July, to signify officially the commands of the King, that Bunsen should come immediately to Berlin, ‘for a few days’ consultation,’—at the same time letters from more quarters than one, and public report even in newspapers, declared the intention to be to offer him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the ‘German Empire.’ Still, of this nothing has been communicated officially. I shall not attempt to describe the complication of feelings called forth by the suspense of the crisis, nor how I dread his being dragged into the *Maelstrom*. I can only bear witness to his determination not to accept any apparent dignity, without *the power* essential to usefulness, and suitable instruments, should be granted with it: and he continued of opinion that he was more likely to be able to serve his country at his post in England than anywhere else. He was expected at Berlin on the 26th, the day when the Archduke John was to be there,—the meeting of course was impossible, as the summons reached him only the day before.

The Queen and Prince Albert desired to have seen him at Osborne House before his departure, but he did not feel at liberty to delay another day. He lost no more time in setting out than could be avoided, but he had promised to be present at the German dinner in celebration of the appointment of the Archduke, as *Reichsverweser*, and in honour of German unity, which took place on Thursday, the 27th July. Bunsen embarked on Friday night, the 28th.

The renewal of hostilities in Schleswig will prove Bunsen to be right, in a way he will deeply regret. After he had been authorised to treat through the mediation of England

(which his own personal weight with the Ministry *here* was chiefly instrumental in obtaining, for they frowned on the whole concern, and were not willing to have anything to do with it), and when, through that powerful mediation, favourable and *possible* terms were made out, to establish the principle upon which preliminaries of peace might have rested, Bunsen refusing to consent to an armistice till that should be settled,—suddenly did the Government at Berlin, as if forgetting what had been authorised to be transacted in London, arrange an armistice, without settling preliminaries; thus causing the withdrawal of England's mediation.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Thursday, 3rd August, 1848.

This day (as the papers mention the Frankfort offer) I have delivered to the Minister von Auerswald my written declaration:—‘That, in the present condition of conflict between Berlin and Frankfort, I should never think of separating my fate from that of Prussia; whether or not an offer to that effect should ever be made to me.’

I saw the beloved King yesterday, and passed four important hours with him, experiencing all his former undisturbed confidence.

All the rest by word of mouth.

I shall not return by way of Frankfort. All Prussia is in a great state of irritation against Frankfort, as one man. The affair was not well managed from the beginning.

I shall reward myself this evening with Göthe's ‘Iphigenia,’ and Beethoven's ‘Adagio,’ in the theatre.

God be with you, and all our precious ones!

Bunsen to Stockmar. (At Frankfort.)

[Translation.]

Berlin: 4th August, 1848.

G. will have communicated to you the motives which have dictated my resolution; on that subject there will hardly be any difference of opinion between us, for no spring of action can be suffered to enter into contention with honour and duty.

I find a conflict existing, apparently not to be reconciled.

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I must consider Berlin, in several points, to be in the right. I perceive the impossibility for Prussia to act otherwise than is demanded by the truly spontaneous and natural popular feeling; and how can I then be doubtful what I have to do, having served Prussia thirty years, having interwoven my own interests most closely with its good or ill fortunes, being bound to the King by every tie of gratitude and affection? Still I feel the need of opening my heart entirely to you upon the thing itself.

Now, my deeply-honoured friend, for our meeting again in London! I do not intend to go through Frankfort; it could be of no use, and, besides, I believe that as soon as Bülow shall have come back with the reply, it would be well for me to be in London without loss of time; things do not stand well with us there since the refusal of the ratification.

Continue to me your affection and friendship, so infinitely precious to me!

Contemporary Account.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 6th August, 1848.

. . . So much for the enduring alterations in Berlin; as to those which regard the population, they cannot easily be described in a few words. Here, where one was accustomed to behold in every third person in the street a soldier, the entire absence of them is striking and startling—as that of the Guards in general society, where they used to give the tone. At the theatre the other night, there was not a lieutenant nor a dragoon to be seen, to help in applauding the opera dancers! What would such an individual experience could he see the civilians, in most neglected attire, and without an attempt at deportment, mounting guard at the well-known stations? Here, where one was as much used to hear the calling out of guards to salute the passing members of the Royal Family, as in England to hear the ringing of bells—now to perceive no such sound is very strange. And as to the literature of the day, the ancient lime-trees are pasted full of all kinds of street literature, and at every corner is a board where old women sell the last publications in that class; besides which, hundreds of street boys are for ever roaring out the news. Almost every evening large gatherings of the mob take place, ‘unter den Linden,’ before the

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of the rabble of all sorts, and of the boys more particularly. The spirit of agitation rules the town.

I am going to-day to Potsdam, to Humboldt; then to Babelsberg, to the Prince of Prussia; then to Prince Charles; and return here.

12th August.—The Frankfort people *are in the wrong*. I set my conscience and common sense against them all, being at the same time their best friend, and convinced that they will repent not having followed my way. Too late, perhaps! but yet I hope the best.

I hope for peace in Italy, upon the old basis. Verona and Mantua forming the frontier: at any rate, a constitutional Upper Italy, with national institutions of its own.

Contemporary Notice.

Totteridge: Monday, 21st August, 1848.

On Saturday, 19th, Bunsen and Charles landed safely, and by seven o'clock made their appearance here, in flourishing health and spirits. A happy party, thick on the ground of sons, daughters, and grandchildren, as well as Lady Raffles, were ready to receive him. The general impression of what he related was satisfactory, but, as little as before, can anything be stated of probable conjecture as to what is to be, publicly or privately. However, Bunsen has been enabled, by this most providential journey into Germany, to see and know the state of minds, the bearings and specific gravity of individuals, and thereby to form some judgment of what he has to do, and how to do it, instead of feeling his way in the darkness and vagueness of distance. When he is asked the ever-recurring question, 'What is to be the future of Austria, of Prussia, of Hanover?'—he answers, 'No mortal man can form an opinion, and the less, the nearer he looks.' The expression of Maximilian Von Gagern alone denotes the state—'Ce sont tous des chiffres mal groupés.' With the King he had the most confidential communications, and was treated with the same affection as ever; but they meet in closest collision, like circles that touch each other at one point, and fly off in separate directions for the remainder of the circumference—that is, in principles and opinions.

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zum Leben. The *jérémiade* extends to Frankfort, which he believes only to be exulting for a moment, on the verge of the yawning gulf of the Red Republic, about to swallow it up. But we will hope for better things.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

4 Carlton Terrace, 9th November, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been long silent, but you never will have doubted that my soul is continually with you, as I know, to my inexpressible comfort, that yours is with me. But I suppose, that there was little correspondence in the time of the Deluge, at least between those who were aware it *was* a Deluge. I feel that I have entered into a new period of life. I have given up all private concerns, all studies and researches of my own, and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by and with it. *Εἰς οἰωνὸς ἀπώροτος* (*Il.* xii. 243). Saint Hector's creed is mine. In this spirit I have written a small volume of about fifteen sheets print,—‘*Deutschland's Vergangenheit und Zukunft.*’ It consists of three parts, as an introduction, two chapters—

Wohin geht Europa? (whither tends Europe?)

Wohin geht Deutschland? (whither tends Germany?)

Then twelve chapters on the past, to prove that the Germans have ever been *one* nation, and that a federal one; and explain why their constitution was not completed and perfected before. The last part contains a political analysis of the principles according to which the Federal Constitution of the United States may be applied to Germany. Of course I agree with Gagern that the German Empire *cannot* now include the Austrian provinces, but that the two Empires, Germany proper, *sensu strictum*, and Austro-Germany, may be connected by a compact of eternal peace and unity (*Bundesverwandtschaft*).

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Totteridge.)

London: 28th November, 1848.

I have had an important note from Lord Palmerston on the contention between the Government of Schleswig-Holstein

To Bunsen.

Totteridge : 8th December, 1848.

. . . We all lift up hands and eyes in wonder at the intelligence received ! May the suspense only not be long ! I grudge your being disturbed in the composure which you had *reconquered*. Now I must express the heartfelt satisfaction with which I have contemplated the effect of the workings of your own mind through a trial very irritating to flesh and blood ; and witnessed the complete conquest you had obtained over feelings most natural and allowable. Such a conquest could not fail of its own proper reward, in renewed consciousness of the never-failing aid from above, which can command a calm in any tempest of human affections, if only appealed to in humility and admitted powerlessness. But the external reward, and harmless triumph in being contended for, I hardly expected so speedily, even though events are proceeding now at such railway pace.

May God bless and guide you, through good and evil report, through exertions of friends and machinations of enemies, to the one end of your being !

‘ Tu fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te ! ’

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London : Saturday morning, early, 9th December, 1848.

God be thanked ! the Constitution which the King has given (*octroyé*) is not the old project, but a much-improved one ; and has much of that which I desire. I thank you for your letter. To have your approbation and agreement in all that I do is my highest reward, and therefore my pleasure in your expressions has been indescribable.

Now the news—the Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favour of his nephew.

The King has dissolved the Assembly, dismissed Manteuffel, retained Brandenburg as President, and in the other Ministerial posts has placed men of Liberal principles. The Constitution is *octroyée*, to be in future discussed. Prussia saved, and Germany too !

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XIII.*Bunsen to his Wife. (At Totteridge.)*

London: five o'clock, Monday, 18th December, 1848.

I have received a messenger; they are greatly disturbed and dissatisfied that I should have made conditions, as they made none: but declare, in reference to the instructions, all things shall be combined after my views, and that no one shall be appointed here by my side.

As Heinrich Von Gagern is Prime Minister, things may get righted. I send off the messenger on Wednesday, and come over to you that same evening. Mrs. Rich will come next week.

To Bunsen. (In London.)

Wednesday night: 20th December, 1848.

A line, against to-morrow, to utter the anticipation that you will stay in town till Saturday. Glad as we should be to see you, you could have no peace here in the present crisis: and before Saturday surely things must be clearly seen through. God bless you, and compose your spirit!

Letter to Bunsen, from Heinrich Von Gagern.

[Translation.]

Frankfort: 25th December, 1848.

I feel a real need, while yet the probably short period shall last of my being in the Ministry, to enter into personal and confidential intercourse with your Excellency. With gratitude I recall the obliging manner in which you greeted me at Cologne in the Gürzenich,—that was a greeting which comprised a whole future of friendly relations: and the necessity becomes even more pressing for men who have mutually recognised each other as friends of the common fatherland, to draw closer together.

I have entered the Ministry at a moment in which no other man here was within possibility of choice: but yet there remains the question whether the decision as to my programme will turn out favourably for me,—and what, after me, will be possible? All parties are silently agreed to put off till after the New Year the discussion of the Ministerial proposal, which I enclose. The state of passion is already somewhat cooled, and I despair not of success,—I despair not even of the determination of a majority to place the King of Prussia

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enclose his letter, which met me at Potsdam. As soon as we were closeted, I said to the King, I was sure he could not believe I had meant what he at first supposed, by the words of my letter. 'A kiss,' said the King; 'it is all right'—and a hearty kiss was my 'yes.'

I reserve all further particulars till my return. I feel almost certain that I shall depart the 19th or 20th for Frankfort, and be with you the first week of February. There is nothing now for me to do here. The 22nd February may change the face of affairs about Easter. In the meantime—*bene vixit, qui bene latuit*.

I met Count Brandenburg, the Prime Minister, at the King's—nothing could be more kind than his reception of me: and all he said was in my way of thinking. I must make quarantine to-day and to-morrow, to recover the shock of this most severe journey. This laying-up is quite a God-send, otherwise I should be talking myself to death. Abeken keeps me *au courant* of what passes. Lepsius, Gelzer, Hollweg, Pertz, Gerhard, are talking to me—which is a great treat. I do not believe I shall write to you again from Berlin,—but Charles will, who is very helpful.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Frankfort, Hôtel de Russie: Saturday, 26th January, 1849.

. . . At length I feel my heart to be free to write to you. When I am in grief, I am like a horse, enduring in silence: and that has been my condition until a week ago, when, after two weeks of distress and anxiety, such as I never experienced before, the King *suddenly* conceded all that I had been up to that moment craving and supplicating for in vain. In three minutes all was concluded, which it had seemed as if months, and even revolutions, might be required to effect. (The details you shall hear when we shall be again united—I hope, at the latest, in a fortnight.) As soon as this victory was accomplished, I resolved for once to take my fate into my own hands: and proposed immediately to go to Frankfort, whither at the same time the official *Declaration* was despatched. The ostensible reason of my going was 'to confer in the matter of the Schleswig-Holstein instructions,'—and then receive at Berlin the definitive instruction. But I was

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To Bunsen. (At Berlin.)

Totteridge : 21st January, 1849.

. . . To-day Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe announced themselves as coming to luncheon or early dinner, and brought Mr. and Mrs. Cobden with them, with whom I was much pleased. An animated conversation was kept up, and we parted with great cordiality—I expressing the wish that they would come again when you should be at home—answering for your being glad to see them : and they desiring nothing better. Cobden's testimony was gratifying, to the King's uprightness and faithfulness in having kept to the letter every promise of concession made in the hour of revolution, and not having been tempted to equivocate by the consciousness of military power and of the return of the tide of popularity. As he observed, such truthfulness is rare in the annals of royalty.

Two extracts from a Memoir by Bunsen, on the subject of his journey to Berlin and Frankfort in the months of January and February 1849, and of subsequent events—finished in June of the same year—may be inserted in this place, as an indication of the severe suffering to which his feelings, both as a German and as a devoted friend of his King, were exposed during those days, and, in fact, almost to the end of his days on earth.

First Extract.

[Translation.]

I departed from Frankfort, February 10th, in joyful thankfulness for the success of my negotiations, for all the kindness I had found, and for the consolation and confirmation of belief, which I had obtained as a provision against the awful future, in the heart of the German nation. Never had I been possessed with a clearer intuition of the fact that Germany is *one* country, and that Germans have the destination, the means, the strength, and the courage, to become the first nation of Europe.

On Sunday morning, 11th February, at half-past seven, I was again at Berlin. I wrote *directly* a report to the King, that I might not later have to write one in greater detail.

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On the same evening I wrote to Kamphausen, to whom, with Vincke and Gagern, I had given the right hand of fellowship in faithful adherence to the German cause, entreating that Berlin be considered the centre of gravity in German affairs, and that he and the other Prussian deputies would hasten hither to the opening of the Chambers. I wrote also to Vincke. I took leave of the King after he rose from the dinner table; towards the end he became as affectionate as he used to be formerly, and touched no more on painful points. He dwelt upon the comfort he had in desperate moments experienced in faith and prayer, assuring me that even in the night between the 19th and 20th of March the last year, he had been wholly without fear or anxiety for his life.

[The 'great misunderstanding' of the night of the 19th March 1848, remains a secret. An aide-de-camp (whose name no one knows) brought an order, in the King's name, 'that the troops should withdraw,' instead of which the King had commanded 'that the troops should withdraw towards the Palace.' This enigma nobody could or would solve to me; but General N. assured me that at twelve o'clock on that night, the King was resolved to retreat out of the town with the troops, and to invest it;—then began a state of wavering, until all was too late!]

I left the King with tears, silently and with a heavy heart, Wednesday, 14th February. That evening, I was at Lord Westmoreland's dinner-party; having had that morning an animated scene with Meyendorf, to whom I communicated the main points of the Memorandum. He endeavoured to intimidate me. 'You know that you have never before spoken of Norway as an example of the form of federation—you have let yourself be talked over to that in Frankfort; but that is a state of war! I am working against you; my position is inimical, &c.' I rejoined, with entire composure, 'I request you to refrain from that high tone, which makes no impression upon me. I could also speak peremptorily, but it were better we should confer tranquilly. You know well, that I used those same words to you, "the relation of Norway to Sweden must form the standard," before my departure from this place to Frankfort: but, moreover, you must know better than I do, that Count Nesselrode, in a despatch to Budberg, expressed approbation of the "*form of Norway*."'

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where they were), even mixing suggestions relative to the highest politics. Through this channel the Emperor of Russia transmitted menaces to the King, by word of mouth and in writing; and thus were formed within the King's inner Closet notions, plans, convictions, against which the Ministers vainly contended, and secret correspondences, which overruled politics and ruined diplomacy. Already in 1848 I had discovered traces of this system of by-play, and suffered from it; the malicious letter of Lady ——— to Frau von Meyendorf came in this manner to the knowledge of the King; but now I had penetrated further behind the scene, and could see and feel the destructive effects of the political agitation ceaselessly carried on. Of the Court in general the only positive characteristics among many negations, was that of enmity to the popular cause. Humboldt's presence was a consolation, as well as here and there a man of worth in office, known to me from former times. The hatred of the official body, and of the party of nobles, *as such*, which had persecuted me now during full twenty years, came upon me in yet coarser distinctness than ever, as well as their incapacity and the narrowness of their views, which the exasperation of 1848 had but more strongly brought to view. To Count Brandenburg I was drawn by his inartificial kindness, and his manly devotedness to the King; but his entire previous course of action was a censure upon mine, as mine was upon his. The general impression made by countenances all around was that of choking from suppressed rage. A real statesman was nowhere to be seen; and what could such an one have attempted at Charlottenburg, in the present state of things? The King was resolved to direct all politics by himself alone, he would have a Dictatorship by the side of the Constitution, and yet be considered a liberal constitutional Sovereign; whereas he regarded the constitutional system to be one of deceit and falsehood. The faithfulness, the discipline, and the bravery of the army, being the object of his just pride, he reckoned upon being able to unloose the political knot at last by means of the military; for his noble heart was corroded by habitual exasperation from the event of the 19th and 21st March 1848, which was more and more transferred to Frankfort. Often did more liberal thoughts and feelings emerge from the flood; but the surrounding influences and the secret communications from Olmütz and Munich allowed not of their permanence.

Second Extract.

[Translation.]

That which I regretted so deeply in Frankfort, that the measure I had earnestly recommended before my journey thither had not been put in force at the right time—namely, the exclusion of the Austrian members from the debates upon a Constitution which, since the declaration of their government at Kremsier, they could in no wise accept—soon revealed itself as the essential occasion of ruin to the work which had so far proceeded. The Prussian Governments would not advance resolutely and firmly in the direction of the 23d January; the directions despatched to Kamphausen were good, but received no subsequent support; the twenty-eight Governments acceded, in mere mistrust of Prussia, or were induced later, by the delay of Prussia in declaring herself, to act upon private and individual views. They decided for the second reading, in spite of all opposing considerations: and why? because all confidence in Prussia had vanished, and fear was in every heart. The representations made were not attended to; and Gagern was under the necessity of yielding much to the *Left*, in order to obtain the passing of any proposition. The position of Kamphausen became a difficult one, which difficulty was further aggravated by the appearance of the arrogant and inimical declaration of Austria. Some members determined to carry the question by storm; but the *hereditary imperial* dignity (*Erbkaiserthum*) for Prussia fell through. At length the question of *chief ruler* (*Oberhaupt*) was in all form debated, and but a small majority declared for it, as the Austrian members (all but three or four) voted in the opposition.

Up to this time I had not resumed my correspondence with the King; I could not muster spirit to do so. The Prussian Chambers began well, but afterwards they did not keep up to their first standard. The entrance of Count Arnim into the Ministry was an indication how entirely the politics of the King guided all. Bülow became the victim of his own consistency; his resignation was, perhaps, unavoidable, but the choice of Count Arnim, the man of Metternich, the man of Cracow, would have seemed impossible, save to those who knew that the King was his own Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only desired a passive instrument, which should be agreeable to Austria.

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was no mention whatever of the accusation ; but the King entered kindly, and with tolerable composure, into the reasons for which he neither *could*, nor *ought* to, act in the matter of the Imperial Crown according to my counsel.

At the same time the Circular of the Ministry upon the subject of the King's decision and reply came to hand ; of which I sent a translation to Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, and transmitted to the King the highly intelligent reply of the latter, in my answer of the 17th of April. He expressed himself as ' fully aware that great objections lay against acceptance ; but that refusal might bring yet greater dangers, by the delay to be apprehended in accomplishing a final arrangement. The King, however, had given a strong proof of an unambitious disposition.' I entered no further into the subject of the King's decision, as that could have led to nothing ; but argued that nothing further remained, but, in the spirit of the Constitution, to call a Revision-Parliament, together with those Governments which were willing to unite. In conclusion, I addressed myself to the King's conscience as to his expressions regarding the cause of Schleswig-Holstein, and implored him not to incur blame therein.

Meanwhile the Congress of Princes was opened, under the Presidency of Radowitz. I had always insisted that Radowitz would remain faithful to his former professions, and to the sentiments he had expressed on the occasion of the voting for the choice of an Emperor ; no one else, however, would believe it ; but as for a successful result with the King, I had my doubts as well. Those were sad weeks ! Anarchy, civil war, insurrection, on all sides ! But excess of distress brought at last a solution, as the Prussian army showed itself to be unbroken, while other thrones were shaken or hurled down. The King's appeal of the 15th May was a ray of light, which I joyfully hailed as such ; but the time was gone for words to be effective !

The intelligence of the settlement with Hanover and Saxony arrived on the morning of Whit Sunday (27th May), not altogether unexpected by me ; for all things indicated that result. The first sure intelligence I received was on the day of the Queen's Drawing Room on the 31st, from the Hanoverian Minister ; and I mentioned it to the Queen herself, who, however, the next day (1st June, at the concert at Court), expressed herself as still incredulous, and full of distressed anti-

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Court-day observed during seven years), to avoid exciting a supposition of keeping out of sight from diplomatic reasons. The present period answered to that of the year before which followed the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, when Bunsen was also seriously indisposed, in a manner now becoming distressingly frequent. But activity in official correspondence, far from having relaxed, seemed rather to increase in feverish excitement in proportion as the grounds of hope of any happy result diminished more and more.

Bunsen to one of his Sons on his Confirmation.

[Translation.]

1st April, 1849.

You have entered into a solemn engagement, not to live to yourself, or to follow your own personal selfish will: but to take *Him*, whom the Lord *your* God and *ours* has sent as the visible image of His perfections—Jesus Christ,—in faith and humility, as the pattern of a life of self-devotedness, and, if need be, of a willing and courageous death for the cause of right and truth. You come now, with full sense of self-responsibility into this world, which God has opened to all who duly improve His gifts, that they may labour to change and renew the face of it according to the Divine likeness, and help to raise to the ‘glorious liberty of the children of God’ those who bend under the yoke of the necessities of nature.

I send a courier to Berlin, with the most earnest advice and supplication to the King, to accept the offer to become Head of the Central Power, and thereupon to summon the entire Parliament to Frankfort. All things are in the hand of God—the hearts of Kings included. But, my heart is heavy, and life often weighs upon me with almost crushing weight.

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placed, and the moral order of the world imposes : they perish both,—each at odds with self, with God, and with human society : only for him there yet remains room for further development. Then the curtain falls—that is right, according to artistic rule of composition ; true and necessary according to the views of those who hold the faith of the Church of England ; and, from a theological point of view, no other solution could be expected from the book than that which it has given.

But here the author has disclosed the inward disease, the fearful hollowness, the spiritual death, of the nation's philosophical and theological forms, with resistless eloquence ; and, like the Jews of old, they will exclaim, 'That man is a criminal ! stone him !'

I wish you could let him know how deeply I feel for him, without ever having seen him ; and how I desire to admonish him to accept and endure this fatality, as, in the nature of things, he must surely have anticipated it ; and as he has pointed out and defended the freedom of the spirit, so must he now (and I believe he will) show in himself, and make manifest to the world, the courage, active in deed, cheerful in power, of that free spirit.

It is presumptuous to intrude into the fate and mystery of life in the case of any man, and more especially of a man so remarkable ; but the consciousness of community of spirits, of knowing, and endeavouring after what is morally good, and true, and perfect, and of the yearning after every real disciple of the inner religion of Christians, impels me to suggest to you to tell him from me, that I believe the spasm of his spiritual efforts would sooner be calmed, and the solution of the great problem would sooner be found, if he were to live for a time among us. I mean, by residing for a time in one of the German Universities. We Germans have been for 70 years working as thinkers, enquirers, poets, seers, also as men of action, to pull down the old and to erect the new Zion ; each great man with us has contributed his materials towards the sanctuary, invisible but firmly fixed in German hearts ; the whole nation has neglected and sacrificed political, individual existence, and common freedom—to pursue in faith the search after truth. From us something may be learnt, by every spirit of this age. He will experience how truly the divine Plato

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the inner man, as Antæus by the embrace of his mother earth. This has been my ruling consciousness since 1841, and to this, the closer acquaintance with the Church of England, and with the decidedly erroneous direction she has taken since 1843, has materially contributed, certainly not less than my critical examination of the original sources of Christianity. The hierarchical tendency now prevailing is untenable.

From these words you will already gather my dissent from the policy of the Eichhorn Ministry; that is, from the present mode of carrying out an originally just idea of our piously-minded King, who, however, since 1843, has veered as much to the right hand as I myself to the left. He is influenced by consideration of the destructive energy which he attributes to unbelief in positive Christianity, as taught in the Churches, to enact limiting ordinances in the domain of conscience. I have done my utmost by the strongest statement of objections to clear the law of 30th March from the stains which render it a mere 'Edict of Toleration;' and glad should I have been, could I have converted it into a 'law establishing religious and confessional freedom.' But I could not attain my object; and now the mode of execution is wrong too.

The wretched spectacle of a wholly lifeless Church, and theological system, as well as a clear consciousness of the necessary and salutary consequences of critical enquiry, has brought me to oppose more strenuously than ever all government of the Church by the State, and to advance by all means in my power a purified faith. In my opinion, the King has fallen into two essential errors, in spite of my faithful and persevering warnings: first, His Majesty did not accept the saving formulary of Ordination, proposed by the General Synod of 1846; far less did he introduce into all provinces the Synodal system. Then, he has renewed, on the contrary, the old system (long since untenable) of consistorial administration, and endeavoured to govern with it. I cannot discern how the King should get clear of the consequences of these errors as long as he lives. To turn again into the right way is, humanly speaking, under given circumstances, impossible. I scarcely need assure you that, for my own part, I have long arrived at the conviction that my calling cannot be in this direction.

My 'Church of the Future,' and 'Ignatius,' have both been

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error and confusion; as incorrect as its opposite, but not a whit more true.

Schleiermacher's celebrated passages in arts. 13 and 93 to 98 are not, to my mind, founded in fact. His reference to John iii. 10, for *μονογενής* as Christ's own expression, is, to say the least, not quite clear. The above-named passages appeared essential to him for his argument. But that cannot make them true for me from the historical point of view. And speculatively also they are not, I believe, established. I can only agree with Schleiermacher's art. g.g., in so far as the writer separates the necessary basis of belief from the two facts there mentioned.

For this reason, I consider the Schleiermacher school in that respect not of a durable but a transitory nature. Just as little do I perceive help in Hegel, less still in his Tübingen followers. Finally, Schelling's last attempts will not bear examination, full as they are of splendid flashes of discovery, which, however, cannot be denied to Hegel either.

Thus then it might appear as though enlightening enquiry had not yet advanced since the days of Lessing and Kant ('*Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*,' and '*Religion innerhalb der Gränzen der reinen Vernunft*'); but all that lives in me stubbornly resists such a conclusion, though I am conscious of standing on the basis of those two great men.

The *self-consciousness of Christ* must not be assailed. But the question is (a question which Schleiermacher too suggests but discards), whether that self-consciousness could otherwise declare itself than within the general conditions of humanity, i.e. according to nationality and personality. And a second question is this,—whether, in order to believe in Him as the Redeemer, we must nevertheless acknowledge that for that self-consciousness it was indispensable to be uttered as of a prototype i.e. self-beginning (*selbstanfänglich*), for otherwise, Christ cannot be considered as First Cause?

The Father alone is free from the limitations of the temporary and transitory. The Son 'was in the form of a servant,' as long as His appearance on earth lasted. But is it less Divine, to reveal the essential nature of God, in the purest, most universally intelligible form of human reality, than in a (supposed) supernatural mode of appearance? That which under the one supposition is attributed to the appearance,

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birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us, (i.e. Christ) with such awe and humility, as can alone preserve Him to our souls;—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my 'Egypt,' vol. i., the chapter on the Learning of the Romans.

With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country.

Occasional Memoranda, in Bunsen's handwriting.

[Translation.]

July, 1849.

. . . Meanwhile, English conditions and the politics of Great Britain did not give me much occupation. Ireland alone reminded the English that they had a point of mortality. All that is false, corrupt, decaying, decrepid, overdone in their whole social system, they feel but as something artificial, confused, inconvenient, without such a sense of inherent evil as should rouse them to a thorough change. . . . To speak with the English on foreign politics, is only worth while on the Roman question. All were agreed that France has cheated not only England, Austria, Naples, the Pope, and the Romans, but also herself. On the subject of Germany the Tories were inimical, the Whigs apathetic, the Radicals alone reasonable. Only with Peel could I speak on the subject quite openly and with confidence.

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merston, I represented to him the thing as credible, saying, 'That is the result of your policy—you would not have a German Federal State, and thus you drive us to throw ourselves into the arms of Austria, therefore into those of Russia; an Empire of seventy millions will, at least, suffice to command consideration for us, and the rest will come of itself. To myself, of course, this turn of things is very painful, for if the project of a Union does not succeed, there will be endless confusion and internal conflicts, while, if it succeeds, you and France will turn your enmity against us, as the world's chief anarchy; in either case, Germany loses her proper national course of politics—that of a solely defensive Federal State, to which her nature, language, and history have long been preparing her. But the re-establishment of the old connection of States is impossible; and, equally so, the subsistence of the several German States in single independence: wherefore nothing remains to us (as the world has conspired against the German Federal State) but fusion with Austria. See what will come of this! Officially I know nothing, but I believe in the thing as announced by the newspapers. We may be obliged to guarantee to Austria all her possessions, inclusive of Lombardy and Venice, and of course of Hungary.' Palmerston endeavoured first to treat the matter as absurd and impossible, but I would not allow him thus to dismiss it, and at last he said, 'Well, the tendency towards a German Union was laudable, only it appeared merely good as a play-thing; *could* it be realised, it would be beneficial, and it would entirely suit the policy of this country. But the plan to erect such a monster of an Empire is another thing. That would be a public nuisance. And what a policy for Germany to guarantee to Austria the possession of Italy! It would produce a hostile position of England and France against it,—it would be a renewal of the Holy Alliance, only in a more practical and formidable form. That is impossible.' I requested that he would keep in mind what I had told him.

That same Friday afternoon, 20th July, I took opportunity, when Drouyn de L'Huys paid me his visit on assuming his post, to state to him *academiquement* the whole matter. He apprehended quickly all that I detailed, and gave me in return his concise and correct French formulary at once:—

'Le rétablissement de l'ancienne confédération est impos-

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it not be a matter of indifference to me, that whether on this or that side of the sea, my convictions should be read? It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here, as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French History, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot's work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot's opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

The important thing would be, that Stephen should make of the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should *live* at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in advance. Stephen is said to be Evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman's besetting sin was

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he will be eight years old in November. I called his attention to the eagerness with which all the inhabitants crowded round to behold the Queen, because she was so good, and therefore beloved. Both by the Queen and the Prince, Stockmar is beloved as a friend, and honoured as a great man.

I communicated to the Prince my apprehensions that the question of Mosquitia and of the possession of S. Juan de Nicaragua might cause war between England and the United States. If England will maintain her theory as to the existence of Mosquitia as a State, she ought to do more than has yet been done towards enabling the uncivilised inhabitants to become a nation, by attracting colonists, and forming establishments for instruction. The Prince possesses a memoir by one of Sir R. Peel's sons, who had been rowing up the river S. Juan de Nicaragua in a boat without serious difficulty, in spite of the Falls; where such exist, a canal must be contrived. The upper lake (of Leon) is magnificent in scenery.

From a Contemporary Letter.

Mr. Adderley's, Hams House : 19th September, 1849.

On Thursday, the 13th, we were taken over to Birmingham, and between seeing the process of electro-plating and the exhibition of manufactures, several hours were passed much to our amusement. It is satisfactory to see so many fine works of art reproduced in fac-simile in bronze and other metal, by the above-mentioned process; but though the cost is much less than if they were of silver, they are still of too high a price to attain the object of bringing works of high artistic merit within the reach of those whose means cannot command that luxury. Bunsen went over daily to the meetings of the British Association, with Lord Harrowby and Lord Lyttelton, and they returned to Hams to dinner.

On Friday we were taken by Mrs. Adderley to Merevale Abbey, the residence of the Dugdale family, and of the great antiquary of the seventeenth century, whose fine portrait we saw in the modern mansion, built on an elevation, in castellated imitation of a style of ancient buildings, prior to the Elizabethan, and not so well calculated to meet the demands of modern society as to space and cheerfulness. We walked down to the site of the original abbey, of which little remains

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whom he was glad to converse. The same was repeated daily, whether at the Bishop's, or at other hospitable houses; one was the house of Mr. Fairbairn, so highly esteemed by all who knew him; another was the house of Mr. Schwabe, by whom we were invited to a dinner and musical party afterwards, to meet Lord and Lady Wilton and many others; the music was very well chosen, Mr. Schwabe understanding the fine arts, as we further perceived, when by daylight we saw the copies he has brought from Spain, of Murillos at Seville, and many other fine things. In the mornings a vast amount of sightseeing was accomplished; at the Asylum for the Blind we enjoyed a musical performance of as many portions of the 'Messiah' of Händel as we could stay to hear, being desired to select what we pleased, whether solos or choruses, as performers among the inmates were found for each and all, accompanied by an organist who was also blind. At the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, the object most interesting was a little girl, blind as well as deprived of all her other senses, owing to the condition of disease and neglect in which she had been found as an infant. Her transmitting messages, impressed upon the palm of her hand by the Director, which she carried without mistake to the right person among the inmates, bringing back the reply, was one of those wonders, which, believed on testimony, have become tangible; but most truly affecting was the beholding her countenance on the approach of two little children of the Director's, whom she held in great affection; they had not touched her, were not even near, when she was aware they had entered the room, and the sightless countenance seemed to beam with light and love. The calico printing at Rhodes, and numberless arrangements for the comfort and intellectual furtherance of the workpeople in that industrial village, constructed by Mr. Schwabe, was a sight to meet the feelings of all; while the mechanical wonders of Manchester were specialities not for the uninitiated. Much more might be told, but the sum total is, that we enjoy our journey, and all the kindness we receive on all sides, from strangers as well as from old friends.

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science, relieve the awfulness of the contemplation, with the assurance that if the presence of *ten righteous* (of *ten* living in the consciousness of God and of their duty) would have *saved Sodom*, so is the number of guardian spirits far greater, to keep alive what is right and true, and to avert condemnation in England, and her centres of wealth and their concomitant iniquity. If written words of Bunsen's are not forthcoming with reference to this journey, yet were these the sentiments called forth by word of mouth ardently and variously uttered.

At Fox How two days were spent with Mrs. Arnold, wonderfully supported both in body and mind; Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were found well in health in their eightieth year, but utterly broken in spirit by the loss of their daughter, Mrs. Guillian, two years before. The weather, usually rainy during this expedition, allowed an interval in which to take a glimpse of some of the 'scenes in strong remembrance set,' to which all had, in the year 1829, been introduced by Dr. Arnold himself. On Saturday, 29th September, the party left Fox How, and reached in the afternoon Wootton Hall, in Staffordshire, from whence, two days later, Bunsen returned to London.

Bunsen to ———.

[Translation.]

7th November, 1849.

As you once planned writing on the 'Topography of Syracuse,' I send you the work of the excellent Leake, with the impressions of coins, as a birthday present, to be received as though written for you and in your stead. It has ever been a true pleasure to me, and is so daily more and more, to see what I had wished to do well done by another. There remains at last for every one so much more to be done, than he has time or power to accomplish; and often do we find that the especial work assigned to us is what we can better do than that we had personally projected.

God has laid upon you a heavy trial, in the disorder of your eyes, and in the crushing of your Frankfort hopes—

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to meet, and who is always particularly communicative to me.

I hope to despatch the messenger early enough on Saturday to be able to dine at Totteridge with the dear children. Ernest and Elizabeth are here with their two children, and a delightful new greyhound, shivering and always wanting to be warmed. Palmerston is sweet as honey. There is a storm brewing in the Cabinet. I have had a letter from Radowitz—in great spirits. Louis Napoleon must become Emperor, now or in 1851, or fall. I shall send you a letter of Gladstone's (very interesting) as soon as I have answered it, which I cannot do until I have been to the British Museum.

*Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.**

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday morning, 14th November, 1849.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I cannot begin my day's work before I have thanked you for your ever dear and precious words of love and affection! *Dum spiro amo* is the motto, I think, of one of your seals, but certainly it is that of your heart. You may believe me that I feel it; and that I do so more and more, every time that I see yourself or your words. And love is the seal which God's Spirit requires to find upon our souls; as one of the wisest and most pious of the Fathers (Clemens of Alexandria) says in explaining the saying of St. John to the same purpose, adding 'The Spirit is Truth.' I wish all those who consider themselves believers would *really* believe in this word, and then certainly the result must be love to God and their neighbour. All our German speculation has at last come to this: that what the human heart believes in faith, but cannot prove to be true—is true; and that love is the infallible exponent of faith in life. I believe also this to be at the bottom of what the Saviour has said of the sin against the Holy Ghost. There is no belief possible in Christ, without believing in the Spirit.

I am moved to write in this strain, because, although I am now in town for diplomatic business, my mind is full of the last *three and a half* happy days at Totteridge. I have at last come to the point, which I have been striving to obtain

* This letter was the last ever written to her; two months later she had received the death-stroke.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

9 Carlton Terrace: Thursday, 29th November, 1849.

Not till this morning could I even read your dear letter, as the political crisis and the African journey occupied me till late last night.

Gutzlaff, the apostle of China, the traveller, interpreter, is arrived in England, and has come to see me. His frank and energetic character is very prepossessing: he is full of enthusiasm, and, as to China, full of hope as far as Christianity is concerned, full of fear as far as politics are considered. The late war with England has unsettled the whole measures—there are sixteen millions sterling of debts; the Emperor's proclamation lately published is curious, so also papers respecting Canton. 'The people's will is God's will,' has been taken as the *motto* of a general agitation. The seas swarm with pirates, the land with secret societies. Gutzlaff dines with us on Sunday next, at seven o'clock *quietly*. I hope you and Ernest will come to meet him.

I have promised to go to Mr. Behnes, the sculptor, on Sunday at half-past one, to be compared with the cast of my bust.* Mr. W. Hamilton, the great antiquarian, will be there too. Could you not come also? It is so near your house.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 10th January, 1850.

. . . Meanwhile, there has been a most lamentable working upon the King's mind, by the united Russian or Absolutist party, and the Pietists. The latter have affected his conscience, saying that the Constitution was godless, destructive of the holy union between Church and State, that it had *unchristianized* Prussia, &c. Were this sheer bigotry, I could tolerate it as error of conviction, but there is at the bottom a great amount of low and short-sighted interest of *caste*. The Constitution stipulates that the nobles of the ancient provinces shall in future pay the land-tax like all others.

The King's conscience, I *believe*, is now righted: but the secret is out: the King will hardly recover his place in

* An engraving of this bust will be found at p. 165 of this volume.

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[Translation.]

(Probably) February, 1850.

. . . All's well that ends well—and whomsoever God loveth (as assuredly He does the German nation), to such, all things must turn out for the best.

As a Prussian and a German one must be proud of such Chambers and of such a people. Their self-conquest is above all to be admired: for the German is not only more conscientious, but also more obstinate in his conviction than all other nations; having, besides that, little political stuff.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Tuesday morning, 5th February, 1850.

Last Saturday I buried a beloved mother, and I return from her grave (which her poor neighbours did not quit till they had filled it in with soil by single handfuls, that not the smallest stone might fall upon her coffin) to the bridal house from the house of death. Thus does the circling course of life reveal itself to our eyes.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 20th February, 1850.

You suppose I am going away from this country! I never dreamt of going—never was I more bound to London and England than at the present moment. Prussia is in the haven, as to herself; but the German Union, or 'United States of Germany,' are yet to be born, and at this eleventh hour all the powers of evil double their efforts to prevent this great European birth, or rather this beginning of regeneration. But, 'Portæ inferi non prævalebunt contra eam!' All the powers of the Continent are against us, and traitors are in the camp. The Princes are wavering, more or less, now that the hour of danger is past. Still they are bound, by their popular parliaments, finances, and necessities, and cannot shake these off, as many do their words and engagements.

A meeting was held on the 21st February, 1850, in Willis's Rooms, on the proposed Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, at which, after speeches made by Lord

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done to you in the future Exhibitions on the continent of Europe and in the United States of America. . . . I rejoice to see your first houses everywhere the first in promoting this great national object. This spirit of true liberality does not surprise me. During a stay at Birmingham and Manchester I had the opportunity of seeing with admiration how soon and how thoroughly all local and class interests gave way to patriotic and liberal feelings. . . . It was quite right that you should take the lead in a proposal which must form an epoch in the history of modern commerce and industry. Some years ago, Prussia gave the first example of an exhibition of all branches of industry for the whole of Germany, whether they belonged to the Prussian Customs' Union or not. What Prussia has done for Germany, you are doing for the world. God bless you for it! It were very natural that you should entertain the anticipation of showing by such a general exhibition your own superiority; but the noble Earl has said, and I have heard it stated by other English authorities, that you think yourselves you may be beaten by foreigners in some branches of industry. . . . But, whatever the result of international competition for pre-eminence may be, I am sure of two things—first, that you will not fail to turn into triumph every defeat, if there be such, by your redoubled efforts to improve upon what you see others have done, and thus give a good example to others to do the same with similar energy and perseverance. Secondly, I am sure that you will prove yourselves superior in applying to general usefulness, and thus improving and diffusing over all classes of society, and over all quarters of the world, the benefit of whatever may be invented by others. . . .

Your vast undertaking has also a political, and a still higher, I may say, a humanitarian character, and these features will not be the last to be acknowledged and hailed by the other nations, and secure their zealous co-operation. All epochs and eras in history have their peculiar signs and symbols; there are, I am sure, many present here who recollect the Congresses of Princes of former periods. They began by assemblies of mighty emperors for ambitious purposes, and prospective warlike expeditions; then, after the peace had been secured, followed more peaceful Congresses of Princes for the preservation of the same; they did not produce, how-

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cause of humanity, of civilisation, and, therefore, of Christianity. Do you not think it a sign of the times that the Consort of the Queen of this mighty empire should have been the first to conceive, and the most zealous to promote, this Universal Meeting of civilised nations in this marvellous metropolis; that the Queen herself should come forward with her mighty word and bright example; that this idea and proposal should be taken up so energetically throughout this mighty empire as a great national cause; that the dignitaries of the Church should vie with the statesman, the nobleman with the manufacturer, and the artisan and operative with the master, in supporting this great national and social question, as a good work for everybody; that all nations should be ready to hear the announcement with joy and sympathy and honest rivalry—only two years after one of the greatest, most extensive, and deepest commotions in European society arose, and when the waves of that modern deluge have not yet subsided? I see already with my mind's eye hundreds of thousands of the most ingenious and enlightened classes of all civilised nations assembled, first here, in this ark of social order during the late deluge, and on this rock of true liberty; and later, at Paris and in the other capitals on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. I see the visitors admiring not only the cattle show, and the implements for agriculture, and the whole phalanx of the machinery of industry, but also the master-pieces of genius and taste. I behold mentally the wise and good men of all nations successively meeting in assemblies more elevated in object than those of the Olympic Games, and exchanging with each other wise thoughts and fruitful speculations. And do you not see with me how the walls of separation (unfortunately, still more or less connected with nationality) must fall down, not only before the trumpets of general industry and rivalry, but from the irresistible force of common feelings of brotherhood, of a consciousness that every nation in its day has to run the same glorious race of a truly ennobling progress of the leavening the things of this world with something higher, and freer, and nobler, and everlasting? Do you see how prejudices and evil feelings, still separating nations from nations, and brethren from brethren, will disappear before such an effusion of light and community

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to be used to find out the *doctrine* of the Church. My excellent and truly venerable friend does not see that Rubrics and Liturgy may be used to *relax* and *take off the edges* of doctrinal formularies, but not to make them more strict and cutting. There is the mistake. In the latter sense I always have stood up for a Liturgy: but, God knows, never in the other sense. Besides, people ought to consider that the Rubrics and Liturgy were never intended to be a *regula fidei*, but only a rule of discipline, for good order.

Well, my dear Henry, this is an important day for your Church. May God bless it! I sat on the Privy Council seats, behind the right side of the Judges, along with Dr. Wiseman! Going out I met first W. Goode (the protagonist of the Evangelicals), with whom I shook hands, and who was *blissful*: then my way was stopped in the lobby by two persons—and who were they? Archdeacon Wilberforce and Hope. They drooped their heads, and after some silence, going on and I following them, Archdeacon W. said, ‘Well, at least there is no mistake about it.’ In which I heartily concur. B. has already announced (in a sermon) that he will go out. *Bon voyage!*

God bless you and yours!

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 20th March, 1850.

It is melancholy that we write so little to each other, and most probably the fault is mine. But that I have the same affection for you as ever, and that my whole house is attached to you, I can add with the best conscience. These lines will be brought to you by Lord Goderich, son of the Earl of Ripon—a young man of German cultivation, eager for improvement, who desires to know you and your works.

For my own part, I am more vexed at the blindness and ill intentions of the rulers, than at the folly of the people, and the criminal madness of their seducers. But I cling to the German cause, like a shipwrecked mariner to a plank, preferring to go down with it than enter any other vessel—rather consigning all such to the deep!

The month of April 1850 was marked to Bunsen and his family by an event rejoiced in at the time, and

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to a public hardly extending beyond the walls of Paris. The view of probabilities thus unfolded was new to everybody.

In conversation at dinner, M. Valette told us (among many things of higher interest) that a medal was circulating at Paris with a figure symbolising the Republic, with the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*; on her head a *star*; above, thick tresses; and underneath, the name of the maker, Oudinet. The inscription to be read thus:—*Liberté—point; Egalité—point; Fraternité—point; détresse (des tresses) partout—où diner?—à la Belle Etoile*. Very deficient in *esprit*, but abundant in illwill and utterance of the general dissatisfaction.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday, 8th June, 1850.

. . . I have to-day finished the *Fourth Book* of the outlines of the 'Life of Jesus:' the whole will consist of six. I hope by the end of this month to complete this sketch of the work, and also the Synopsis; and the 1st July to take 'Egypt' again in hand, in preparation for the congress of friends in August, to which Lepsius will also come in August.

Here all are tired to-day from yesterday's dancing at our house: it was daylight when I conducted the last lady to the door: nothing could be more successful. T. was lovely; F., queenly. Beauties *only* were invited.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Osborne House: Friday morning, 14th June, 1850.

We had an ideally fine journey—Lord John and I alone together, in the railway and on the steamer. We afterwards walked from the shore to the Queen's house. After luncheon I stayed in my room, till half-past four, when the Queen kindly told Lord John to call me to walk out with her, till seven. The air was delicious, and the conversation such as I thoroughly enjoy, open and free, and treating of things important for head and heart. At eight I had my audience, and I had compressed the address I had to make into very few words; the Queen was very gracious, and conversed much during dinner. To-day Lord John returns; I remain till to-morrow.

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approbation and admiration. The picture was hung up, but it is neither a good likeness nor a good painting. But how was everybody startled by the news, that Sir Robert Peel had been thrown from his horse when riding in the Park, and was seriously hurt!

Monday, 1st July.—The account of Sir Robert Peel is more alarming than at first; he suffers a great deal, the collar-bone being fractured in three places. . . . The Queen's first concert took place—but she will have wished everybody away, for she feels acutely the danger of Sir Robert Peel.

Tuesday, 2nd July.—My father dined with Mr. Hudson Gurney, to meet Anna Gurney. In the evening Lady Waldegrave's splendid ball was overcast, and in a measure broken up, by the melancholy news of Sir Robert Peel's death at half-past eleven o'clock. We went home, and so did many people. Ever since Sir Robert Peel has been considered in danger, a crowd has besieged the entrance of his house, and a bulletin was from time to time read aloud by a policeman. The deep and silent grief of all classes is most affecting.

3rd July.—The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and hearing everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel; the newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black out of respect for him. The Queen's grief is excessive: she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the Levee, which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she herself and the country have sustained:—‘I have lost not merely a friend, but a father.’

Friday, 5th July.—My father dined at the Palace; the Queen for the first time came to dinner since the blow she has felt so much.

Saturday, 6th July.—The Prince of Prussia came to wish us good bye; Sir B. and Lady Hall were also here, because he desired to see them. My father and Ernest accompanied the Prince to Dover.

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the sun hotter. Then we landed. We are three minutes' walk from the Cathedral, and I intend to stay here, instead of proceeding to iron Liège. Nothing is wanting but the one thing, wanted every hour,—and that is your dear self, with the group around you. If I am not strangely mistaken, I may bestow myself as a birthday present on the 25th.

Extract from a Letter to Bunsen.

London: Friday, 16th August, 1850.

The temptation is great to give way to your invitation to meet you,* which I was so glad to receive! But I see an evident necessity that I should stay with these girls. And much as I should rejoice, were the time but come for our hiring a house and living in quiet,—yet as we are still held fast here, it would be only tantalising to look at houses.

Bunsen to his Wife. (Crossing the last on the way.)

[Translation.]

Bonn: Thursday, 15th August, 1850.

Lepsius came back last night, two days earlier than his promise. We have worked all morning, and shall have done on Saturday. On Sunday I go to wait upon the Princess of Prussia, and sleep at Cologne. The King expects me at Berlin, so Abeken writes, and Lepsius tells me. To avert such a calamity, I must be off before my four weeks are over. I shall, therefore, send off my letter from Cologne; when the King receives it, I shall be on my way to London; whither I shall return on the 24th straight, in case you do *not* come.

Bunsen executed his purpose, and was restored to his family on August 24th, pleased to hear that a plan had been made to spend his birthday (the 25th) in an afternoon expedition to see Hatfield, to be met by Lady Raffles and some young friends of his daughters—the whole forming a numerous and cheerful party, not one of whom could have anticipated the cloud which was to overcast the whole, in the discovery, then first made, of

* A proposal had been made by Bunsen that his wife should meet him, for the purpose of looking at houses in Bonn,—the wish to resign his post in London having revived; although he still contemplated the act as distant.

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event alone can show. I have *extracted* 130 out of the 400 roots, and already *worked out* 70 of the number. Thereby it has become highly probable to me, that for each of the 400 roots the 'Hieroglyph' is yet to be found; Rémusat says, he believes there exist 200 such, but I find many besides, which he seems to have overlooked. It is most natural, that there should have been as many hieroglyphs as words—otherwise the one half must have consisted of compound hieroglyphics. Such there are—for instance, Sun and Eye together = Light. But each root must have been connected originally with a simple symbol. The system of writing was consolidated about 2950 years before Christ. The dryness of the work is relieved by the enjoyment of the *naïve* poetry of the original language in transmitting significations.

Bunsen to Platner (Saxon Chargé d'Affaires at Rome).

[Translation.]

London: 30th September, 1850.

It was very kind in you to send me a few lines by our friend Emil Braun, with an account of yourself. More especially do I rejoice to perceive that you are not only in health and strength at your advanced time of life, but that you retain that freshness and freedom of spirit, without which life is not life, and old age becomes a torment and chastisement. I learn from your communications that you, like myself, have steered again into the haven of free speculation and science, out of which we both sailed in youth into the open sea of present struggle and action. I have been led back into that harbour of refuge by enquiry and thought, and the course of life and its experiences; and I thank God, that I have not, either as a thinker or as a believer, suffered shipwreck, nor bartered my liberty for any form whatsoever.

I too have studied Giordano Bruno in late years with peculiar interest and deep sympathy; the recent occasion having been the translation of Schelling's Dialogue, *Bruno*, by that truly uncommon woman, the Marchesa Florenzi Waddington, into the most exquisite Italian, with admirable intelligence and comprehension,—which she requested me to examine critically with her; and I did so the more readily, as her work had been one not of vanity, but of benevolence towards an Italian philosopher, Mamiani, eighty years of

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Kings and Princes (since 1848) as the leaders in German politics.

Das gewaltige Schicksal,
Meinen Herrn und Deinen.

‘Events and mighty Fate—My Lord and Thine’ (as the divine Göthe says) are driving on the German national movement, which, after a short triumph of dynastic selfishness or blindness, will annihilate all the powers of evil which have been arrayed against it. We are already well advanced in Germany, although but in the first act of our constitutional development. The storm is over, and has cleared the atmosphere.

I am as glad to hear that you are upon so good a footing with the truly Christian and high-principled Pabst (Protestant minister at Rome), on his account as on yours. In the love to all moral truth, and in divine love itself, lies the great and real point of union for all that has been separated, and the eternal bond of all hearts which have been kindled by the lightning-flash from above.

I rejoice in the fine artistical development of your son. When the spirit shall move you, pray write to me again, and remain assured of my unalterable attachment and faithful friendship. Farewell, and continue to me your affection !

Bunsen to friend Kestner, in his Museo-Kestneriano, Roma.

[Translation.]

London: 30th September, 1850, morning.

. . . It was sad that our intention of meeting on the Rhine came to nothing. If you can but come here in 1851, I hope it will be either late (end of July) or early (end of April), for between those dates I shall have no quiet: and you must live nowhere but with us. I have a real need to have a thorough intercourse, and a fresh weaving-in of life with you. It did me good to see my dear fatherland again, and to convince myself anew that the German people—however inferior in the art of regulating its political affairs (because too honest not to believe the promises so freely made in need), torn to shreds for centuries, and never actually united—is yet the first of nations, not only in the intellectual sphere, as being that of knowledge and of faith in its true

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upheaval of mountains, a sinking of valleys, in Central Asia. Chronology exists only for about five thousand years backwards from our time, and originally in Egypt alone, which itself was a depository of the extinct, submerged, original Asia about the sources of the Euphrates, beyond Babylon and Palestine. The Jewish documents give us connected records of time up to David; in the first twenty chapters of Genesis are, however, most important traditions, for the greater part misunderstood, from the very earliest times. Therefore the way of scientific enquiry, beyond Egypt, reverts to Asia, and the documents are the languages: the computation of time is by epochs, as in the early history of the material earth, only that we have not to deal with millions of years, nor with a stratification of rocks, but with a comparative span of time (for the human race on earth is of yesterday), and the epochs are those of our own spirit and of our self-consciousness.

We have read latterly in the evenings your '*Römische Studien*' with great pleasure,—the images of Roman life and of your own life are refreshing. I hope this valuable little book will make its way, at this time of political evolution and provocation,—in spite of the mental confusion and narrowness which result therefrom.

What joy has been reflected in our house, by the beaming countenance of our Mary, returned from her wedding tour, Braun can tell you.

To yourself I wish a continuance of life untroubled in your chosen country of the arts, for I am convinced that you can only live at Rome; but all the more should you pay visits to the friends *ultra montes*, in Germany and England.

My wife will write herself. How often we miss that reflex of all grace and goodness, our mother, gone to her home! And Christiana too, is also gone before her. . . .

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

11th October, 1850.

I am thankful to say I feel quite well again, and am in the midst of preparations for my fifth volume, and more particularly of the Chinese language. I found I could not do my task without undertaking this labour:—all have hitherto considered that language as if consisting of *signs*, not of

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said; and Pestalozzi said the same when he began *his* Ragged School about fifty years ago,—and so said that poor forlorn boy, whom that man of God at the Hallische Thor, at Berlin, reclaimed after years of prayer and toil. So all reclaimed Chartists and Communists declare, as their own experience.

And it touches me particularly, that you, my beloved daughter, spoke to them as the Spirit gave you to speak, when you had assembled them around you; and that you did so on the anniversary of a day on which God visited you so visibly, in taking to Himself the child He had given you! May God give you grace and power to go on humbly and unostentatiously, in this blessed way, thus showing yourself as a true follower of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His true servant, your great and never-to-be-forgotten aunt, Elizabeth Fry. God bless you!

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: 4th January, 1851.

Soon comes the tempest of the World's Exhibition and migration of nations—perhaps also of politics now slumbering in our disgrace. My duty is of course to hold out until the end of the Exhibition, but then with all caution to endeavour after the execution of the plan of removal, which the hand of God so decidedly defeated last year—as I can now perceive, according to the eternal wisdom of His fatherly Providence. I meditate going in August on leave of absence with your mother to Bonn, with purpose to return only to take final leave. All this I shall talk over with you when you come in February—of course the plan is not to be spoken of; the Ministry would be too happy to send me away, but the King supports me faithfully and powerfully. My recall was demanded by Austria and proposed by Manteuffel. You know the reasons which make it a duty on my part not readily to yield to my adversaries this important post.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: Monday, 6th January, 1851.

The only thing important in a despatch received from Berlin to-day,—the first sign of life from that quarter since 1st November of last year,—is that, to judge from the expres-

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version on the supposed absurdities of the plan, and the dangers and inconveniences anticipated, from the general attribution of the blame to him as being its originator. The greater part of the Corps Diplomatique made open show of the ill-humour felt and expressed by their respective Courts; the sentiments of which prevailed over the mind of the King of Prussia to such an extent, that in the first instance his permission was refused to the Prince and Princess of Prussia to accept the invitation of Queen Victoria; and was finally granted rather in consideration of the decided wish of the Prince to make the proposed visit, than in consequence of the arguments and the evidence which Bunsen forcibly brought before His Majesty, to prove the tales of conspiracy to be wholly fictitious which in continental Courts were received as credible.

A nation which reads newspapers is capable of being acted upon by opinion, and of acting in unison as one man; and certainly, from whatever cause, the opening of the Exhibition of the 1st of May, 1851, was a decided success—the weather was perfect, and the general good humour, as well as the demeanour and behaviour of the countless multitudes, proved that the English public resolved to do themselves, and the day, and the cause of popular interests, all honour, as well as to the Queen and to her Government.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 18th January, 1851.

. . . The unmeasured expressions in the letters of X. and Y. and Z., as well as the utterances of L. and G. and other friends that have been reported to me from Berlin,—and at the same time, the assertions in a letter of Humboldt's, subdued in language by eighty-two years of age and by Court life, yet in another way exciting, have brought my heart, already agitated by parting from Radowitz, into such a commotion and dashing of waves, that I find it doubly tran-

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for the press, having in the latter months retouched the second and third for the English edition. The results are still more decisive than I had expected. The history of nations can, approximately, be carried on up to 9,000 years before our time; the history of the dream-period, in which language and mythology arose, extends to between 15,000 and 20,000 years; and all this in the development of the race of our blood-relations. But our chronology extends with astronomical certainty to above 3,600 years before Christ.

Old President Schön has written me an admirable letter; he is, in his eighty-seventh year, still full of hope for Germany and Prussia, and for the victory of what is right and good, and of the spirit and intelligence of the nation, just as when he wrote the letters to Stein in 1812 and 1813, which I hope you will have read in the 'Life of Stein,' vol. iii. B.

I hear with pleasure that the Prince interests himself for that truly remarkable school of Monro's at Harrow Weald. No doubt, the small publication will be known to the Prince, on the subject of that institution, which gives important promise for the future about the cultivation of real schoolmasters and preachers for the people—otherwise, it is at his service. I happen to know something about that school.

From the newly-discovered work of the Bishop Hippolytus of the year 230, it would appear that the Nicene Creed is, to say the least of it, one-sided.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 28th April, 1851.

I rejoice to see in your case that misfortune and trial better reveal what is in the man, than good fortune; and that you maintain equanimity in the one case as well as in the other. Who could have believed, dear friend, that there had been in Germany so much wickedness and faithlessness? Still we will sing the *Magnificat*, out of which, in the indignation of your honest heart, you quote a suitable verse. I fear these times will deprive many a man of faith in the Divine government of the world—short-sighted though they be. Pray read with me the seventy-third Psalm, as I have translated it.

Do you know, dear friend, that I think you ought to come

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well, that in the evening after E. and G. had sung many favourite pieces of Händel and Mendelssohn and Neukomm, he asked us all to join in a few verses of 'Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut'—as the only appropriate expression of his feelings of thankfulness and entire satisfaction. He looks upon this Exhibition as most important also in a political point of view, in honouring the interests of *the people at large*, by an assemblage of the people, attended and countenanced and sympathised in by royalty and nobility; not as in former times, a costly gathering *of* and *for* kings and princes and grandees alone, with attendants and spectators.

Bunsen to Max Müller.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: seven a.m., 15th May, 1851.

(Olymp. ii. 1, by German chronology.)

I must after all take my early hour for writing to you, instead of writing or preparing a chapter for my fifth Book on 'Egypt'; for I foresee that the day's flood, beginning with breakfast-time, will not have ebbed till after midnight: and I must utter to you two sorts of 'things': first, my thanks and congratulations for the plan of your lectures. You have considered the Epos in its full significance as to universal history; and for the first time brought it in connection with the earliest time of the epic nations, and their original consciousness of language. That has given me inexpressible pleasure, and revived in me the longing after your presence, and of being enabled to read to you some chapters, the writing of which has been an exquisite delight to me.

I undertook the restoration of the time of the patriarchs, in the belief of their reality, and by the method I have followed all through: and the greatness of the result has astonished me. Having finished this section, I felt the courage to add to the Preface composed last Easter, an Introduction, entitled 'History and Method of the Contemplation of the History of Humanity:' and have thus reverted, as by a stroke of magic, to the last Paradise of my innermost consciousness of life; my prescient grasp of future discovery, having been in the solemn nights from 1810 to 1813 consecrated into a vow; and the statement thereof

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Easter Sunday. On the 27th May, all that had been connected with the visit of the Prince had rung out its last echoes on the strand of Dover, whither I accompanied him, as I had gone there to receive him.

I have now advanced as far as Leibnitz, in the historical view, which will be closed with Schelling and Hegel, Göthe and Schiller, and which began with Abraham.

Now, you should come here, just at this time, if Oxford and the gods of the Veda permit. Meanwhile I announce that G. will accompany the amiable Prince Frederick William with Colonel Fischer to Oxford, and show the future King of Prussia (incognito) the European Benares.

I have still something to suggest about the 'Niebelungen.' Your admirable letter ripened in my mind a thought which often has shot through it,—that the slightly veiled historical foundation of the poem, as well as its most ancient nationalities, have never been sufficiently examined into and brought into evidence. Grimm does not care for what is historical, further than his own 'Beginnings of Nations' are concerned: and my dear deceased Lachmann was always disinclined to concern himself with it. When I wrote for Chateaubriand (in 1825) that short essay in French which he printed in his 'Mélanges,' I read through all that had been published on the point which most nearly concerned me, and was surprised at the scantiness of matter collected; and since that time I have not heard of any further enquiry on the subject. Yet how can one believe that the notices of Günther and the Burgundians in the poems, should stand alone and single of their kind? To me it is clear, for example, that the myth which brings Attila and the great Theodoric of the Visigoths together as contemporaries, has its historical root in the fact, that Theodoric King of the Visigoths fell in the critical battle of Châlons, 451, contending against Attila, while his son Thorismund, rallying the forces to revenge the death of his father, by a last effort overcame the Barbarians, and proved himself the victor: whereupon the Franks drove the Huns across the Rhine. Hence it is that Attila is connected with the great King of the Ostrogoths (who lived forty years later), and with the royal house of the Visigoths, and their kingdom itself—with all which nevertheless Attila could have had nothing to do. By neglecting

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you would see Wichern, from Hamburgh, with his tall commanding figure, and his fine, mild, but yet decided and energetic countenance, and his deep bass is always heard pervading all other voices. Then (usually sitting next him) Bernays, from Bonn, forms the strangest possible contrast, with his small, quicksilver figure, and black-bearded, restless clever face. Then Lieber, from America, with his fixed, melancholy, sentimental look, joining nevertheless in conversation with great zest and interest, always mixing in strange outlandish compliments. Next to him, Waagen, with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and anecdote, always for the benefit of everyone within reach of listening. Then Gerhard, with his benevolent expression, ready either for serious or learned talk, or for any joke or fun that may be going on; and his wife, with her never-failing, mild cheerfulness and interest in everything, without any fuss or fidgeting, thus giving only pleasure in daily intercourse and no trouble. These are the inmates of the house, to which you must suppose in addition a regular supply of unexpected guests drop in at every meal. Yesterday, Pastor Krummacher came with two daughters to make a call;—and while we detained his daughters here, he joined Wichern and several others to inspect some Ragged Schools. They returned about eight o'clock, when the home set were just ready to rise from table, so room could be made for the five who entered. First, Wichern; then Cramer, from Lyons (whom we much liked), who married Elizabeth Sieveking; Krummacher; Le Grand, brother of the friend of Oberlin; and a Mr. Marriot, of Basle, a kind of missionary going about all Germany, and seeming more of a German than an Englishman.

On Saturday evening, when Count Albert Pourtalès was here (his company is most agreeable, and he has not forgotten his visit at Totteridge in 1848), and F., wishing to divert the course of conversation, endeavoured to lead Waagen to relate a celebrated story of his, Waagen was deeply engaged in conversation with one of the five Professors from Berlin, and thus she found it necessary to repeat the call in rather a louder tone, 'Herr Professor!' whereupon five figures instantly started up with a bow, responsive to the appeal, which each supposed intended for

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XIV.*Bunsen to one of his Sons.*

[Translation.]

St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th September, 1851.

I hope the meeting of German Protestants (*Kirchentag*) in Elberfeld will have blessed results for church and country; let us but have *action* and fraternal *co-operation*; let us have no further *Confessions* of faith and doctrine, besides that excellent one which the Assembly has already made! I do not object to the alliance (*Confœderatio*), instead of complete *union* (*Unio*), as things now are: may the sacred work of the 'Union' not be destroyed!—the stubble may well burn, for much of evil has found place there. Only let not the wholly antiquated *Confessions* be placed in front! For that which we ought essentially to acknowledge and teach, Christ's own consciousness of Himself, is not yet to be discerned in that well-meant mixture of Byzantinism, Scholasticism, and Formalism of the seventeenth century, the *Formula Concordiæ*: and of the *deeds* of Christ there is far less mention than of what happened *to Him* from the Birth to the Ascension. The height of action was with Him endurance: and therein the central point of a renewed consciousness *must* and *will* be placed, as the mystery of the kingdom of God lies in self-sacrifice.

Bunsen to Platner.

[Translation.]

London: 20th September, 1851.

MY BELOVED OLD FRIEND,—I cannot let Braun depart without sending you a sign of life and of affection: but first of all pray accept the assurance of heartiest sympathy from my wife and myself on your irreparable loss. We are thankful to hear that God mercifully preserves to you not only a tolerable share of health, but also a fresh and cheerful spirit, which is of yet more value. What you tell me of your continued philosophical studies is an additional proof to me that the essential does not fail to outlive all besides: I have also arrived at the conviction that the free philosophical enquiry, such as we find in Giordano Bruno and Spinoza, claims to be ranked with those of Plato among the greatest and highest of human contemplations. In my mind the *formulæ* as to the opposition and the unity of *Sein* (to

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Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Christmas Day, 1851.

The Nemesis has fallen upon the author of the London Protocol and of the Greek affair: Lord Palmerston has fallen by being in opposition to the Cabinet, Lord John at the head, about the Napoleon affair, he (Lord P.) having gone the length of saying England *approved* all Louis Napoleon had done—which he was absolutely forbidden to say. This is *true*, but still a secret.

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may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved, —and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fullness of heart, to a dear friend, by BUNSEN.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Sunday morning: 18th January, 1852.

As I was on the way to your door in the Palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. You will feel that, when you consider that I am under no illusion as to the condition of things at Berlin, and in the whole of Europe: of which you will be yet more aware when you read what the spirit has moved me to say as to the confusion and destitution of the spiritual condition in the whole of Europe. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle) in the fine Corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded in reason and integrity and love,—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the continent, and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland. And in that fatherland dwells also a noble people, a great people, full of grand recollections and of the germs of future life—and a King, whose energies are so high and noble:—and yet all causes are dragging us within the compass of the whirlwind of confusion and destruction! A blessing upon those walls, and the life within and around them. It is a consolation that such a spot should exist on earth; and I am thankful to have seen it, and for all the goodness and kindness I have there experienced.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

20th January, 1852.

. . . X. related to him, that when he was Envoy, at Vienna, Schwarzenberg sent for him one day, and said—

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in going beyond instructions, in the French question. When he left the House, the members were in such a state of excitement that it was some time before the debate on the Address to the Queen could begin.

It is generally thought that the explanations of Lord John will have done much good, in showing what the personal influence and importance of the Queen is—whereas the general opinion was only too much inclined to suppose her power to be nominal, and that the decision as well as the management of affairs rested entirely with her Ministers.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Wednesday: 4th February, 1852.

I thought of you when I purchased three copies of Lancizolle's '*Geistesworte aus Göthe's Werken*,'—and guessed well that you would not let that which I showed you out of your hands. Thus I ask you to retain what was intended for you! I have ordered a dozen more copies of this Japhetic rendering of the Bible.

I heard the two speakers last night. The House was divided in appreciation: yet I am convinced that when the House and the nation shall have read and digested the documents, Lord P. will be allowed to have been in the wrong. That was the impression with which I retired at half past eight, to hear the reading of the '*Midsummer Night's Dream*' (incomparable even with recollections of Ludwig Tieck) by the person of most genius in England—Mrs. Fanny Kemble, intermingled with the magic tones of Mendelssohn: thus to forget for some hours the whole *misère*.

P.S. It occurs to me that only in one point all were agreed;—in maintaining the Protestant principle. That is the chord which still sounds when struck.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Hatchford: 22nd March, 1852.

. . . I am afraid that when you come to see the Index of my '*Hippolytus*,' you will say, with a smile, that I have crammed into it an *Universal and Church History*, *cum quibusdam aliis*. Still you will find, that I have done justice to the

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express command to do so. That it would have been more in character for Bunsen to have resigned his post, and retired altogether from public life, instead of submitting to become the instrument of an act of which he felt the injustice, and anticipated the danger, became clear even to his own family, and may be conjectured to have been so to himself, when the transactions had been viewed from a distance of time. But this is only uttered as conjecture, for a question on the subject would have seemed to imply reproach, and therefore no inquiry was addressed to him—the less so, as he always purposed to write himself the history of his official life, and had promised to begin with the latter portion, and proceed backwards. As an authentic statement of particulars, a letter from Count Usedom shall be transcribed, coming from a person most thoroughly acquainted with the entire subject, and who knew and comprehended the mind and character of Bunsen, as could only be the case with a friend of many years' standing, with a man of his intelligence and candour.

*Count Usedom to George von Bunsen.**

[Translation.]

Turin : 23rd August, 1864.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN,—You wish to know what my recollection is of the part taken by your father in the London Treaty of May 1852, and of the negotiations which preceded its signature. To do justice to his memory in this matter is a duty imposed upon me by a friendship of many years' standing, with which Bunsen honoured me: but, separated as I am from my papers, and relying therefore on my memory alone, I shall perhaps but imperfectly perform this duty.

Your letter to the 'Times' of the 18th July already raises the main question,—I mean Mr. Layard's assertion of the existence of a Berlin Protocol of 4th July, 1850, and of a secret article in which Prussia promised to support the

* Published in the 'Times' of 1st September, 1864. The original appeared in the 'Kölnische Zeitung.'

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mined as to the tendency of her participation in them. After this authentic statement, the only interpretation to be given to that secret article would be this—that Prussia would *not* side with Denmark in the coming conferences—that is, *not* support the Danish scheme of succession. I have never heard of any secret article but this.

On the contrary, I am convinced that Prussia considered herself perfectly free as regards the question of succession during the first months of the ensuing year. The following circumstance (to which I should not refer were it not already well known) may serve as a proof. In February 1851, Count Sponneck brought to Berlin the Danish proposals regarding the succession, still framed in rather general terms. His late Majesty of Prussia, of his own accord, but officially, demanded my opinion upon them. Besides giving this, I ventured to address a private letter to the King, which has since, in a manner unknown to me, found its way into publicity. It went to show, that the so-called integrity of Denmark was as yet neither a right nor a fact, but merely a wish, which Prussia had no interest in fulfilling. Now, if Mr. Layard were right in asserting that Prussia had already secretly bound herself, how could the King of Prussia have demanded an opinion upon a subject which was settled already eight months before?

There would be no motive for saying a word with reference to the observations of Mr. Layard, if there were nothing further to point out in them but a slight error in the date and meaning of the secret article really extant, for a British Under Secretary of State has more to do than to learn by heart dates and details fourteen years old. But Mr. Layard told his ‘curious secret history’ for the express purpose of explaining Prussia’s supposed obligations from a Protocol of 4th July, 1850. If this is allowed to stand, the charge against Prussia as having played a double game, and a corresponding charge against your father, would still remain in force. But we ought to know this ‘history’ to be genuine, before we can draw conclusions from it. Until the above counter-proofs are shaken, it may be considered as not belonging to history, but as a piquant myth, one of those calligraphic flourishes, not rare in politics, which overlay and spoil ‘Clio’s neat handwriting.’

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such an attempt possible, that powerful bias was necessary which then predominated in the Cabinets of Europe, and which was turned to a most favourable issue by Danish skill—an issue which was as unwisely made use of in the years that followed, as it had been skilfully gained. Few people can now imagine what evil times those were for the Duchies and their friends. So late even as 1860, when in consequence of the Crimean and Italian wars much was changed in European politics, every mention of German rights in regard to Schleswig was sure to call forth a general outcry of indignation against the disturbers of peace.

It is to be regretted that Bunsen did not live to see the year 1864, which has so signally verified his view of the London Treaty. This ‘Pragmatic Sanction,’ erected, like the Ice Palace on the Neva, in contempt of the laws of nature, has melted away before the irresistible force of things as they are. The Duchies, delivered at last from their long struggle for existence, will now be permitted to turn to higher things. To behold such a result would have been a joy of joys to your father.

I am, &c.,

USEDOM.

Contemporary Notice from the Diary of a Daughter.

19th June, 1852.

It is hard to describe how satisfactory Devrient’s representation of ‘Hamlet’ was. He understands him, not as a wild fanatic, and maniac, but as a weak, very unripe, but noble-minded and well-intentioned youth, whose indecision and wavering proceed from an overwhelming consciousness of inability to execute the work imposed upon him, and whose reason is confused, not destroyed, by the preternatural vision. The deep grief for his father, the feeling of revenge, the feigned madness, love for his mother struggling with his consciousness of her guilt—his behaviour towards Ophelia, interpreted by the determination to repel her, and make himself repulsive to her, in order that she might not be involved in the consequences of his crime or fall;—all this, and every faint and before unmarked shade of meaning, was marked most affectingly. Among the most vehement applauders were Mrs. Sartoris and Fanny Kemble. The latter said to Devrient that in him she saw dra-

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as the other. But to attribute infallibility to Ezra's synagogue and its Maccabean successors, is worse than to ask it for the Popes—sheer rabbinism or prejudice.

The retrospect of the summer months of 1852 presents a wilderness of objects and of interests of the most varied kinds, from which the numerous family broke away in various divisions and directions in August. Bunsen himself, with his wife and youngest daughter, paid a visit of three days to Sir Harry and Lady Verney, at Claydon, from whence he proceeded to his eldest son at Lilleshall, in Shropshire, and went on with his youngest (Theodore) to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary, spending a day on the road at Sir Archibald Alison's, Possil House, near Glasgow. At Inverary, the kindness of the Duke and Duchess, and the manifold interests surrounding them, might well have tempted him to a longer stay; but one of Bunsen's peculiarities, constantly increasing upon him every year, was that of being restless when absent from his own room, his own writing-place, and, particularly, from the living accompaniments of home; so that he never without resistance was detained away from them, even in the most attractive society; this will account for the small amount of time spent in country visits during his twelve years and a half in England, where so much agreeable hospitality always awaited his acceptance. On the present occasion, he was fairly shut out of his own abode, and thus made time for a short visit to Lord Ellesmere, at Worsley, and to the Bishop of Manchester, on returning south to his son's dwelling, at Lilleshall, where he rejoined his wife and youngest daughter, and was met by Lepsius; so that he had a congenial group around him for the celebration of his birthday, the 25th August.

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visit to the Alisons which I had promised at the end of the week, when I called upon him at his town house, and was pressingly invited to come. Therefore, at four o'clock I took the family by surprise, at this house, two miles and a half from Glasgow, on an eminence, in a fine park, a charming and spacious abode. I have passed the time delightfully, have learnt a vast deal about Scotland, and have met human beings that interest me; particularly do I feel drawn towards Sir Archibald's sister, Mrs. Birch, lately become a widow, and who, as Margaret Alison, remembers a certain Miss Waddington many years ago in Edinburgh. Her's is a mind much developed in the Christian sense; she is a friend of Maurice, and an admirer of Hare. Alison is busy with the 'History of Europe since 1815,' and I have had an opportunity of making out that he has a just estimation of German conditions and transactions at that time; he is, as you know, the only Tory historian who has Prussian, and not Austrian tendencies; he has a sound Protestant view of historical facts, and that keeps him from the shallow reasoning of others with respect to Frederick the Great and the Prussian monarchy. Hippolytus also found its place in our discussions; and we parted with a conviction (on my part) that our acquaintance has grown into friendship. But they say they will not receive me a second time unless I bring you with me.

Yesterday (Sunday) after hearing at the Episcopal chapel at Glasgow a sermon below criticism, and singing no better, we drove through the splendid domain of Sir Archibald Campbell—containing a fine Elizabethan country mansion, in a grand park, through which flows a considerable stream. In intermediate hours I have read with delight Rawlinson's Babylonian decyphering; I consider the thing clear and safe in the principal point. The enigmas yet to be solved are most attractive. I am more and more convinced that the arrow-headed character is the conventional contraction of an ancient Babylonian hieroglyphical system. There are 246 signs, partly denoting syllables, partly ideas; but the clear alphabet is contained in them, just as with the Egyptian, only we have not as yet discovered the wise arrangement, by which the latter rendered their system so sure and comparatively intelligible. At half-past eight we are to be on the Clyde, to sweep down the whole Firth to Loch Goil head, and arrive (as I hope) at Inverary by three o'clock.

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grate, will not accept the means, without including parents and aged relations, and this, of course, is given way to. The Government furnishes the means of transport, and is paid out of the money subscribed according to a certain rate for each person. Each man pledges himself to send back, after a term, when he shall have secured the means of gaining a livelihood, a certain sum (3*l.*) towards helping on further emigration. Therefore here again is that remarkable historical appearance, the Celt withdrawing before the German, who enters where he finds productive land, and leaves the naked hills to the wild animals and hunters. The moors bring in a rent to the proprietor superior to what he can obtain for pasture land, for the rich pursuers of amusement from the south outbid each other for deer-stalking ground, and for grouse-shooting: a practice in the advantage of which I rejoice not at dinner only, but also beholding from my windows the herring fishery; there is at Inverary a whole fleet of boats thus employed.

The cottages in woods and moorland look very wretched, but the dwellers in them seem strong and healthy, and are well clothed, with bare feet, of course. The children speak English even among themselves,—a consequence of school teaching; but the older people keep to their Gaelic within the house. The church is divided into two parts, so that preaching can take place in the two languages at the same time.

I withstood the temptation of undertaking the Gaelic grammar, in which resolve the power of attraction in Rawlinson's unspeakably instructive Babylonian inscriptions came to my aid. The Babylonian is the older form of the Syro-Chaldaic; but yet a later formation than the classical Hebrew, which fixed itself in Palestine before the second period of development in the Semitic languages began, which threw out shoots of much more highly organised forms of conjugation. But many appearances, which in Hebrew are found as ruins, receive explanation through the Chaldaic, and particularly by means of the older form; I had discovered that by an examination of the names of the Patriarchs between Adam and Moses—for instance, Metu-sche-lach—in which the *sche* stands as the ancient sign of the genitive, as regularly as the Babylonian *scha*, or *tsa*. With these studies and with the

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her ready sympathy. Who ever felt with us as she did? with what tenderness did she not follow us through every change and variety of life,—she, to whom our union was, humanly speaking, owing! So then, as we have been allowed the rare happiness of living for a quarter of a century in the enjoyment of her love and of her loveliness, let us, beloved, continue in that same consciousness to the end of our term of life.

I send a letter from a remarkable American, Rev. Dr. H., of Mobile, in Alabama; who has in a learned work maintained the literal, historical exactness of the book of Genesis, but, having finished and published it, and afterwards studying books of research and criticism, such as mine and Lepsius's, he declared to his congregation (Presbyterian) that he felt compelled to examine personally our doubts and ourselves, and Egypt. Upon which, they granted him leave of absence, and also money for his travelling expenses. The first of his wishes, a personal conference with me and Lepsius, he has at once obtained; I invited him, and read to him the discourse of 'Hippolytus' upon inspiration; whereupon he said, 'The whole must be literally true, or I can believe *nothing*.' Then the spirit came over me to say to him, that I felt him to be a Christian brother in my very heart: but, according to his system, he was an enemy and not a friend of Moses—a Mahomedan, or a Rabbi—and that he would only find peace and faith again, by following out the system of research which with Germans had proceeded from faith, from the belief in Christianity as a reality of truth, and therefore capable of making head against the power of doubt and error. 'I must see myself,' he replied; 'pray send me the book of "Hippolytus" to the Pyramids, whither I am going. If I am in the wrong, I give up my place. What should I preach to my people? May God help me!' I cannot express how deeply I was affected by this man's expressions. L. was apprehensive, that if compelled to give up his Judaic belief, he would lose his senses. But I am of opinion that an Anglo-American, once having entered upon research, will go through with it, and be saved; otherwise, indeed, his brains will turn: for *that* view of things (the Judaic) tends to madness.

The question of biblical chronology is connected in the

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Rougé. The possessor, Mrs. d'Orbiney, had often teased my father to persuade the director of the Berlin Museum to purchase it, only the sum she demanded was considered too exorbitant. It turns out to be a novel, the work of a private secretary of King Setis II.; therefore not later than twenty years after the time of Moses. The story is romantic, about two brothers and their love-affairs: only offering a contrast to modern novels in the absence of a conclusion, as, by the theory of transmigration of souls, the transactions do not end with the death of the parties, but may be spun out to any length. After ten my father read to us some of Carrière's eloquent '*Religiöse Reden.*'

25th October.—My father spoke upon the wonderful problem of creation which he has been led to reconsider, particularly by having taken up *physical science* again, which he had not studied since he left the University. He is much delighted with Burmeister's '*Geschichte der Schöpfung,*' and above all with Johannes Müller's '*Principien der Physik.*' He said, it was wonderful, when one tried to follow the different steps of creation, to find it impossible to give an explanation, as it were, of the creation of man; it being absurd to say it was a perfecting of the animal, as though man were a complete edition of the monkey; or, on the other hand, that he should come from the earth, because in his mechanism he is intimately connected with the inferior animals: in short, that it was impossible to come to any conclusion if one did not simply admit the incapacity of the human mind to measure the depths of Divine wisdom, and assign the whole impulse of creation to a Divine cause, towards which every created thing tends, as to its highest perfection, each at the same time being linked together in a chain of which *man* in creation is the last and highest.

In the evening Mr. Penrose came, and showed and explained to us the architecture of the Parthenon, where he has made some interesting discoveries as to the curve, not only of the column, but of the architrave: which last, were it indeed horizontal as it seems, would to the eye present a depression; but being in fact raised, by a curve nearly imperceptible, forms to the eye a perfect level. This proves the wonderful knowledge of mathematics and of optics, as applied to architecture, of the early Greeks. He sketched for us from memory the north side of the Acropolis.

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The vicar of this place told us last night that a chaplain of one of the colonial bishops had altered the well-known hymn of Bishop Ken, in a verse imploring 'cleansing of sin by the blood of Christ,' into something like 'through tears of daily penance.' That tendency is the curse of the system.

Contemporary Notices from Diaries.

31st October, 1852.

The conversation at dinner was most interesting; it turned on the years 1813-15, in the last of which years my father was at Berlin for the first time. It was striking to witness the almost Spartan simplicity of life at Court and in the highest society, which contrasted greatly with the luxury which he observed on returning after twelve years to Berlin. Whilst in the interval at Rome he had been accustomed to speak with Niebuhr, and the Germans there, the language of 1813-15, he found in Germany the tone altogether changed, and he seemed to be speaking in an unknown tongue. The table of the King (Frederick William III.) was the only one that retained its plainness, and when, on occasion of some royal visitor, a grander dinner had been prepared, the King commented upon it as 'fit for a Privy Councillor.'

7th November.—In the breakfast conversation my father spoke of the rarity of meeting with *young* men who really took the trouble of *thinking* seriously—which he said was the point in which the English are behind the Germans—whereas, on the other hand, when once an Englishman has been induced to think, and to reason upon his thoughts, he also possesses the 'ethical earnestness' to carry out his result into practice, just as surely and necessarily, he said, as that anything swallowed into the throat reaches the stomach and becomes nourishment; meanwhile, the German is too apt to stop short at the theory.

Thursday, 11th November.—This was perhaps the first very bad day the Queen ever had for her procession at the opening of Parliament; the rain is pouring down, with a bitter east wind. At breakfast, my father took occasion of the mention of a meeting last night, at which Kossuth and Mazzini had spoken, to say that no one had so much endangered the cause of Constitutional Government in Italy by his fanaticism as Mazzini had done—whom he yet believed

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Our evening, though long (as we had tea at six), passed quickly enough, as my father was so kind as to read aloud, first, beautiful passages from Giebel, gradually reaching the climax of grand and wonderful lines in the second part of 'Faust,' which one only understands when read aloud with explanations.

Friday, 12th November.—This day, appointed for the private view of the lying in state of the *great Duke* at Chelsea Hospital, seemed impressed with the Earl Marshal's commands for a general mourning, by the gratuitous addition of plenteous weeping! for such an amount of rain was seldom seen as to-day; we, however, set out at half-past nine, finding a file of carriages already formed, and after we had been set down in the covered entrance, slow was our advance to the octagonal vestibule, where hung the flags and banners, lighted up by a single large candelabrum, with a file of the Guards standing against the dark hangings. From thence we entered the hall, at the extremity of which stood the bier, lighted by gigantic tapers, and gorgeously covered and hung round with cloth of gold and silver velvet, and surmounted by the orders and insignia of the deceased. A close row of troops between the wall and rows of lights had a striking effect against the finely-draped hangings. The whole scene of death was so full of vigorous life. The spectators slowly and silently defiled past the catafalque, and welcome would have been some solemn swell of sacred music to fill the dead silence, which seemed to choke the effusion of feeling too strong for individual utterance. My parents' recollection reverted to the lying in state of the remains of Cardinal Consalvi, nearly thirty years before, when they felt relief from the unadorned but full-voiced chant of the 'Dies Iræ.'

We were glad to reach the shelter of home from the fearful storm, which continued increasingly all day and night, and caused inundations on the banks of the Thames in the lower regions eastwards.

Saturday, 13th November.—Carlyle came to see my father, expressing himself warmly about his journey in Germany, where he went to see the sites of the great Frederick's battles, as well as other spots of historical note; with peculiar enthusiasm he spoke of the Wartburg—'I think that little

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avoid Temple Bar and cross by Blackfriars Bridge to Dean's Yard close to the Cathedral, we were enabled to make the transit with less delay than most people, and arrived at ten. The whole sight was in the highest degree solemn and impressive, from the partition reserved for the Corps Diplomatique. Opposite to us a partition filled with the principal military officers, mostly grey-haired, headed by the Napier brothers (Sir Charles with his *classically* grand face and white bushy hair and beard), Lord Gough, Lord Anglesea, &c. Then, in another partition, sat the Peers, with the Lord Chancellor at their head; opposite to them, and close to us, the House of Commons, with their Speaker; within that partition and near where I sat, was a very amiable M.P., who imparted to me his knowledge of the names of distinguished persons, in return for which I informed him as to the foreigners, who excited much pleasure and curiosity, particularly old Count Nostitz, who wore a splendid uniform.

About half-past eleven parts of the procession began to drop in; about one o'clock the clergy filed off, with the Bishop of London and Dean Milman at their head, to meet the bier, and, after some delay, returned with it—the Choir in front singing, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' without any organ accompaniment,—both sight and sound were grand: but the most striking moment was when the coffin was lowered by invisible machinery into the vault, and all the Generals, contemporaries of the Duke, stood round, holding the banners in a circle about it, and following with a last look all that was mortal of him who had stood first among them, as the receptacle slowly vanished from sight—and most affecting it was to see so many men of iron mould shedding tears.

By the kind help of Mr. Cureton, we were conducted by bye-ways to the north entrance, where we obtained our carriage with marvellous quickness, and reached home by four o'clock. The behaviour of the untold multitudes was excellent; not a single case known of disorderly conduct, nor of the slightest irregularity, to disturb the sensation of universal sympathy, in the complicated consciousness of a proud possession and of an irreparable loss. The calculation in the newspapers was curious of the millions which London must have held on this day—every train from every quarter bring-

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from being Christianity as even Religion, in any degree—any more than gazing out of the swamp into which one has fallen, up towards another, standing safe and high on the bank, can prove the means of being drawn out of the swamp; and the attempt, in the strength of Self (that is, of the creature contemplating itself apart from God), to escape out of the swamp, is not in the slightest degree less irrational than the well-known assertion of Münchhausen, that in a similar condition he pulled himself out by grasping his own pigtail.

But that is not your religion: you believe in Christ, you lead a life of brotherly love for the brethren of Christ, and in His name; but the bridge which must be built between your conscience, and the decisions of reason as to the eternal consequences of evil, and the Redeemer, you cannot with your own reason construct. In other words, you cannot feel that in that consciousness of sin, and the self-condemnation therein comprehended, the transfusion of faith and penitence, lies the reality of redemption: which is the solution of the enigma, the being loosened from the curse of the law (that is, of conscience): from the ‘illusion of sin,’ as Novalis says. It is as if one in immediate danger of suffocation should wake up in the free air of Heaven, and yet doubt the saving quality of the atmosphere by which he is renovated, because he can neither see nor grasp it.

Into this spiritual air of heaven has Jesus brought us, not only by His having declared God as Eternal Love, but essentially yet more as having proved the fact of redemption by His perfect and all-sufficient self-sacrifice, completed for the entire human race. Nothing is thereby altered in God’s eternal nature, for that is Love; but in our consciousness of Him, as the centre of our life, the end and object, fraught with blessing, of all longing, as Him ‘in whom we live, and move, and have our being.’

This consciousness, and that of our moral responsibility, make out, whether evangelically or philosophically considered, the eternal, universal, and one only safe foundation of the doctrine of justification, as well as that of our eternal blessedness, of eternal life (John xvii. 3), in which we may live, even now, if we do not exclude ourselves. But the way thither lies in eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ (John vi.),—that is, in merging our own

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Thursday, 2nd December.—(This was the day of the Proclamation of the Empire in France ; anticipated by Madame Walewski last night, who wore white with a bouquet of violets, which Napoleon also wore on occasion of his proclamation.) The Generals took their departure from England,—only General Scharnhorst will remain as our guest; but, desiring to be incognito, he went for two days first to Oxford.

Friday, 3rd December.—My father being compelled to stay in bed, gave up, much to his regret, a breakfast-party at Mr. Milnes's, to which he was invited as 'Father Hippolytus.' The new Austrian Ambassador, Count Buol, and his Countess, made their first visit, come straight from Paris, with fresh impression of the *coup d'état*. My mother had to receive them alone, as my father was laid up. The Ambassador's entire approbation of the course taken by the new Emperor, Louis Napoleon, was quite startling: he said, 'Enfin, c'est qu'on ne vient à bout de dominer cette canaille, qu'en leur inspirant de la peur: c'est-là aussi notre politique—à nous, en Autriche.' Lord and Lady Palmerston, who also returned very lately from Paris, seemed quite won over by Louis Napoleon, and proclaim their conviction of his making good his part.

Wednesday, 8th December.—At one o'clock, the Jerusalem Committee, consisting of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Venn, Mr. Nicolayson, and my father. After it was over, my father commented on the admirable manner of transacting business among Englishmen—cool, earnest, clear, decisive—efficiency, not effect, being sought after and achieved.

We left my father at a quarter past ten, still walking up and down the length of the two drawing-rooms, after having studied the opinion of Lassen upon the situation of Eden, which very nearly coincides with his own view of the subject, to be stated in the volume of 'Egypt,' which he expects to publish by Easter 1853!

Friday, 10th December.—My father made me read aloud a copy of a letter from Guizot to Mrs. Austin, on the Proclamation of the Empire, written while the cannon was firing in honour of that 'honteuse comédie,' as he calls it. It disclaims the rumours that had been spread as to his joining the present régime.

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Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Wednesday, 15th December, 1852.

I hope to receive a word from you, on the subject of the idea of an Anglo-Prussian alliance with Belgium and Holland. My view of the matter is,—let Prussia form its alliance with those two Powers, after having by wise moderation, and by the Customs Union (*Zollverein*), regained its position in Germany: and *then*, not before, let the question be asked of England. *Allora sarà altra cosa!*

I send you a little excursion into the domain of the time between 1813 and 1839, on the occasion of a new edition of Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters.'

Contemporary Notice.

19th December, 1852.

My father's excitement on the fall of the Ministry was redoubled when he read the debates, and found that it was Mr. Gladstone who had virtually turned out Disraeli by a speech in which he went through the Budget, and showed it to be impracticable. This is the second time only that Gladstone has spoken since the existence of the Derby-Disraeli Ministry; he was asked one day by my father why he did not speak oftener, when he replied that he was withheld by mistrust in himself, lest he should find too much difficulty in keeping within Christian bounds of moderation, in endeavouring to utter faithfully the truth, and yet avoid all that might be construed into personality.

Saturday, 18th December.—At eleven o'clock, we had to take leave of the kind General Scharnhorst: my mother gave him as a remembrance the book with a key for writing reminiscences, and he seemed pleased, but did not promise to use it. My father accompanied him to the station; he was an old friend from the year 1825 at Rome, when he lived in the daily intercourse of Palazzo Caffarelli, as he has done of late in that of Carlton Terrace. My father communicated to us the good news of the successful conclusion of an important piece of business begun long since by him—the purchase of Palazzo Caffarelli by the Prussian Government for the residence of the Legation at Rome. Colonel Mure called at

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Thursday, 23rd December.—At breakfast, my father read aloud the Laboulaye article on ‘Hippolytus’—and remarked on the admirable talent of the French in compressing and expressing the opinions and meaning of another so as to reproduce them out of an improved mould. That, he said, was the case here, for the opinions were his own, but given in a terse, elegant form, which differed altogether from his. He rejoiced Miss Nightingale’s heart by assuring her that he had now satisfactorily arranged the Egyptian dynasties, and found the place of Joseph. She took leave, and left us after breakfast.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 2nd January, 1853.

I must send my beloved friend a sign of life in the beautiful Sunday morning, to thank him for his valued letter: and it just occurs to me that the enclosed lines of Rückert, which, according to Eckermann, Göthe often had recited to him, might be a pleasure to him.*

* Rückert’s poem alluded to became a real favourite of Bunsen’s later years. It runs as follows:—

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich gewacht,
Und aufgeblickt gen Himmel:
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken:
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden:
Nicht konnt ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich die Macht,
Herr über Tod und Leben,
In deine Hand gegeben:
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht.

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home party, dined, and about ten a considerable crowd collected, which on being aware of the midnight hour, hurried away all in a heap and a fright. As the presiding genius of the evening, a gigantic map of Africa by Petermann had been hung up in the library, on which the routes of all African travellers were marked, as well as the probable route of Vogel.

Friday, 18th February.—At Abbey Lodge the farewell European dinner was given to Vogel, who is to set out for Southampton on Saturday, to sail on Sunday for Malta. After dinner my father made a short speech on the African expedition, and proposed the health of Vogel: and Mr. Gurney answered with a few cordial and dignified expressions of Christian sympathy and hope.

20th February.—The long-desired letters from Africa arrived, just twelve hours after Vogel had left London—with the sad intelligence of the death of Overweg on the 27th of September last, on the border of Lake Tsad. My father was long busy with Petermann, who will work out a map from particulars sent by Dr. Barth. In the afternoon Baron Stockmar came, and my father read to him and all those in the library the Preface to his new work.

Bunsen to Agricola (President of the Consistory of Gotha).

[Translation.]

London: 3rd March, 1853.

I have interred Germany, as in Good Friday's tomb—sure in hope of that Easter morning of resurrection, which, however, I shall not see.

To a Son.

[Translation.]

22nd March, 1853.

The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity.

Towards the end of this month, the following gratifying and admirable diploma, as a D.C.L. of the University of Edinburgh, was transmitted to Bunsen:—

[Translation.]

To C. C. J. Bunsen, of the King of Prussia's Privy Council, and by him sent into Great Britain, as an Envoy most wel-

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over, all by degrees made their way to the centre, to shake hands with Mrs. Stowe, and make obeisance to the Duchess. My father spoke some time to Mrs. Stowe, and was greatly struck by her, as we all were—no affectation; dignity and self-possession in her whole appearance.

Thursday, 26th May.—We had the pleasure of welcoming M. Valette, who had been making a tour in Scotland, in the interest of his poor German congregation at Paris, for whom a chapel and schools have to be built; it was a great privilege to have him in the house; the ten days of his stay left behind them an impression of peace and of deep interest in the best things in the midst of the noisy whirl of our London life.

2nd June.—I went with Neukomm early at eight o'clock, to witness the Confirmation and *Première Communion* of the two French Princes, sons of the Duchess of Orleans. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Wiseman, in presence of all the Royal Family of France, and a large number of French Orleanist *noblesse*.

Saturday, 18th June.—My father having been invited to see the Crystal Palace in its still unfinished state, we packed ourselves a carriage full to accompany him. After passing Dulwich the country prospect became charming, and soon we perceived the new building on a wooded height. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Owen Jones, guided us and a large party over this wonderful construction, which promises to realise Aladdin's Palace. From the galleries the view is beautiful, and was evidently enjoyed by the eighty singers from Cologne, who had been brought over by Mr. Mitchell. By degrees all visitors had collected (400 or 500) in a comparatively *small corner* of the galleries, when suddenly the eighty began to sing; and grandly did their voices sound, electrifying the workpeople of all tongues and nations, who ceased hammering, and joined in a loud hurrah as soon as the first song ended. After the second song, the dinner bell summoned the thousands from their various places of work, and they were like a swarm of bees passing along all ladders and stairs and corridors; when the eighty sounded forth 'God save the Queen!' and each and all remained standing, hat in hand, on whatever spot they had reached, till at the end they burst into another loud hurrah! It was a heart-stirring scene. Then

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Count and Ernest, went to Dover, to receive the Prince and Princess of Prussia, who arrived in the night.

27th June.—In the afternoon the Prince of Prussia was so kind as to call,—unfortunately, my mother was out.

Tuesday, 28th June.—My father went at six to the christening (in the chapel of Buckingham Palace) of the little Prince *Leopold George Duncan Albert*; and was at the splendid banquet afterwards. At ten there was an evening invitation to a limited number; my mother saw with pleasure *our* Princess Louise, grown much taller and handsomer in the last two years.

Wednesday, 6th July.—My father read at breakfast the Emperor Nicholas's manifesto, which accuses the Porte of violation of faith, and declares a crusade and holy war! My father said, even the aggression of Napoleon against Spain was hardly so devoid of pretext as this act, which he considered to be a wanton rushing upon destruction on the part of the Emperor. When my father went into his library with me after breakfast, he could not refrain from beginning over again about this extraordinary event, of which he spoke with great emotion, as though he felt woes to be at hand.

Thursday, 7th July.—The accounts from Weimar (of the father of the Princess of Prussia) are more serious, and the Prince and Princess are going off this very evening. The Queen did not take leave of them in person, for fear of communicating the infection, as she attends upon Prince Albert, who has the measles.

Thursday, 21st July.—Mr. Layard at breakfast, with Captain Jones, who has been twenty-six years in the East, and sixteen of them in Mesopotamia. He brought with him plans made by himself of Mosul, and the site of Nineveh, where he has measured the ground almost by inches, and felt so perfectly at home, that in the great wilderness of London he is quite strange and solitary. His plans and explanations enable one to form a conception of these ancient cities, which was difficult so long as one remained confounded by the modern notion of a town as consisting of a heap of stones, more or less well arranged, with street crammed close to street, and scarcely room for the air to circulate, far less for fields, trees, and cultivation. It is plain that we are to think of Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, as enclosures, with walls well fortified and capable of defence, including a space more like a small

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I am beginning to express in English what I mean to say—what I *wish*, and not only what I *must*: (i. e., I am becoming the master of the language, instead of being mastered by it.)

Extracts from Diaries (continued).

Friday, 5th August.—My parents dined at the Palace, where, with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, they were the only guests. The Queen is looking much better since she had the measles, so long dreaded as dangerous for her, the skin much clearer.

Tuesday, 9th August.—My parents received an official invitation to be present at the grand review of the fleet off Spithead on the 11th.

My father and Ernest went to Dover to meet the Prince of Prussia, who is going to Osborne to be present at the naval review.

Thursday, 11th August.—My mother being laid up in bed by a sharp attack of illness (she has been the last to fail, each of us, beginning with my father, having paid the penalty of over-exertion and excitement), I was allowed to profit by her ticket, and with my father and Ernest reached London Bridge by six, where in great confusion, peers, commoners, Corps Diplomatique in various grades, were all seeking places in the last special train for Gosport, at which place we were marshalled by Sir Edward Cust, and packed in boats, which rowed us to our several destinations—the Bull Dog and Stromboli being appointed for the peers and commoners, and the Vivid for the Corps Diplomatique. The day was splendid, —glorious sunshine and a light breeze: the sea quite calm, and sparkling. As we got farther out, the enormous and magnificent men-of-war (the Duke of Wellington, the Agamemnon, &c.) were an unique spectacle, the background being filled by hundreds of yachts with sails brilliant in the sunshine. We reached our vessel by ten o'clock, and were soon in sight of the Victoria and Albert, which was no sooner perceived than all the ships saluted; the sound, and the appearance of the vessels enveloped in smoke, was exceedingly grand. We kept constantly near the Queen's ship, and thus could follow her movements, and saw the whole royal party, including our Prince, conveyed to visit

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Weimar, and Lord Hardinge, being invited to meet him. We were told afterwards that my father proposed the Prince's health with a few words, to which the Prince replied in French by giving the Queen's health, remarking on two circumstances,—one, that he, having been present with the King his father, and the present King, at the last naval review in 1814, should, of all that witnessed it, be the only one to assist at this second great naval review; then, that he had the pleasure to behold by his side a General who had fought with Blücher in the great European battle which had delivered the Continent from tyranny, and which followed so close on the first naval review.

At eight o'clock the Prince and suite departed to London Bridge Station.

Sunday, 14th August.—The Duke and Duchess of Argyll called, with their beautiful little daughter. The Duke gave an entertaining account of the Ministerial Fish Dinner, which never fails to terminate the Session, and took place yesterday. Lord Palmerston presided, and made most humorous speeches in giving the toasts; in proposing Lord Aberdeen's health, he said that Lord A.'s Administration sufficiently showed that the object of a Tory Government was destruction, for it had succeeded in destroying one of the most leading and influential principles in English political life,—namely, *party spirit*: and that not only in his own party but in the Opposition.

Saturday, 20th August.—In the morning I was busy tracing an ancient map of Arabia for my father; Dr. Max Müller came to stay a few days. We walked with my father in the park; he was full of his *Himyaritic* studies, which have led him to dwell much upon Arabia and particularly on Yemen. In the evening much conversation: Dr. Müller made us laugh with anecdotes, among others of a Professor of Arabic (who could not read the language) receiving a MS. said to be Sanscrit, which, however, came from China; Müller and others were asked to be present at the opening, when no sooner were the characters visible, than he read the first words of Genesis in Hebrew!

Tuesday, 23rd August.—Prince Adalbert came to luncheon, bringing two gentlemen with him, Herr von Lepel, and a Swedish captain (the Prussian naval officers are still too young in the service for the rank of captain). He stayed all

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thinking how you will have enjoyed this late, but all the more welcome, summer day. Pray read Göthe's '*Geistesworte*,' they are prodigious.

Dedication to Julius Hare of Vol. I. of 'Christianity and Mankind.'

[Translated by Fanny Shuttleworth, now Mrs. Bevan.*]

Look we to the earth beneath us, over graves our pathway lies,

Underneath the stars it lieth, look we upward to the skies;
Many a loved one has departed, from amongst us here below,
Many an ancient mound hides from us blessed dead of long ago.

Look we up then, life eternal beckons to us from on high,
Here on earth we yet are living, in the deep eternity:
Led by this our God's creation to adore, and think, and love,
Whilst the Spirit, high and holy, breathes upon us from above.

Unto them that book is sealed, who are working for reward,
Who with endless torment threaten souls who seek the rest of God;

Blind, who from the twilight wander into night, and seeing nought

In the Spirit's work eternal but a passing human thought.

In eternity still live we, looking to that spirit-land,
Where, from God's own light of glory, shine to us the hero-band,

Who on earth stood firm and fearless, fighting in the power of faith,

For the heritage immortal, true and faithful unto death.

There in radiance, clear and beauteous, shine the churches' holy light,

And the Truth, no longer darkened by the gloom of earthly night;

There the slave, and there the captive, break the chains that held them long,

With the Spirit's power, almighty, speak to us that blessed throng.

* The original is given in the Appendix.

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Calvinists, which was the work of the late King, in which Niebuhr and Schleiermacher zealously supported him. My father said that nobody could more love and admire the Augsburg Confession than he did, if considered in connection with the circumstances in and for which it was written; yet there are points (such as the declaration of damnation against all who believe not in eternal damnation) which numbers, as well as himself, would decline to swear to.

5th October.—The Church conferences at Berlin have closed better than seemed probable. Nitzsch and Snetlage have restored the balance on the Union side. A letter to my father from Humboldt, kind and friendly as usual. Count and Countess Beust returned from Ireland, in their accustomed bright spirits, and full of amusing anecdotes. Preparations for my mother's going with me to Llanover on October 7; my father cannot go in the present condition of foreign affairs. A great prize of 70*l.* had been offered for an essay on the Trial by Jury, against the Abergavenny Cwmreiggyddion; it was gained by Stephens, a druggist, on my father's award.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Llanover.)

London: 10th October, 1853.

[Bunsen had been urgently invited to be present at the Cwmreiggyddion, and had consented to look over the prize essays and give his award.]

I cannot come—war has been eventually announced to Russia if she does not say *formally* what she wanted the other Powers to say—that is, the contrary of what she *has* said. I have conferences daily—telegrams and despatches twice! My award is being copied.

Words written by Bunsen in the Album at Cuddesdon Palace (Bishop of Oxford's), on departing, 12th November, 1853.

Dominus habitat in viris amantibus pacem, et enim vera pax in caritate est: a contentiosis vero et perditis malitia longe abest. Reddite igitur ei Spiritum integrum sicut accepistis.—*Hermæ 'Pastor.'*

Ausgang ist gut: Einkehr ist besser.—*Tauler's 'Predigten.'*

In leaving to you, my dear Lord Bishop, as a *tessera hospitalitatis*, these lines, taken out of the two works which

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when he preached an excellent and beautiful sermon at St. Peter's church.

Extracts from Diaries.

Saturday, 3rd December.—Mr. Abich, the geologist, and Professor Owen, came and gave us very curious information. Mr. Abich showed charts of the southern coast of the Sea of Azow, which is entirely volcanic; and as the mud-eruptions continue to accumulate land, one can there see in action the actual process of many older formations.

Bunsen to Count Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: 8th December, 1853.

First of all, as to my coming to Berlin. I am in a course of regimen, with a view to becoming free from chronic suffering. I am unequal to more than a very small amount of walking or other exercise, and yet exercise is an absolute condition of amendment. What here keeps me in tolerable health is, 1, regular diet: 2, frequent but short walks (on the terrace or adjoining park); and, 3, the mildness of the climate, which allows of these frequent daily walks. For these rules of life, all things are here arranged. At Berlin, I could not lead the life I ought. Sir Henry Holland is of opinion that by the month of April I may be better.

In the second place, who should carry on the diplomatic relations? I see Clarendon almost daily; he receives me in the early part of the morning in his own house. In the afternoon, I may read at the Foreign Office whatever I wish to see. With Aberdeen I have *les petites entrées*; also to Prince Albert when in London, regularly towards eleven o'clock in the morning, towards six in the afternoon, privately, and between times by means of writing. I am informed of everything. Walewski, who is a *power*, communicates with me personally with the greatest readiness; so also Musurus and Buchanan. Only with Colloredo and Brunnow would a substitute do as well as myself, but an influence with the Cabinet and Ministry no one can obtain without length of time. I believe that I possess all the influence which, with our politics, is possible.

Extracts from Diaries (continued).

1st January, 1854.—Before the close of the old year, we had already received the long-expected intelligence of the death of dear General Radowitz, on Christmas Day! We have the privilege of remembering many most interesting days during his stay with us three years ago, the impression of which will not easily wear away. The conversation at breakfast turned upon Radowitz, of whom, bred up as he was at a Jesuit school, it might be said that his whole turn of mind was based upon what the head of a Jesuit school at Vienna had declared to my father to be the basis of their system of education—*Religion* (in their sense, i.e., the inflexible binding rule), and *Mathematics*.

Monday, 2nd January.—The Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone dined here. The conversation turned upon Naples and Italy,—a subject on which Mr. Gladstone is quite at home.

Wednesday, 25th January.—To breakfast came Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Arthur, Professor Owen, afterwards Mr. Venn, and several missionaries and men of learning, to take part in the long-planned conference on the comparative merits of two systems of transcription for all alphabets; according to that of Max Müller, *italics* would take the place of all accents, lines, dots, used in that of Lepsius. The conference lasted uninterruptedly till half-past one o'clock. To dinner came Sir George Staunton and Dr. Bowring, the latter is going out as Envoy to China. He told us much about the Chinese in his very entertaining manner.

Tuesday, 31st January.—The opening of Parliament on this day had been looked forward to with some anxiety, lest there should have been an outbreak of the violent feeling against Prince Albert, produced by the circulation of absurd reports, attributing to him unwarrantable interference in the Cabinet, the Privy Council, the Horse Guards, and where not? Great was our relief in the redoubled and extreme cheering that attended the Queen's passage. Just before the Queen passed, there was much cheering of the Musurus carriage, showing the public good-will towards the Turks under their present circumstances of hardship and aggression. My father went to hear the speeches. Lord

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brown, from snout to tail, and to the very end of his paws; a Cashmere dog, as big as a young lion, with just such legs and paws,—very amiable to those he knows, but terrible to an enemy; also an Esquimaux dog, one bush of hair, out of which peep the sly fox-eyes and sharp nose. The dogs were all pleased to be noticed, and I should have liked to have sat down amongst them to try to draw them, the place being as clean and fresh as possible; but I had to hasten away to drive with your father, a beautiful circuit round the Castle, twice crossing the Thames. But I should best have liked to have had your children with me, to see what I saw that evening between five and six o'clock, when we were allowed to follow the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside, for a representation of the Four Seasons, studied and contrived by the Royal children as a surprise to the Queen, in celebration of the day. First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers, and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's 'Seasons;' she moved gracefully, and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice sweet and penetrating like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn, and the scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest work; another change, and Prince Alfred with a crown of vine leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn—looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such), and the Princess Louisa, a charming little muffled up figure, busy keeping up a fire; the Prince reciting (as all had done) passages more or less modified from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the Seasons were grouped together, and far behind, on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil, hanging on both sides down to her feet, holding a long cross, and pronouncing a blessing upon the Queen and the Prince. These verses were composed for the occasion: I understood them to say, that *Saint Helena*, remembering her own British extraction, came to pronounce a benediction upon the Rulers of her country; and I think it must

CHAPTER XVI.

RECALL FROM LONDON—INDEPENDENCE.

BUNSEN RECALLED FROM ENGLAND—DEPARTURE FROM CARLTON TERRACE—FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS—ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AND FAMILY AT CHARLOTTENBERG—CORRESPONDENCE FROM HEIDELBERG—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—STATE OF GERMANY—BIBLE WORK—DEATH OF ARCH-DEACON HARE.

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Extracts from Diaries (continued).

On the 11th April, 1854, the first telegraphic announcement was made in the 'Times' of my father's being recalled from his post in London,—he himself not having received any notification of the fact, nor did he receive it officially for long after, although aware that the King had accepted his resignation, sent in the first week in April. The time of suspense and uncertainty was painful, but the kindly feeling towards my father and all of us, evinced in thousands of enquiries, notes, and letters of regret, when once the fact became known, was most gratifying. The feelings must be left out of the question with which we worked at despoiling our beautiful dwelling of the signs of our own especial life in it: yet when at last the great work was accomplished, it was with thankfulness that we left those desolate rooms, filled as they were with associations and recollections of an important period of life, abounding in joy and sorrow—and were glad to find a temporary home under the friendly roof of beloved ones in Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park.

Contemporary Notice, by a Daughter-in-Law, in a Letter.

23rd April, 1854.

. . . The girls, no doubt, have written to you about their departure. The house to me never appeared more attractive than it did that afternoon, and it seemed hard to look on

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most closely had contemplated him, knew him to be, the result must be to prove that he was incapable of any intention or action inconsistent with his integrity, and his devotedness to the good of his King and country, as he understood it.

It is not for the writer of these lines to examine or determine where, and how far, Bunsen was entangled in errors of judgment; and therefore the question whether he would not have done better to resign his post previous to the signature of the Danish Protocol of London, in 1852, must be left, with many other questions, to the decision of others. That the resignation, at last tendered in April 1854, had not been much earlier determined upon, may be referred to the causes which made the final departure from England so indescribably painful, that nothing but the total impossibility of carrying on his diplomatic transactions with due regard to that unity of purpose and character essential to his conception of public duty, could have brought him to the pitch of resolution, necessary for resigning,—not the show and importance of a high station (which entailed labour and loss of time which were every year felt to be more oppressive), but the vivid succession of animated interests, moral, religious, political, intellectual, which made his daily existence one course of imbibing ideas, of taking in at will successive draughts of universal life, in nations or in nature, while resident on that spot of earth which he loved to call the world's metropolis. This universality of energy (all powers being with him ever living), and his inexhaustible stock of animal spirits, enabled him to meet the demands made upon him, by every variety of matter to a degree most persons would find it difficult to keep pace with, even in fancy; and the friction in every direction, which would have been wearing and overstraining to minds in general, furnished him with exactly the desired degree of stimulus, weariness never being the result of any amount of mental

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acceptance, at High Wood, beyond Harrow, with the faithful friend of many years, Lady Raffles, with her to reflect aloud, to look beyond, before, and around them; and in the beneficent stillness of the country and the spring, to collect fresh strength and spirit for days and weeks of trying transition. The royal licence to depart having arrived, no longer delay was allowed to intervene but such as was indispensable for the last arrangements; the painful resolution was made and executed, to part with multiplied memorials of past periods of animated existence, in the form of pictures, engravings, and other objects of art, and even with the greater portion of a library, more precious to Bunsen than all the rest, which at first he had determined to pack up and remove with him, until convinced on trial that the mass would be too great for any house that he would be likely in future to occupy, and a selection was made, which, however bulky, had better have been larger, since numerous were the works subsequently required and purchased a second time; but the act of renunciation once decided upon, naturally assumed too large dimensions. This difficulty once over, Bunsen was prevailed upon to leave the distasteful occupation of breaking up and destroying the complicated structure of domestic life and comfort which he and his family had enjoyed, to those whose labour and sense of repugnance was indescribably lessened and lightened by the consciousness that he was spared all that he could be relieved from, by accepting the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, at St. Leonard's, where, in the enjoyment of sea air and of the most soothing and gratifying attentions, he employed the leisure much needed for the last finishing of various works, for which the printing press was, as it were, waiting. Extracts from a few letters will mark not only the individual occupations of the time, but also the fullness of vigour with which he had struggled, and gradually overcome the intensely felt trials of the crisis. In that house of

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celebration. The Steam Navigation Company would not accept payment for the transmission of the family and their bulky effects, nor would the porters of St. Katherine's Docks allow of remuneration for the very considerable labour of conveying the latter on board, offering such labour as a token of much-prized respect. Bunsen remained with his son in the Regent's Park as many days longer as were indispensable for delivering the whole of his work to the press; the extracts which follow from his letters will give some idea of the quantity of labour gone through, and the spirit which seemed to prevent all consciousness of exertion. Friends continued to collect about him, and it was difficult to convince many of them that his remaining longer in England (at least for the period that might be required for complying with invitations to lengthened visits in the country) was for many reasons out of the question; the principal reason always being that Bunsen could never be happy, for a continuance, but in a home of his own; and after the breaking up of the home of years, no time was to be lost in constructing another. At length the two busy and exciting weeks which formed the close of the important thirteen years of his life in England came to an end; and the presence of his son George on his journey smoothed over the effort of his departure. On the way up the Rhine the travellers stopped at Neu Wied, to visit the Prince and Princess of Wied, at their lovely country residence, Monrepos. They had but just returned themselves from Paris, where a residence of nearly a year had been blessed to them by the restoration of health and power of activity to the Princess by the hands of Count Szapary. Bunsen was overpowered by paternal joy at the sight of his second daughter Emilia, restored equal with the Princess to the powers and the well-being (which, granted at her birth, had long been in abeyance), by the same persevering endeavours and the same beneficent effluence of healing vigour, under the kin-

Extracts from Daughters' Letters.

Saturday, May, 1854.

We have literally packed from morning till night—and now at last, in a short breathing time, I try to give some account of the great change of plans and views which took place on Thursday last, when my father himself came to the conclusion that nothing will do but our going to Germany. Bonn, Basle, and, at last, Heidelberg, were passed in review; and it actually and really seems fixed that the latter should be our home. I can hardly describe the difference it makes to us in all the trouble and fatigue of this removal, to look forward to a *home*, whereas before I felt as if we were never again (for some time at least) to have a roof of our own over our heads. The mixture of feeling you can fancy—how the thought of having to remove farther from so many beloved ones, besides the entire beginning of life afresh, weighs heavy in the opposite balance to the joyous anticipation of living in the beloved fatherland, and becoming personally acquainted with it. My dearest parents are both quite happy in the idea—my father full of the bright side of the plan. What a comfort that he has thus been brought to this conclusion without any further distress or disappointment!

Last Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten Whit Sunday: my father and mother and all of us went to the Savoy Church for the last time, and we stayed all together at the Holy Communion, after which we were asked to go into the vestry, where clergy and superintendents desired leave to present an address to my father. Dear old Steinkopf was too unwell to read the address which he had written, most warmly and affectionately, and it was read aloud by Schoell: the vestry was as full as it could hold of persons who had remained on purpose to be present. Then my father spoke a few words in answer, most beautifully—very different from his manner of speaking in English; and giving such excellent parting advice as to the duty of all Germans in England, never to forget the fatherland, but to remain in spiritual communion with it, besides giving all the material aid in the power of every one severally. Half, at least, of those present were in tears; and the affectionate words and manner of each, as we all shook hands, were most affecting. The

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*Extract of a Letter from a Son in London to his Brother
in the Country.*

8th May, 1854.

The letter of the Prince of Prussia was followed by one from the Princess,—equally warm, and, in fact, affectionate. Prince Albert has been most warm in his expressions, in his own name and that of Queen Victoria. You will be delighted to read these letters, with those of many a real friend. Lord John Russell's is a fine document. Lord Aberdeen kept my father two hours, and parted from him with tears in his eyes. 'I was instrumental in fixing you here, thirteen years ago, and indeed I do not regret it—I *cannot* take leave of you.' Lord Palmerston speaks as quite indignant at this break up, and shows all the kindness he can.

We felt it a great blessing to drive to church yesterday, for my father, as it were, to take leave. He was very happy, in a solemn temper. You would have been glad to have been present, when during the last part of the hymn, he bowed down his fine head, leaning it on both his hands, and prayed silently, an abundant flow of tears rushing from his eyes. Nothing could be more mild and heavenly than his spirit all the day—open, bright, and generous to all whom he met.

A new African expedition is about to start, and I have succeeded in getting a College friend of mine in (Bleek), through my father, whose letter to Lord Clarendon on this subject was his last official application, and, as being such, successful.

This night my father and mother go to the Queen's Concert—the last time of attending a Court festivity.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th May, 1854.

Your valued second letter has hit upon the very crisis of our life ;—we must give up England, and we are about to remove to Germany, and to Heidelberg. To-morrow I shall learn whether the house there must be taken from the 24th. Should this be the case, we should be obliged to set out about the 18th.

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esting drive we had ! He talked so beautifully and touchingly of everything, especially of his visit to Prince Albert, saying he had referred him to his translation of the 73rd Psalm, as the best description of the present time. So we got to the station, where he took leave of the old coachman ; and then we paced up and down. He talked about us all, and all that his children were to him, now more than ever. And then he departed : and I returned to Carlton Terrace to talk to G. about business, and carry away my usual daily cargo of things set apart for you and Mary and ourselves.

That evening they all adjourned hither ; Frances in time to superintend my dressing for the Queen's Ball—whither I went with E. The Queen asked particularly of E. after his father.

*Bunsen to Miss Winkworth.**

77 Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea : 12th May, 1854.

Your letter and the proof sheets of your Translation of the 'Theologia Germanica,' with Kingsley's Preface and your Introduction, were delivered to me yesterday, as I was leaving Carlton Terrace to breathe once more, for a few days, the refreshing air of this quiet, lovely place. You told me that you had been led to study Tauler and the 'Theologia Germanica' by some conversations which we had on the subject in 1851, and you wish me to state to your readers, in a few lines, what place I conceive this school of Germanic theology to hold in the general development of Christian thought, and what appears to me to be the bearing of this work, in particular upon the present dangers and prospects of Christianity, as well as upon the eternal interests of religion in the heart of every man and woman.

I may begin by saying with Luther, I rank this short treatise next to the Bible : but, unlike him, should place it before rather than after St. Augustine. That school of pious, learned, and profound men, of which this book is, as it were, the popular catechism, was the Germanic counterpart of Romanic scholasticism, and more than the revival of that Latin theology which produced so many eminent thinkers, from Augustine, its father, to Thomas Aquinas, its last great

* Printed by way of introduction to Miss Winkworth's translation of 'Theologia Germanica.'

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up against the temptations of prosperity and the trials of adversity.

In following this course they brought the people back from hollow profession and real despair to the blessings of Gospel religion, while they opened to philosophic minds a new career of thought. By teaching that man is justified by faith, and by faith alone, they prepared the intellectual element of the Reformation; by teaching that this faith has its philosophy, as fully able to carry conviction to the understanding, as faith to give peace to the troubled conscience, they paved the way for that spiritual philosophy of the mind of which Kant laid the foundation. But they were not controversialists, as the Reformers of the sixteenth century were driven to be by their position, and not men of science exclusively, as the masters of modern philosophy in Germany were and are. Although most of them friars, or laymen connected with the religious orders of the time, they were men of the people, and men of action. They preached the saving faith to the people in churches, in hospitals, in the streets and public places. In the strength of this faith, Tauler, when he had been already for years the universal object of admiration as a theologian and preacher through all the free cities on the Rhine, from Basle to Cologne, humbled himself, and remained silent for the space of two years, after the mysterious layman had shown him the insufficiency of his scholastic learning and preaching. In the strength of this faith he braved the Pope's interdict, and gave the consolations of religion to the people of Strasburg, during the dreadful plague which depopulated that flourishing city. For this faith, Eckart suffered with patience slander and persecution, as formerly he had borne with meekness honours and praise. For this faith, Nicolaus of Basle, who sat down as a humble stranger at Tauler's feet, to become the instrument of his real enlightenment, died a martyr in the flames. In this sense, the 'Friends of God' were, like the Apostles, men of the people, and practical Christians, while, as men of thought, their ideas contributed powerfully to the great efforts of the European nations in the sixteenth century.

Let me, therefore, my dear friend, lay aside all philosophical and theological terms, and state the principles of the

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earnestness, and the first of these eminent writers carries out, as it appears to me, most consistently, that fundamental truth of the 'Theologia Germanica,' that there is no sin but selfishness, and that all selfishness is sin.

Such appear to me to be the characteristics of our book and of Tauler.

I may be allowed to add, that this small but golden treatise has been now for almost forty years an unspeakable comfort to me and to many Christian friends (most of whom have already departed in peace) to whom I had the happiness of introducing it. May it, in your admirably faithful and lucid translation, become a real 'book for the million' in England, a privilege which it already shares in Germany with Tauler's matchless sermons, of which I rejoice to hear that you are making a selection for publication! May it become a blessing to many a longing Christian heart in that dear country of yours, which I am on the point of leaving after many happy years of residence, but on which I can never look as a strange land to me, any more than I shall ever consider myself as a stranger in that home of Teutonic liberty and energy which I have found to be also the home of practical Christianity, and of warm and faithful affection!

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

77 Marina, St. Leonard's: 12th May, 1854.

I arrived here prosperously, and was received at the station by Emily and a servant, to my great refreshment. I came on foot hither, where the excellent master of the house met me, followed by Mrs. Wagner, with the hearty kindness peculiar to himself—he having been cured of an indisposition, and called out of bed by yesterday's successful election of Mr. North. After the 'substantial tea,' the two good girls played Beethoven and other things, and then I went (*quite well*) to bed, and rose early this morning. Before six I was writing at my 'Conclusion' for the press, which I hope to finish before noon. My feeling is that I may be suddenly called back to town. Everything is ready for whatever may come, and whenever it comes.

My 'Chronological Tables' (stretching over 3,300 years) Johannes Brandis has carried through 600 years already and

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to-morrow early, and send off a fair copy to her, as I promised. Thus I shall just have brought to an end the work undertaken in and for England, when the hour of departure is come. What a misfortune it would have been if the crisis had occurred six months sooner! . . . I deserted you, all of you dear ones, in the midst of labour and care; but I quiet myself with the reflection that the time was come when I ceased to be helpful, and could only by my presence disturb and impede you.

14th May.—Things at Berlin are in a serious position—it is in the character of people to rush blindly towards the abyss, and then, at a sudden jolt, to stop and let go everything by half measures and contradictions.

A fine notion that of placing me in the *Ober-Kirchenrath* (Upper Church Council)! An eagle may be caught as well as a crow, but not enticed down from his rock by a vulgar bait, as the crow might be from his tree. No! ‘*Sursum corda*’ is the word and ‘*Kopf oben*’ (‘head above the water’). I wish they would come direct to me with the offer! My letter to Miss Winkworth will please you; it flowed out of my very soul, and is a leave-taking from the country and nation which I shall never see again.

I have walked out four times to-day, and besides have driven in the evening with the Wagners. The dear host and hostess are kind beyond description, and when I have once promised to walk, Emily insists, in the most amiable manner, but with the pitiless force of a steam-screw of 200-horse power, and gains her point.

To Archdeacon Julius Hare.

77 Marina, St. Leonard’s-on-Sea: 22nd May, 1854.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot be with you to-morrow bodily, but I shall be with you in soul and spirit on that auspicious day, which crowns so many noble and pious wishes, and hopes, and prayers, and sacrifices. God be thanked that you will see to-morrow that beautiful spot consecrated for ever to God’s service, on the outskirts of that population among whom you and yours have grown and lived.

I am awaiting in this refreshing sea air and quiet the

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XVI.*Bunsen to his Wife. (At Heidelberg.)*

[Translation.]

Abbey Lodge : Monday, 12th June, 1854.

Only one line—a sign of life and love. I have had a delightful day with Max Müller, who told me the result of the Turner Essay, which I had no time to read ; Trevelyan was also there, and Jowett, all full of kindness. I feel quite overwhelmed by so much affection ; may I once leave the world, as now I leave England,—with love all around, but yet going willingly !

To-day I shall be with Hare ; to-morrow, Stanley ; Wednesday, the Thatched House ; Thursday, Gladstone comes to breakfast ; Friday, leave taking. The Prince and the Queen always most kind. All things prepared for departure. Harford has given me a copy of the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel. Yesterday we had a terrible storm, but you will have been safe in port before that.

Friday, 16th June.—This, beloved, has been a serious day, the last (seemingly at least) in England : besides which, until two days ago, it seemed to me impossible that I could accomplish all, even though thirty men of Spottiswoode's printing establishment work day and night, and yet more impossible did Rowan and Spottiswoode deem it that I should keep pace with so many hands. In addition, my Japhetic translation of John vi. and xvii. was still due, and some of my xxx. Theses were not done to my mind. Lastly, I found that the Preface to 'Egypt' ii. had still need of a notice of two new works, which I had hardly read. God be thanked, all this is finished, half an hour ago. Brandis and G. helped faithfully. This morning the last words, for the Thesis and some other chapters, came from my pen. Thus is my last English work completed, and has grown out of an occasional into a permanent work ; for the thoughts laid down in it will long outlive me, and perhaps here or in the United States will find a fruitful soil, sooner than in Germany, distracted as it is, without nerve for action.

As Brandis is finishing the examination of the 'Chronological Tables,' I may freely turn my eyes and mind towards my German fatherland. Never in my life have I felt more conscious of the Divine support and blessing ! and I hope that consciousness will keep me in humility as in faith.

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I leave England, as I hope and wish to leave this world—loving and beloved, but willing and cheerful.

Think of me on Wednesday. My blessing again on your children, and the dear baby in particular—Ever your affectionate father—BUNSEN.

Bunsen reached Mannheim on June 22nd, at night, and was met by his wife and two daughters early on the morning of the 23rd, when they were all present at the Confirmation of the youngest, performed by the truly reverend pastor, Winterwerber, at the Educational Institute (then presided over by Fraülein Amalia Jung), where Matilda Bunsen had been placed the preceding year. This introduction of his daughter, with a large number of her contemporaries and fellow-pupils, into the period of self-dependence, in itself solemn and affecting, was rendered more impressive by the intense earnestness with which the honoured teacher reiterated the convictions which he had long laboured to fix in the minds of his scholars; and it was heart-warming and soothing for Bunsen to re-enter—through this celebration of a Christian solemnity, upon which he set a peculiar value—the life of his native country. After this, a short remaining railway journey brought him to the habitation, which had not been definitely engaged till after he should have seen it, and acquiesced in the opinion of its being, not only the only house in Heidelberg that could have suited him, but also the spot which more especially combined the multiplied beauties of the valley of the Neckar. His image, as he stood leaning over the balustrade of the terrace of Charlottenberg, entranced by the prospect, which was gilded by the fullness of sunshine upon the full development of vegetation, and embalmed by the scent of orange-flowers and roses in the garden—forgetting that the lady possessor of the house and his wife were waiting to show him the rooms—will remain while memory lasts in the mind of the latter, reviving the thankful feeling of that

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Your mother and sisters have done wonders, and the rooms look so home-like that one cannot admit the possibility of ever quitting them. The lower apartment, with the terrace and its prospect, are enjoyable even in rainy weather, but in sunshine ideally beautiful. I feel cause to thank God daily for being here: for I experience almost tangibly that I have need of all my time and all my powers, to carry out the task laid upon me by the fifth volume of 'Egypt.' I am, once for all, a German, placing before me the ideal problem as being capable of solution, because that solution is an intellectual necessity; and at the same time I am an Englishman, who refers to history all questions concerning reality. In the case of mythology, and more especially the Egyptian, these views must meet in one point, and the undertaking is no easy one. When, fifty years ago, enquiries came upon the track of the ideas which pervade all ancient mythologies, those ideas were treated as beings self-existent and self-evolving: the myth, the doctrine, the tradition, were looked upon as living spirits, producing in the human mind perceptions which it received with awe and wonder. This notion adheres closely to Schelling and the Grimms: and yet it is erroneous. On the contrary, personality is all in all: that is, the true and real personality, which becomes the organ of the slumbering consciousness of his contemporaries. Thoth and Bytis were founders of philosophical systems by symbols, worship, solemnities, myths: as Menes founded a kingdom, and Plato and Aristotle a system of dialectics. The manuals of these prophets were disciples, and tribes, and nations: their debates were wars of the gods, which signify struggles of religious opinion. The Egyptians came from Asia, with about the same language by which we decipher the records upon the most ancient monuments, without inscription, but probably with memorial images (*Denkbilder*) as memorials. Should we not, by the method of exhaustion—now, that the monuments speak to us—at least be able to find out which of the possible points of commencement was the real one, and what was the succession of layers which so soon and distinctly reveal themselves?

R. is a hasty South-German, not of philosophic spirit: L. has no fruitful ideas; Schelling is great, but a Suabian,

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race, in mere 'household words.' My Dedication to Schelling pleases others, and myself too. That to Champollion may turn out well also: it is a sort of legend.

Mrs. Hamilton is here, in full animation and originality. Miss Wynn also—a great satisfaction.

In the 'Westminster Review' for July is a good announcement of Miss Winkworth's 'Theologia Germanica,' and a stupid article upon Comte's book, designated 'Positive Philosophy' (read negative); and yet, the man has scented something of the philosophy of the history of mankind. Who can have written the article? and who the very clever one upon Milman's 'Latin Christianity'? in fact, an independent essay, appended probably because the editor would not identify himself with an article so positively Christian. In Germany nothing appears of any importance; the most wretched trifles are cried up. Everyone thinks himself a critic—no one is productive. All is sunk into bitterness, and dismemberment, and dejection. God be thanked for the splendid harvest! the only joyful event for the world.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

22nd August

The plans of the Camarilla are becoming more extravagant than ever. Being disappointed by Auerswald, one of them has conceived the design of preparing an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France; of course, against England and Austria—Haugwitz outdone!

In a letter dated Michaelmas 1854, Bunsen observes, on the subject of the dogma about to be proclaimed by the Pope as binding on the conscience of all Catholics,—that all Protestants could do, would be to point out to reasonable Catholics to what a point they are being led by the Pope. At the same time he declares his conviction, that no good influence can be exerted by Protestants upon Catholics, until they shall have achieved a right to speak with authority upon experience, by constituting and representing real communities in home, Church, and State.

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With these words I closed five years ago my political contemplations. Now, at the entrance of my sixty-fourth year, I find myself removed from the banks of the Thames to those of the Neckar, and from public life to the tranquillity of domestic and literary retirement.

That long-foreseen moment came before the mind's eye with unmistakable reality and deathlike solemnity in November 1850. How I then formed the determination to retire, as soon as an opportunity for so doing should offer, without neglect of duty towards fatherland or family; how meanwhile I resumed work long since begun and laid aside, and betook myself to new research; how at the same time I prepared the mind of the King, through Radowitz, for my resolution; how in 1851 I went to Bonn, to take cognisance of the harbour in which I desired to find refuge; how on the very eve of asking leave of absence and permission to resign, I was suddenly detained by serious illness, and how the near approach of winter rendered removal impossible; how in the beginning of 1852 I resolved to maintain the post as long as possible, which my political opponents projected to occupy with one of their own number; how I suffered the infliction of poor Marcus Niebuhr's sad mission, which caused the last delusions as to the purposes of the Court with respect to the Constitution to vanish from my mind; how finally I entered upon the Eastern question with the ever-increasing consciousness of *fulfilling a destiny*, and the firm resolution to hazard all in the endeavour after a dignified position for Prussia in the impending struggle:—a detail that I shall another time state in all detail, with reference to events and to my political correspondence. But now shall only tell of my retirement, and of the events which immediately led thereto. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 7th October, 1854.

My work gets on well. By the side of it I have arranged with Miss Winkworth the publication of twenty-six sermons of Tauler's from Advent to Pentecost, with his life. The trial of skill has proved successful; she has hit the right tone.

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XVI.*To the Same.*

[Translation.]

Schloss Rheineck: 15th October, 1854.

Here we arrived yesterday, to celebrate the King's birthday with the dear Hollwegs. To-morrow I go to Monrepos, Tuesday or Wednesday to Deutz, from thence next day to Göttingen.

From Schloss Monrepos: Monday, 16th October, 1854.

All right! I am in full sail, and I hope with due thankfulness to our gracious God.

Heavy, dreadful times are coming for Prussia and Germany,—happy he who is independent!

The Crown, Göttingen: 20th October.—At length we arrived at eleven o'clock last night, after a journey from six in the morning (with a rest of three hours at Hanover, where we saw Hermann Kestner), fifty-eight German miles. You will see that I have written to you more than ever, only in my journal, and thus you have not received it, but I shall read it all to you. My writing-book (which I rarely take with me) is already almost full! My Bible-lessons are finished. I have learnt much, both matter of joy, and of sorrow: but to be acquainted with the truth is ever satisfactory.

The bright point was Monrepos: the Princess is an angel. I have succeeded in writing a satisfactory letter to the King, and I have done my best to compose a letter to the Primate, which should be sincere, and still to the purpose.*

Göttingen: 22nd October.—My stay here is most gratifying

* This relates to a commission given by the King, and just received by Bunsen in a letter from His Majesty's own hand, to express his wish that Protestant Churches should combine to enter a public protest against the proclaimed purpose of Pope Pius IX. to place the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary among those dogmas of the Church of Rome declared to be obligatory on the faithful as essential to salvation. Bunsen was desired to write to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to consider the matter from the King's point of view; and his letter was answered by Archbishop Sumner to the effect that he found it impossible to comply with the King's desire, the Church of England having in her Articles explicitly given such a protest, and himself being habitually and on principle disinclined to interference with the faith or acts of the chief of an alien Church.

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And now, dearest, look once back with me upon your (*Lehr und Wanderjahre*) years of learning and wandering. Do you not see, and feel, and touch the fact, that all you have gone through was necessary, to enable you to find your true happiness? Look ever up to God, and hold fast by the invisible, the alone true, that your faith may be preserved.

My stay at Göttingen has been so heart-cheering that I daily think over and contemplate it with more solemn earnestness. It is now just forty-five years since I came here, with my courageous father's blessing, and the letter to Professor Bunsen, who was to introduce me to Heyne; it will soon be thirty-nine years since I quitted the 'Georgia Augusta' for ever, and it is twenty-six years and a half since I saw Lücke on my hurried passage from Berlin to Rome (April, 1828) for the last time. What lies not between those dates! Yet I still know every house, and still find cordial esteem and affection flowing in upon me from all sides, from grey-haired men of science, and from those of later date, never seen before; Lücke and even Reck are quite as of old; Lücke and myself have been led in different ways to the same convictions: only as to the means of bringing them into general acceptation, we stand not on the same ground. As to these considerations, I feel that I have been raised above many of my German contemporaries: England has made me a practical man in this also: but all will reach the same point within the next ten or twenty years, and events may precipitate the result. All wish to proceed from *knowledge* into *life*; all are more or less conscious of community, and feel that our place of union must be the Christian people organised (*Gemeinde*). But most, and the best hearts are dispirited. I preach to them freshness of courage, and trust in German knowledge, the plant from whence will proceed the future, sown by the Spirit and by *faith in reality*, in the midst of the present materialistic and confused age. Their minds advance to meet me. I feel that I stand higher with my nation than when I was in a high place and lived among foreigners: and I have nowhere been more aware of it than here. And I sit with indescribable pleasure at the feet of the great masters of science, and the admirable men of learning in this town of the Muses, to ask questions and receive information; this

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as the Lord's Supper shall be celebrated, be it by those adhering to the Liturgy of the Union, or by another not contradictory to it, not in a sectarian and separatist spirit (whether Lutheran or Calvinistic), but rather without enquiry as to this or that Catechism adopted by fellow-communicants, who are willing to live within the same organisation and Church-connection. The Catechism and the doctrinal articles may remain unaltered, unrestricted; but these do not enter within the precincts *as such*,—they are to be left behind and outside, whether in the school or at home, on entering the Church in the bond of common faith, to meet in the Holy Communion. But that is not the will and object of the men in question—partly from theological, partly from political reasons. I would leave them their exclusive views in theology; but they and their instruments ought not to rule the Church of the country, the one positive and united Church,—least of all with the present strict and unlimited dictatorship which the King in person has undertaken to exercise. Those among them who are considerate and upright should, of their own free will, lay down their offices; for, designedly or undesignedly, the aim pursued is destruction, not support of the Union.

This is my conviction:—as a writer for the public I am silent on the subject, only to avoid exposing the King. I cannot hold any other belief, so help me God!

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 19th November, 1854.

I am very desirous to show you how agreeable our dwelling here is, and how we enjoy and profit by the happiness of quiet and peace, and I hope also by the leisure here granted. Not only have I, thank God, brought my work on Egypt nearly into readiness for printing, but I am busied with the thought of another work, which, more than any one yet undertaken, occupies and animates me,—the execution of which is in closest connection with the 'Life of Jesus,' and, in fact, as a preparation to it indispensable. I mean, a '*Bibelwerk*' for the collective Christian congregations that can read German and English. I hit upon the idea in conversation with Susanna Winkworth about my Cycle of Bible-reading, published in my Hymn and Prayer Book.

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systems based on false views or the misunderstanding of theologians, cannot stand against it. On the other hand, the earnest-minded among the Christian nations will more than ever recognise in the Bible their own book; and in learning to understand the Scripture as the 'world's mirror' (as Göthe says) will experience the strengthening of their faith in Christ. Now, on the contrary, nine-tenths of the Bible are a closed volume, to the one part of mankind venerable and sacred *because* unintelligible; to the other, for that same reason, dead, or even repulsive. Here the explanation of every single passage is not the question; with regard to many of them, different scholars would give different *verbal* explanations. The main matter is the foundation laid for the view of the *whole*, in all its bearings; and that, once obtained, admits of no break—being the universal-historical development of the consciousness of God in humanity, which in Christ has its personal centre. The magnificence of the Old Testament, when once one can understand it, is unique of its kind. I have begun to arrange the prophecies of the Seer of the new Jerusalem, and write them in order; he lived in the Babylonian exile, and, towards the end of it, after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, preached and exhorted to the return from the death-doomed Babylon; and I consider him to have been no other than Baruch. These prophecies are contained in disguise as a beginning of the Book of Jeremiah (chap. ii.—xxi.) and in that of Isaiah (chap. xi.—xxvi), and also in two passages of the real book of Isaiah (chap. xiii., xiv., and xxi., 1—10). Reading these in connection, and placing one's own soul in the midst of that period so full of terrible judgments, and yet of hope,—one is admonished to recognise the eternal laws of God in the ordering of the course of the world, even in our own time, and in our own days; and one perceives that a similar mode of world-contemplation may rightly belong to other and various dispensations.

In Berlin it is reported that the King has named me to a peerage for life, with remainder to my son Ernest, supposing he purchases property and lives in Prussia. I know nothing of this.

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for me ever to grasp it as a whole ; but the most glorious guide from time to eternity, and, if my heart's desire be blessed, from the present to the future.

Darkness indeed reigns without, but tempests from the Lord are stirring and coruscating through the earth's atmosphere. The Lord is coming to judgment: He will judge the people with equity. The old order of things is judged forty years of peace have not improved it—it is falling to pieces ; but everywhere, visible to the eye of faith, nations are coming forth out of dynasties, the congregation out of hierarchy : and voices of thunder utter in all languages the cry after truth, light, liberty ! Among those voices are blended those of madmen ;—but who has driven them mad and of infidels ;—but who has driven them to despair of God's moral government of the world ?

I have bid adieu to politics, except in quarters where I may confess my faith, and utter my detestation as well as my affection.

But in Church matters, I have spoken the word by which I hope to abide, and with which I hope to die—

I go from the Jews to the Gentiles,
From the Church to the congregation,—
And I leave the dead to bury their dead.

X. and Z. have some hopes of the formation of a new Ministry at Berlin ; but I cannot share their expectation. While some are singing in the branches, elsewhere the trunk is being sawn through on which the branch is growing. . . . And the poor German people must pay for all this, and endure it ! The time of vengeance will indeed come, but long after we are gone. As regards the Church in Germany, nothing will be done at present. It is only the spirit in the congregation which can overcome the spirit of Popery (i.e. priestly power) ; but the Governments, blind or ill-intentioned, are afraid of the former. The Lutherans are becoming Puseyites—the Jesuits laugh in their sleeve. In Prussia the Church of the country is ruled by means of an Ecclesiastical Council, which is anti-Unionist !—Nicholas and Pio Nono !

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friends, Archdeacon Julius Hare. A close intimacy began with their earliest acquaintance, in Rome, January 1833, and had been interwoven with the web of his life ever since. A letter from one of his sons, dated London, 25th January, thus communicates the event:—

Julius Hare, the high-minded affectionate friend, was not mistaken, when, under the arbour in this very garden, he declared to you (in June last),—‘*No, my dear Bunsen, we shall not meet again—we have parted this day.*’ Since Tuesday, the 23rd, at seven o’clock, he has been no longer among the living on this earth.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends, unfailing though not frequent, and Bunsen’s letters—‘carefully and tenderly preserved, and oh! how prized!’—were restored with these words, by the honoured widow, now, alas! no more amongst us. The very last of the series may be in part introduced here, as conveying a picture of the multiplicity of objects in common, and of the degree of sympathy between the friends:—

Charlottenberg, Heidelberg : 10th September, 1854.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—God be thanked that you are better! I hope that these lines will greet you in my stead on your birthday, and thank you for the kind inspiring lines which greeted me from you on mine. The consciousness of communion in the mind must compensate for the absence of bodily presence: and well may it do so after a friendship of a quarter of a century! I never was so much satisfied with my work in seven volumes, as when I read from your hand that you liked its being dedicated to you. Of nobody have I thought so much, in composing it, as of you, without whom the first edition, and thus the whole undertaking, would never have existed.

I cannot help believing that the results of my mythological researches, confined as they must be to the Theogonic and Cosmogonic sphere, will be more surprising even than those of the linguistic. Ancient ASIA is the mother of all religious speculation, as in Egypt, so in Hellas, and in Italy.

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those who paid the last honours to the earthly remains of one of the most pure and noble-minded, as well as the most learned men I have ever known; and these will find you on your return from the house of mourning. I thank you cordially for the quick determination, to represent me and our whole family on that day of solemnity! I have written to the widow as to a sister, on all that must now occupy her mind; and also about the publication of the 'Charges,' and the biography, which she should write herself, with monographies by all his friends. I have offered myself to contribute 'Julius Hare at Rome in 1832 and 1833.' How lamentable, that his library, that collection unique of its kind, the work of a life of intellectual activity, should in all probability be scattered about, or even sent to America! It ought to be purchased for Trinity College or Durham University; for, alas! there is no modern renewal of the class of rich and noble landed proprietors, who look upon a classical library as a necessary ornament of their residences, and would think themselves fortunate in the acquisition of such a treasure.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

6th January, 1855.

I have a Christmas-box ready for you, which my wife is taking care of till we see you. It is a Course of Bible-Reading, which I designed and wrote out as a wedding present to my new daughter, and have now somewhat enlarged. I have also written a great piece more (in German) of my beloved 'People's Bible;' and that is, the finest and also the most difficult part of the book of Isaiah, chapters xl. to lx., and some other parts, which I, after my inmost conviction, attribute to the greatest Prophet of the Exile, and that is Baruch, the disciple of Jeremiah. This wonderful portion is usually called '*the Gospel of the ancient covenant*;' and so it is, in a yet higher degree than has yet been acknowledged. In the translations hitherto made, many parts remain unintelligible, and the beauty of it as a whole cannot be discerned. I read the chapters aloud in the evening, as I finish them. You must consider, that I am now a free man, and master of my time. Susanna Winkworth has so entered into the idea of my work, that she is my best interpreter in England.

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desired nothing else ; and their system, spiritually discerned, is right in all its negative part, while their positive part consists in their works of love to man.

I had never anticipated, that for the re-establishment of the Bible as a book, so much had to be done, nor that it could, from the German standpoint, be done so easily.

Theodore is studying political economy. In the evening, I give a lecture regularly of half an hour on 'Rau's Handbook : ' we have already gone through two-thirds of the first volume. Then we take Mill and Co. for refreshment. He is happy in having found a calling, and deserves all encouragement. With all that, he is helpful to me and to the whole house—in the most engaging manner.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg : 4th March, 1855.

Here in this climate one has, literally speaking, cellular imprisonment for three months, with permission to perambulate the prison garden, wrapped in fur, as often as snow or wind shall happen to be moderate ; from society one is altogether cut off in the long evenings. As to myself, I have passed through this winter in better health than for many years ; but much longer I could not have borne the limitation of exercise in the fresh air to half an hour daily. In a southern winter I could work far better and easier than in this daily struggle for life and breath, whether beside the stove or outside the house.

A detailed plan follows, for passing the next winter at Palermo, but in July of this same year (1855) began the anxious and sedulous enquiry and search after a regularly appointed learned assistant—the establishment of whom made remaining at home a necessity.

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Baroness Clara Boris von Üxküll, belong to the same date and the same surrounding objects. This spring was further brightened to Bunsen by the visit of his son George and his bride, over whose happy marriage the parents had rejoiced at a distance at the close of the preceding year; and, before their visit ended, the engagement of Theodora, the fourth daughter, to Augustus Baron Von Ungern-Sternberg was cheerfully consented to, as promising that reality of union and happiness in married life which proved, indeed, the blessed result of the connection—too soon to be severed by death! They consented the more readily to this marriage as, the bridegroom being in an office under the Government of Baden, and resident at Heidelberg, the separation was softened, and seemed not absolute. The wedding took place on September 12, Bunsen having made a journey northwards just before, and another just after, of which the subjoined extracts from his letters give an account. He was occupied with intense interest on the work entitled ‘Signs of the Times,’ which was published in the autumn, and proceeded rapidly to a third edition. A translation was admirably executed by Miss Winkworth, and printed in England; but the work would seem to have been too Continental to excite general attention in England, although it might be said that the evils against which the author contends are all times and all countries, only less impeded in their action on the Continent than in England.

The spring was succeeded by a chilly and rainy summer, after which a peculiarly beautiful month September heightened the charm of the Heidelberg valley, and a succession of friends of various nations flowing in unbroken though ever-changing current over the garden-terrace and adjoining parlour of Charlotteberg gave occasion to an amount of social cheerfulness and animated intercourse, such as is looked back upon thankfully by the survivors, who felt the beneficent

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secution (*as yet* without the stake and faggot!) as the duty of a Christian government, theological formularies as saving faith, &c., and of the entire activity of that nefarious party which is urging Prussia on to her ruin in Church matters, but yet more in those relating to the State. And by the side of all this the Romanist priestly intrigues! Matters cannot go on long thus.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Heidelberg: morning of Whit Sunday, 1855.

You have, in spirit, made me so cheering a visit with a new series of Bible illustrations, that I cannot celebrate the festival of the Spirit without a thankful greeting to you. Your letter was as fresh and living as your designs, and gave us all great pleasure. The Spirit maintains youth and animation in you. The representation of the Flood struck us peculiarly by its grandeur, which reminds one of Michael Angelo, and yet it is your own original conception; but the rest (mostly old friends from our acquaintance with the drawings) are also full of life and truth.

Thus the product lies before us of a faithful adherence to, and intelligent carrying out of, a high and fruitful life-task, and is not less satisfactory as an achievement of man, and a deed accomplished, than as a work of art.

Ask not too much of yourself. The art of old age is that of contriving to be helped, and that of the master to multiply and continue himself by a succession of disciples, renewing and reanimating him.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

25th June, 1855.

I yesterday sent off my dear Theodore to Berlin on an important errand, the matter of which is the last link in a chain of cares and occupations which have weighed upon me, besides my accustomed employment, ever since your departure. They may be summed up under three heads. The first is a public protest, rendered necessary by the imminency of danger, against the system of religious persecution in Germany, and altogether in Europe. In Florence, within the latter months, there has been a case which yet exceeds the persecution of their Madiari. . . .

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Yesterday I was at Baden with Sternberg, to wait upon the Princess of Prussia—a bright day, abundant in matter of interest. The Prince and Princess received Sternberg in the kindest manner possible. To-morrow we are invited by the Grand Duchess Stéphanie to Mannheim, when Theodora will be presented to her.

I have made myself acquainted with that Divine work, the ‘Heliand’—i.e. early Saxon paraphrase in verse of the Gospel-history and doctrine—wonderfully free from the corruptions of Rome.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 12th July, 1855.

Jowett’s publication of the Epistles of St. Paul is a great event—his commentary capital and honest, with truly original dissertations. He is the right man. There is so much work spared me. It will form an epoch: it is a masterly work, of great freedom of judgment, and of Christian wisdom: the text of Lachmann appealed to—the English translation well-revised—there are paraphrases and philological explanations—also excellent treatises. I am overjoyed.

28th July.—My ‘Letters’* are now getting into shape. By degrees, as I get the mass of matter within my grasp, and the whole succession of letters ordered as parts of a whole, the aim and character of each comes out more clearly; they acquire the individual form demanded, and the stamp of universality which I endeavour to give to all my enquiries and writings. I must cut into the very quick of the present; but not deeper than the existing wound. The letters, as they gain in form, become more quiet in manner, yet more penetrated with earnestness. It is a contest for life and death, which I cannot, and am not designed to carry through; but I will begin and see whether the spark will kindle—in faith, and with devotedness to the cause, without respect of persons. Those who do not know me believe that I shall now be drawn into a life-long discussion; but they will find themselves as much in the wrong as those who fancy that under changed circumstances I should again enter public office. Never and never! as long as God’s good Spirit shall sustain me. Here

* These letters received the title ‘Signs of the Times,’—‘*Zeichen der Zeit.*’

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Bonn : 29th August, 1855.

All passed off as well as could be wished. Accompanied by the three angels, settled into the carriage by my faithful Frances, I arrived at Mainz half an hour before the steamer—and whom should I find upon it? Overbeck—with his adopted daughter, Frau Hofmann—wife of a sculptor of Wiesbaden, who with her husband has kept house for him since the death of his wife, and has evidently restored him to life. She is a cheerful Southern-German, understands him and manages well for him. He was quite the man of former times, a fine and heart-stirring figure! We talked all the morning and afternoon on the deck of the vessel, and rejoiced in being again together. Between times, I rested and read in the pavilion—and thus came seven o'clock with the most glorious sunset. Overbeck will visit us about the 10th. On the bank G. awaited me with a carriage. Miss Wynn had arrived not many hours before, and came to dine with us.

Coblentz : 6th September.—I arrived here yesterday, and was so very kindly received by the honoured Princess that I could not resist the suggestion to remain till to-day at noon. Therefore I shall travel and arrive with E., sleeping at Mainz, to be with you on Saturday. Prince Frederick William started yesterday for Ostend, and thereby hangs a tale of an excursion to a fairy residence in a beloved island, in consequence of a kind invitation, accepted and consented to by the King! Of course all in deepest secrecy; but this morning I read it in the '*Kreuz Zeitung*'—a secret at Berlin!

My 'Signs' have had a triumphant success at Bonn and at Rheineck. We arranged all the points on religious and ecclesiastical affairs. But I count hours and minutes to be with you, and all mine again! I cannot live out of your sphere, and I grudge every moment that I miss of dear Henry's and Mary Louisa's precious presence—but it is not my errand that detains me.

I send you Astor's letter to read. It has deeply affected me. I had for many years wished for a renewal of our old acquaintance. I had bestowed much love upon him, and he had considered and acknowledged me as his guide. He now writes with real friendship. I shall answer him as soon as I am again at Heidelberg,—using '*Du*' as of old.

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Bunsen made, as usual, the best out of the circumstances; but the meeting was a painful one. He found the King aged and altered, and, few as were the persons present, they succeeded in preventing the King's speaking to Bunsen, except in the presence of others, and the intentions of Hofmann and of Bunsen remained no nearer their fulfilment than before. The hours of waiting at Marburg were, however, agreeably spent by Bunsen in walks and excursions in his former haunts, in the country round the picturesque town and its fine churches, in the society of his two chosen friends: and he ever after referred with pleasure to this revival of recollections and this retrospection, and exulted in the amount of distance and of ascent that he had been able to accomplish in walking; the tone of triumph in overcoming increasing infirmity denoting clearly as well as affecting his perception of the decline of his bodily powers.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Friday, 14th September, 1855.

I have just read through the first volume of 'Signs of the Times' for the last time, with emendations. As this will appear 25th September, 1855, on the tercentenary memorial-day of the confessional-truce of Augsburg—so shall the second volume appear in time for the 15th October—for eternal Peace. ✠ on a Cross, with the inscription: '*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*' '*In hoc Signo vinces.*' (A new Labarum!)

17th September.—Troy [Sebastopol] is fallen! God be thanked! Prince Frederick William has been since the 12th at Balmoral.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

23rd September, 1855.

. . . . I am just returned from a trying journey [that to Marburg]. My 'Signs of the Times' are out of my hands!—two small volumes, which have given me much pain, in contemplation of the misery and of the danger of the present

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Bethman-Hollweg, Usedom, and Pourtalès, to me, and respecting my own active part in those supposed deliberations. It was a wilful invention, at a moment when something had been heard of the King's intention to call me to Berlin for ecclesiastical deliberations.

I have all this time seen nobody except my personal friends, and have not seen or heard anything of such deliberations; I am also assured that none such have taken place here. I have no doubt all patriots feel the same throughout Germany at the present elections, and at the momentous crisis of the world, after the fall of Sebastopol, which evidently is the conclusion of an act of the great drama, but that act is only the second, and not, as some would fain think, the last! The apathy, however, of the great mass of the population is only gradually giving way,—there is still the incubus of despondency (*Katzenjammer*, in the slang of Students) and the grudge against England on account of the Danish question. Until a higher and more general standard is raised for the war, I do not believe that the German people wish for active co-operation. ‘Is Helsingfors, and are the Aland Islands, and the whole of Finland, less aggressive points than Sebastopol? Is the Baltic not necessarily more swayed by Russia than the Black Sea? and is Constantinople with its Bosphorus not more protected than Sweden and East Prussia? Has Denmark not been made by England the perpetual intruder upon German territory, as well as the gate-keeper of the Czar? And what has become of the first paragraphs of the Treaty of Vienna respecting the independent kingdom of Poland? Are England and France in earnest against Russia as the enemy of European independence, as the Allied Powers were in 1813 against Napoleon?’ These are the thoughts and words of the people around me. They care as little for the ‘Four Points,’ as for the Austrian multiplication of the same. ‘What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?’

Let me more frequently hear from you. You will soon hear of my new Sign of Life in our present situation.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday morning, early, 7th October, 1855.

You know that Magdeburg wishes to elect me. The burgomaster Herr Hasselbach (highly respected, but per-

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Your fine Book of Psalms is indeed a grand work, and principally by the designs visibly revealing the life of prayer and adoration, as one in itself, and yet falling into three grades. The letterpress is also admirable. Had I heard from you beforehand, I should have suggested to the excellent and praiseworthy publisher to print the Psalms as King David and the other authors must have composed and sung them; the present mode of printing is against even Luther's example, if the single Psalms are taken into consideration, which he arranged in half-verses for reading and singing. You are aware that the senseless dismemberment of the prose-portions of the Bible into verses is foreign to Luther's intention, and to the Bible as he printed it,—having been first introduced in the thirteenth century for the Old Testament, and not till after Luther's death in the New Testament, for the purpose of reference in the Concordance.

The translation is, in truth, in many passages unintelligible or incorrect; but it is also a fact, that we have no popular amended text, but that of the good Herr von Meyer of Frankfort, and that leaves much to be desired. Well, please God, you shall see something better, before 1857 enters the land! Meanwhile I have been endeavouring to interpret some 'Signs of the Times.' The book is more spoken than written, but has been well thought out.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Burg Rheindorf, near Bonn: 27th November, 1855.

Yesterday you will have received intelligence from G., and will therefore know how I was detained a whole day on the journey, and that I did not arrive till Sunday, in time, however, for the christening and the dinner. You cannot fancy how pleasing and enjoyable all is in this place. Arndt was never so youthful as after the second glass of Tokay at the christening-dinner. On board the steamers I accomplished an incredible quantity of work, here completed, in writing, the 'God-Consciousness.*' I shall bring the first volume with me, ready for printing, and thus secure the appearance of

* These were the beginnings of Bunsen's work, *Gott in der Geschichte* ('God in History'), now beautifully translated into English by Miss Susanna Winkworth (Longmans, 1868).

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versation is, as ever, full of intelligence and of information, and not less full of entertainment.

I had intended to go to Coblenz to morrow after breakfast, with post-horses, for the steamer does not come till the afternoon (if at all); but the Prince insists upon sending me in his carriage—it is a drive of an hour and a quarter; therefore, when I once get off, I shall be soon at Coblenz, and the day after at home, taking for granted that the morning steamer from Coblenz to Mainz performs its service.

Bunsen reached home after a journey which was rendered distressful by the failure of the steamer (owing to lowness of the water and thickness of the fog on the Rhine), obliging belated travellers, like himself, to have recourse to the diligence, which, under all circumstances tedious, was doubly so upon roads blocked by a fresh fall of snow; so that he was kept on the road through the night in much bodily inconvenience from the position and the cold, and shared fully the general experience of the need of that complete railway communication, which is happily now in existence along the whole length of the Rhine. His state of health was not calculated to resist any shock, and he was seriously indisposed after reaching home, with an obstinate catarrh and cough. During the days in which he was detained in bed, the novel '*Soll und Haben*,' by Freitag, was read aloud, and proved a great interest to him; of which he gave evidence later by the Preface to the English translation '*Debit and Credit*,' published by Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, at whose request the Preface was written.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Sunday, 16th December, 1855.

At last comes a Sunday on which I can write to you. My cold is not gone, but I can yet work seven hours a day without suffering; three of them on the Bible, the explanation of which turns out far more abundant and satisfactory than I had hoped. And now, consider the delight of not having a merely introductory volume to write! I have at last found a proper title.

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been put off (till that date, which he was not to see, of the publication of his last volume of the '*Bibelwerk*') is matter of deep regret, as such a guiding thread would probably have been found more useful to the mass of those who stand in need of a pioneer through the Scriptures, than any of his more voluminous works. Possibly some paper may yet be found in which his own words may better explain the cause of delay than this present conjectural attempt; but in all probability his sense of the imperfection of existing translations, more especially those of the Hebrew Scriptures, caused his disinclination to make use of them, feeling, as he did, that to be possessed of a renovated rendering of the text, such as he could put his hand and seal to, was only a question of time, as to which it was the habit of his mind to grasp the whole, and leap to the conclusion—considering that as actually done which his mind and hand had clutched. The contrast was remarkable (and probably uncommon in the annals of eminently intellectual men) between the hastiness and impatience to seize the end, and hold fast the whole, and the intense conscientiousness and laborious patience of working out every detail of linguistic intricacy or critical commentary—which those who observed, and yet more those who worked with him, had occasion to note.

The arrival of Dr. Kamphausen, in October 1855, as Bunsen's fellow-labourer and linguistic secretary in the Old Testament translation, marks the beginning of a period of peculiarly unvaried and unbroken labour, when the two were daily in close conference from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve, nominally, but in fact they rarely parted until the summons to dinner, at one o'clock, had been more than once made. Bunsen was always up early, after his wont, but busied with anything rather than Hebrew criticism, to which he therefore went fresh after breakfast; and the last half hour before his

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observation and contemplation, which at the moment occupied him, he had but to stretch out a hand in the direction of the right person, to obtain the desired answer to every enquiry. Often did he remark upon the rapid circling of life in a great capital (London, Paris, Berlin), compared to the more sluggish movement of the current in places distant from the centre.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

1st day of the Year of our Lord 1856.

These lines are destined to greet my dear daughter in the New Year, and express the wish for the continuance of all the happiness she enjoys in her parents, brothers, and sisters, and in her own home.

May God grant you ever-increasing thankfulness towards Him for all these blessings, for with that you will receive the true guide through whatever the New Year may bring to you or to any of those you love, and who love you! There is no wisdom in man, save and except what comes from sincere gratitude.

When you go to your dear and respected parents be yourself the interpreter of those feelings of true affection and grateful attachment which we have in our hearts towards them, and of all the good wishes which flow therefrom. I would have written myself, were not you ever my best letter and interpreter.

This year will be an eventful one; may it bring the Kingdom of God nearer to its completion, and ourselves nearer to its blessings!

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Good Friday, 1856.

God be with you during this blessed and solemn season! May He grant us all the consciousness of His grace, with the full impression of His holiness! He will yet bring forth the true peace, out of all that is insufficient in the impending treaty of pacification.

Quarter to eleven.—We are just returned from an overflowing church: with difficulty could we find places half an hour before the service began. Plitt preached finely on the two

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twenty-four guests,—in fine weather, by the Carmelite ascent, turning to the right,—trees full of nightingales, the air full of a shower of blossoms, the sky full of rain-bearing clouds, the Hardt Mountains seemingly close at hand.

27th April.—This letter has remained unsent; and now it shall go without longer waiting. I have had a capital letter from Dr. Haug, who will undertake the translation and explanation of the great Zend-Document, '*The Wanderings of the Indians*;' just *that* which in 1812 was one of my principal points in the plan of the projected Indian campaign; and now, instead of my having perished in the trenches (as I undoubtedly should have done), God has granted me the opportunity to assist in raising the treasure, and to be enabled to enter the fortress! *Deo soli gloria!* I send to-day an extract of my '*Indian Chronology*' to Max Müller, that he may *correct my exercise*, and then we will compare it with his result, which I had begged him to send me by the 1st May.

I am deep in the Vedas (with Lassen), and learn *incredibly*. Lassen is the man; but from my standpoint one can go further than he does. So much must be finished directly, before the Alpine tour.

What must be, will be. All right!

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

28th May, 1856.

To express my serious conviction I have considered throughout life as my duty, even before Kings and Princes. Hatred and ill-will are both foreign to me—God is my witness. If I am misconstrued, I must bear it: I am prepared to endure the consequences. Without entire sincerity, no friendship can be maintained, and least of all, Christian friendship.

The expression of Caird, that we should show love to the brethren 'for Christ's sake,' I consider as just as that the kingdom of God should also be called the kingdom of Christ. For as God loved us before all time, as He loved us in His eternal Being, even so has Christ by His free act of love, His free resolution of redemption, redeemed us in time. He first loved us and the entire humanity, and we should love the human brotherhood for the sake of His divine act of love.

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fatherland moves forward, and particularly this much-favoured Palatinate, towards a happier future. Peace and freedom are secured, and unity will follow, if only we place God before us as our aim. The town was already yesterday in festival-trim; every place hanging full of verdure, and triumphal arches of foliage were raised as by magic before each place of worship; and at eight o'clock sounded forth from every tower the hymn of sacred freedom, the psalm of God-trusting faith. We were all in the garden to hear it. Later, the exquisite tones of Joachim pouring forth the highest poetry of composition, delighted us till late in the night.

I am with you in spirit in the touching and solemn memorial-celebration of the holiest, the only purified affection, which shines forth out of death; the remembrance of which you sanctify to-day with your daughter, and in communion with all Christian hearts. For it is a festival of communion between God and men, and between those souls which by thorough resignation can then first recognise one another as brethren, inasmuch as they recognise the highest love of God in the deepest suffering.

That thought of Jesus transfused into His congregation, which combines the memorial-festival with the self-sacrifice of thankful love, is so grand, so exalted, that no form, and no want of form, can spoil it to the candid and devoted heart; and yet has human absurdity converted the central point of unity into a focus of unholy strife, and a cause of the deepest division; and has occasioned a confusion, which 1517 revealed, but did not resolve. So will we thankfully greet the union which encloses in peace the congregations here; and feel to be ourselves united in spirit with all those who seek God in Christ, and humanity in Christ.

Bunsen to Klingemann.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 21st June, 1856.

Many as have been the sorrowful events that I have known in life, few have gone so deeply to my heart as that which has befallen you, my valued friend! I know how you and your honoured wife feel the loss; and I always prized and delighted in the child which has been taken from you, with

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men. I am thankful to see that a great step has been made in the right direction, through the principle advocated by Lord Clarendon, whom, as well as Lord Palmerston, I knew always to be favourable to the two leading features—*arbitration* and *non-intervention*. Politically, however, we have gained nothing. Poland and Italy, the two envenomed wounds of Europe, have been left as they were, and, moreover, Italy has become, more than before, the unavoidable object of the next war resolved upon by Louis Napoleon, and which may serve for pacification. On the whole, therefore, I consider the standpoint chosen for the Memoir the same as in 1854. The introductory remarks give the real results of the essays. As to the details, they were merely given as materials for a discussion; and all I meant to effect by them was, that the objections raised against the plans hitherto proposed might be removed by a plan of the nature of that which I had brought forward. Nothing is truer than what you say, that details often mar the whole discussion; the opponents attach themselves to those in order to discredit the whole. On the other hand, there are many statesmen who will not listen to anything when there are no positive points to give a practical definition of the scheme, and who, however, are fair enough to understand such details as a mere indication of the possible solutions which would offer themselves after having gone into committee.

I have now settled to bring forward early next year, in my second Decade of 'Signs of the Times,' the whole plan, the craving for which is indeed a Sign of the Times in my opinion, as reasonable as any; as is also the idea of the approaching end of the world, which I meet with in a hundred forms all over the globe. With that publication I intend to close my lucubrations. My Memoir is at the disposal of any Society which is disposed to discuss and promote the great object.

Great events are preparing in the world, in Europe and the United States. The world had never seen such a worthless and base President of the United States as Pierce; nor is there anything more dangerous in Europe than the unscrupulous swindling-system, public and private, in French finances and money matters. You will be saved in England by the administrative reforms, of which war has not alone shown the necessity, but also the determination of the people to see

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past winter have I, in the joy of my heart over these your noble and inspiring words, wanted to write to you and tell you our feelings, but I was checked by uncertainty where a letter would find you ; and later, when I knew that your home was *Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg*, then I decided that I would go myself, and be the bearer of our respects, and of those of many more Swedes (statesmen and men of science), to you. And now I am here, on the way to Lausanne, tarrying only a moment in order to see you, to bless you for the good you have done me and many in my land, and are still doing. Yea, blessed are you to have been able to bring the brightest gems of philosophy, such as only the German mind can dig out, to the light, and to the general mind, in a clear, simple, and practical way, such as only the English mind can accomplish ; blessed in the rare harmony of your organisation, which enables you to see both the diversity and the unity of things of this world, and those of a divine necessity, ruling and developing them for the highest good, to do justice at once to God and man.

Your views as to the formation of languages were new to me, but I accepted them instantly, as one must accept evidence—the laws of reason. They are one with your theory of the development of the mind, and of mankind, which view has long been the saving anchor of my soul, but which I never saw presented with the power and simplicity, the clear justice, as in your work. This work will do more to harmonise the human soul, to bring the reasoning spirit (the Thomas of our day, who requires to see in order to believe) to its Saviour, God in Christ, than any book ever has done, because of its deep and living science and its popular form.

A journey to Switzerland, which previous extracts from letters will have shown to have been contemplated since the spring, was commenced on the 1st August : and some passages from Bunsen's letters to his wife (who had declined belonging to the travelling party, on account of the expected confinement of her daughter, the Baroness Ungern-Sternberg) will give an idea of the pleasure he enjoyed in the society of Madame de Staël and her friends, at the Château de Coppet, and the earnest endeavours he made to take in all besides on the

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did we enter upon the Sweating-valley—for so I must in future call that crevice or hollow of the Jura, of which a portion from Moustier (that is, Münster) is termed the Münster-Thal. From Moustier, the descent to Biel is unique of its kind in beauty. At every stage we were called upon to change our *Beiwagen*, or supplementary coach, and to await, in the sun or in a stifling room, the appearance of its successor. At length, in despair, we sought and obtained the coupé of the carriage first in rank, in which two persons would have had close quarters, but which, we were informed, was reckoned at ‘trois personnes’—the third being balanced rather than joisted in, between the two first occupants. The body of the conveyance contained twenty-nine. At eight o’clock, at Biel, we rowed round the lake, in the last rays of the setting sun: Theodore sung, ‘Es fängt schon an zu dämmern’—after which we had tea with its accompaniments, and went out star-gazing until half-past ten. Yesterday we proceeded over the surface of three lakes in succession, conveyed by two vessels, and a beginning of railway, with a ‘Black Hole of Calcutta’ as *Salle d’attente provisoire*. By five o’clock we arrived in sight of Coppet and of Madame de Staël,—who awaited us, and conducted Mrs. Schwabe on foot into the Château, while her carriage took charge of me—(a very wise arrangement, owing, I believe, to a suggestion of yours)—hereupon the full current of conversation set in uninterrupted (except by the necessary toilet) until half-past ten o’clock. Anna Vernet was there, and Edmond de Pressensé; Broglie could not arrive so soon. At six this morning I await Pressensé, who must depart at seven. On the steamer yesterday I observed a portmanteau with ‘E. Schérer, Genève,’ marked upon it; a Genevese to whom I spoke assured me it could not possibly be the celebrated antagonist of Gaussen—but I had observed a face which might have been Schérer’s—and I insisted upon the fact being ascertained. Soon was he brought up to me—the man *was* Schérer. Thereupon followed a long conversation, in which I endeavoured to dissipate his doubts of the genuineness of the Gospel of St. John,—and I am not without hopes. We are to meet again at Geneva, whither I mean to go the day after to-morrow. I wish to spend there three days—but as ‘mon propre Monsieur.’

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All this has driven me all the more to the Apocalypse, which I had resolved, being once at it, to work out thoroughly in all the points I had not yet touched upon. My Sunday's lecture at Chamounix (to Madame Schwabe and her daughter, Theodore and Mrs. Case) was successful. I have begun to write down the outlines of my plan of interpretation. You know the general idea of this (Preface to 'Christianity and Mankind' against Wordsworth and the Johannean age); but the great stumbling-block is in the part relating to the destruction of pagan-Imperial Rome, which was never destroyed, but became the prize of the Christian party under Constantine and Theodosius. I hope to finish the whole solution on the Rigi.

Interlaken: Hotel sur Jungfrau, 15th August.—Before me lies the turf-flat upon which this village is built, the finely-modelled green hills forming two halves of an amphitheatre, which just in the centre draw back to constitute a frame for the Jungfrau, which in the purest splendour rises in front. O! that you were here, with your ever warm heart for the magnificence of creation, your keenly-discerning eye, and artist-like hand, and I with you as my Priestess, to gaze into the sanctuary! But altogether, kind and affectionate and amiable as is all that surrounds me, you are yet ever wanting to me everywhere, and those dear girls who are with you! The drive from Vevay across the mountains (Bulle, Château d'Ex, and through the Simmenthal) is the finest of its kind. That is the real Switzerland, the pasture-land of the Alps, with cheerful, well-fed, well-clothed freemen as inhabitants (and handsomer than any I have seen in this country, except in the Haslithal)—the effect is indescribable of the green slopes alternating with portions of fir-forest, stretching to the hill-tops,—below, rushing streams—above, the blue sky! But we are indeed making a journey as it were through the Abruzzi, supposing any human being ever thought of making one there in the dog-days. 25° Réaumur in the inns—from 27° to 30° on the road—in the sun 45°—and yet better everywhere than close to the lake. Here, in a cool room, with the glorious prospect, and a German band playing below, all is forgotten. Friday, the 22nd, to Basle, and Saturday to be with you, please God.

The return home was effected as intended—but,

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg : Tuesday, 16th September, 1856.

My much-beloved ! again I place myself (although with somewhat swollen ankles) at my dear standing-desk, to thank you for your letter, after having been able to work from six to eight o'clock *sitting*, by means of a writing-arrangement of your mother's invention, completing a nice additional chapter to the close of the Egyptian volume. My *supporters* will not bear their heavy burden without intermission, as formerly ; and the whole house, and house-physician together, insist upon their having rest. So there is no help for the admission, that I set out upon the journey into Switzerland yet fresh in life, and have returned an aged man, more on three legs than on two. However, I am otherwise well, and since the day before yesterday have been able to write, that is, to compose.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg : 5th November, 1856.

(Die auspicato, pro die auspicatissimo.)

These lines shall greet you on your birthday with your father's fullest blessing. To have had you here renewed and heightened the joy of thinking of you, and was a repetition and strengthening of the impressions which I received and retain from the time of being with you in Burg Rheindorf, of your life and household happiness. You have a good soil and foundation in every respect ; and the harvest-prospect will in no way deceive your anticipations, if you continue true to yourself and to the resolves of your childhood and youth. To which end, may God give His blessing, on that solemn festival day !

Now you shall hear much that will please you, relating to myself. First, I have never worked better. When I had finished the Egyptian volume and the first of 'God-Consciousness,' I had to make a resolution, and I determined that the latter work should be printed between this and Easter ; and thereupon began Book V. I had in the Preface (the fourth that I have written, and which I have at last approved of) so completely plunged again into my speculative views and the fundamental idea of the work, that I was

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thus I shall have the hours free before nine and after twelve, for I am busy with the philological part of the '*Bibelwerk*' only in the three hours from nine to twelve. The time and strength thus remaining shall be devoted to the 'First Part of the New Testament,' the Gospels. This was your proposal last year, and thus you shall have it announced this day, as a birthday-gift from yourself to yourself!

Without the 'God-Consciousness' as a precursor, I should be at a loss to give my thoughts full utterance; but the two works together will clear up one another. Nearest to the problem to be solved, was Lessing: little in proportion has been done since in the main matter.

How abhorrent a thing is that Ritual law, which only the coarseness and sensuality of the Jews could have compelled Moses to lay upon them! But much wisdom is in it as a means of training.

O that you were but here with me, to drink in the deep meaning of Prometheus and of Nemesis! The Spirit comes over me as I describe it.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 12th November, 1856.

I can now again work with the same ease as before that Swiss journey, and my work gives me vast pleasure.

I have just received an announcement from Sir Frederick Stovin of the arrival of Prince Alfred, and the wish of the Prince to see me. E. will help to show the place and entertain the Prince.

15th November.—The Prince left this place in the afternoon of the day before yesterday. How delightfully has he unfolded! He has exactly the eyes and expression of the dear Queen; is fresh and animated, the face showing forth the good heart. The Grand Duke has invited me to Carlsruhe, and I shall go, as soon as I have done my correction for the press.

22nd November.—To-day I have finished those last sheets of the work of twenty-four years' pain ('The Exodus'), which yet I love so much! and also 'Leviticus.' Pray read the admirable 25th chapter, about the Year of Jubilee. What a grand view of the State as a congregation of brothers! That was indeed only to be carried out in a real

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Scotch second sight. An anecdote in Niebuhr's life of his father (the traveller) is remarkable. These things take place most commonly in the unspiritual condition of mere nature, for instance, in dreams or somnambulism; but what is possible in the state of nature must be so also further and higher.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

25th December, 1856.

I am glad that my dedication (to the first volume of the '*Bibelwerk*') has been felt by you to have been thought and written in a solemn spirit. I am tormented with longing to utter the last word, and therefore have written the 'Preface' at once, which I desire should indicate the scientific character as well as the practical object of the work.

That last word now is, that as surely as God is a truth and a certainty, and has not been a falsehood from the beginning, and through centuries of personal histories, the present conditions must perish, unless we would reject the eternal laws of the moral Kosmos: which yet must be accepted as the sole rule of conduct both for nations and individuals, with the same absolute conviction and conscious faith, as that with which we accept and obey the force of gravity in the physical Kosmos.

We are at an end, in Europe and in the United States, if we are not converted to this belief in God, in humanity, in moral individuality. England has accepted the principle of reform, the true, the thorough-going, politically with entire, willing consciousness: into the Church it finds its way as the inevitable consequence of individual freedom. The Slave States are doomed. May God soon grant us cotton-fields in India, Persia, Armenia, and above all in Africa! otherwise Mammon will keep up the original ones. With us the Governments (though not so degraded and lost as in the unmixed Roman Catholic lands) are yet wholly dynastic. Self-interest, as a governing principle, is denial of the principle of gravitation, is weaving of ropes out of grains of sand. Only events can be effectual to save.

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is a time for all things ; but the good man would not seem to have considered that, as every age has its privations, so also even old age has its peculiar enjoyments, or, at least, might have them. Experience and memory are great treasures, belonging to old age.

The days spent at Carlsruhe caused me in many respects much pleasure. The truly lovely and excellent Princess, whom I saw again, and now for the first time in her married life, is happy, and makes all around her happy. The Grand Duke has much understanding and cultivation of mind, and the best will to do right ; what is wanting to him, is to assume due confidence in himself as ruler. We spoke quite openly of the political situation ; and I believe I succeeded in tranquillising him as to the danger of war.

Imagine that my married children have united in making me a great surprise against the New Year by the valuable present of a billiard-table ! Up to the day when it came, and was put up, I played daily at bowls in the garden with Theodore (who had, without saying anything, meanwhile arranged the whole), but since then it has become too cold for bowls ; and thus the substitute has arrived exactly at the right time. You know, that for almost forty years without exception we have, alone in our home-circle, sat up to await the year's beginning, with choral-singing and other solemn music, and in serious conversation with pauses between. This time we shall also do so, but without the dear Sternbergs (as Theodora has the influenza), but they will be with us in spirit, and you also : is it not so ? Now farewell, dear friend, and receive my heart's thanks for all the kindness and friendship which you have shown me in this departing year ! God bless you, and your house so rich in blessings, abundantly in the new year ! To all, including the all-beloved Neukomm, my heartiest greetings.

1st January, 1857.—Again, all hail and blessing for the new year ! I shall begin the working-day with ‘In the beginning God created heaven and earth.’ O might I be found worthy yet, ere the departure of this year, to write ‘In the beginning was the Word !’ I fully purpose doing this ; but may God's will be done, by us, or in spite of us !

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bitterness which he was to drink to the very dregs in his last illness. Cupping and blistering (under the friendly direction of Professor Chelius) proved unavailing to diminish pain, but probably helped to originate that swelling of the legs at first, and for two years more, very slight, which so miserably increased in the last six months of life. The attack of lumbago at length wore itself out; but not till the month of May had brought a steady temperature, was he restored to ease and comfort. The baths of Wildbad, in August, removed the last sensation of pain and weakness in the legs; and among all the sufferings that awaited him later, the torment of lumbago never returned. The engagement of his son Charles (Secretary of Legation at Turin) had been a happy event of the last summer; and after long detention at his post of duty by the illness of his Chief, Count Brassier de S. Simon, Charles obtained at last in January the necessary leave of absence, to receive the hand of Mary Isabel, daughter of Mr. Thomas Waddington, of S. Léger near Rouen, at Paris, where the venerated friend of both families, the Pasteur Vallette, with the eloquence of truth and love, solemnised their life-union. The young couple travelled to their own home at Turin by way of Bonn and Heidelberg, in which latter place their visit proved most cheering to the suffering father, who, on their first arrival was entirely confined to his bed, but became better able to enjoy their company before they were bound to proceed on their journey. To behold a fourth marriage among his sons, and the establishment of family happiness in the case of this much-prized and highly-deserving son, removed by circumstances further than any other from the habits and comforts of either of his home-countries, was matter of devout thankfulness to Bunsen, who was radiant in satisfaction at the providential granting of this very earnest wish of his heart.

During these months of confinement to his library,

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châtel, but towards him, the Emperor. A different language, and acting in common with England, would have brought on the solution now attained, a month earlier. Nothing is required but the necessity of self-limitation, which is the beginning of wisdom. To me the consideration has proved very helpful, that we ought to go out of ourselves, and not sink down within ourselves: in the world, that is, in surrounding humanity, we should forget ourselves, and thus find ourselves again. Those are the main points, and not materially different, in the Apostle's precept, 'Pray and work.' For active love of the brethren is continuous prayer.

The 'Christian Times' has strongly recommended my book to its Christian readers.

18th January.—Since yesterday, I have been critically going through the translation of Caird's sermon for the second edition, with Frances. Brockhaus writes that the first edition is as good as sold, and he wishes to print another of 1000 copies. I am very happy thus to help in your work of Christian charity. At the same time, Messrs. Black, in Edinburgh, have asked me to write the article on Luther for the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' This honourable commission to represent our great German hero to another body of Christians, and in their own language, cannot be declined. I have therefore accepted to do so, and have set about the work.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 22nd January, 1857.

I am reading for 'Luther.' Michelet's plan for a 'Life of Luther' is the only right one: division into periods, with short introductions, and with extracts of the most striking passages in the letters and sermons belonging to each period; to close with his private life. But his treatment of the subject is hasty and superficial and perverse. The exact truth has never been uttered by anyone yet. 1525, *annus fatalis*!

30th January.—I intend writing a volume of 'Letters,' ten in number, all to Rothe. Letter I. has burst into at least four; and the letter on the worship of the Christian congregation, as well as that on the teaching of the congre-

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remedies, the time of recovery has arrived. To-morrow, please God, I begin work again.

Monday morning, 9th February.—I have had the first good night, and have been able to work a little at my desk. As soon as the cold gives way, I shall use a steam-bath. My two young people (Charles and his bride) rejoice my heart daily and hourly by the sight of their happiness and their animation. This evening, they go to a ‘Museum’ ball, with the Sternbergs, Theodore, and Matilda.

24th February.—At twelve our dear children will depart. It is a truly valuable and richly-constituted heart with which we have made acquaintance; and we have new cause for thankfulness in God’s blessing. I have suffered much during the whole of this time from the sharp pain of the sciatica having gone down into my leg; but it is better, God be thanked! and I have had to work hard, to make amends for time lost—for next Friday the Cabinet-Courier of the English Embassy at Frankfort departs, by whom I must send my Luther MS. (eighty closely-written quarto pages) to Edinburgh. Love to the incomparable Neukomm!

2nd March.—I am getting slowly better. I never have worked more; and I spread all sails, in order to gain leisure, in the second half of April, to go to Rheindorf and Bonn.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 5th March, 1857.

At length I can write to you that I have undertaken a new work in four volumes. Do not be startled! for yesterday the sketches of three of them were presented to your mother, as her birthday gift, with dedication ‘to the forty years’ companion of my life—“Luther”—an historical representation and autobiography.’ I am writing this book as a necessary preliminary study for the fourth book of ‘God in History,’ and instead of the continuation of the ‘Signs of the Times.’ All that I had to say in those I can more impressively and effectively attach to the ‘Life of Luther,’ and shall be enabled thus to shake off a number of trifles, which were in my way, and worried me, because in twenty-five years, or even less, all that stuff will have lost its present significance. But now I go again to the ‘God-Consciousness,’

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—as a Reformer, as a writer, as a preacher, and, lastly, as a man. Eight chapters.

Now I will tell you how I came upon this, and how I have seemingly with such inconceivable quickness made the whole clear to myself.

The originating cause was Black's proposal to write the article in the 'Encyclopædia.' But I had long known that no life of Luther existed, any more, or even still less, than a collection of his voluminous writings (88 volumes in 8vo.) calculated to communicate the spirit of this man, unique of his kind, and to be generally attractive. This want I had felt in the working out of the fourth book of 'God in History,' in which Luther is, of course, after the Apostles, the most prominent character. It was not clear to me how I should be able to resolve the undertaking within the limits of that book. With respect to Christ, I could refer to my 'Life of Jesus,' as soon to appear; but for the life of Luther, not even the materials lie within reach of the reading public.

That was reason enough for my being glad and willing to write the article for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and during the work the plan for executing the whole became clear to me. What decided me to the undertaking was that I should be enabled to bring forward in the course of this work, in a more acceptable and penetrating manner, the thoughts and considerations prepared for the continuation of the 'Signs of the Times.' There is nothing of what I want to say that might not be, in the most striking manner, connected with the representation of Luther and his works.

Therefore, I shall not continue the 'Signs of the Times,' but close them, by a preface of about forty pages intended for a popular edition.

Now came the necessity of convincing myself that the work may really succeed; and, therefore, the same day that I sent off the article to Black (Friday in the week before last), did I set about it, to the inexpressible joy of my wife, who has, from the first, urged me to this work; and late on March 3 I had accomplished so much as specimen of the life-picture that I could present her with the whole design, and with that first chapter all but the close, on her birthday, at breakfast, March 4. Now I go back to 'God in History,'

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my expectations have been surpassed. Your work has transported me back to beloved spots and inspiring regions ; I have walked under your guidance through those glorious, although most melancholy years of Republican Florence, displaying the aspiring religious mind of Italy, and the wonderful development of the fine arts, and above all those two giants of genius and intellect, Michael Angelo and Raphael. You have prepared the threads out of which you weave the narrative, so skilfully and yet naturally, that it reads like a novel. The Platonic Academy, the meetings round Lorenzo's table, Savonarola, and Charles VIII., Dante and the Divina Commedia; again, Pope Julius II., and Leo X., last, not least, Vittoria Colonna, come in so naturally, that no novelist could invent or imagine scenery half so attractive as that which we find in your book as a reality.

As to Michael Angelo's patriotism, poetry, and philosophy, justice was never done to them before ; and still nothing is truer than your statement. You have proved it convincingly as to Platonism, by showing that without it you cannot explain his Canzone and Sonetti. As to his piety, it was certainly neither old age, nor love of the bright eyes of Vittoria Colonna, which first inspired him with religious feelings. Your memoir relating to her is in its proper place, and your readers will thank you for it. The memoir which precedes it I was gratified to find embodied in a work of so much value, and connected with a subject so generally attractive. I believe the passage to be known to only a few of your countrymen ; the late Lord Ellesmere once made honourable allusion to it, in one of his Reviews on Art. How would my late friend Platner have been delighted, had he lived to see his truly solid and impartial articles on the paintings of the Last Judgment and others, so appreciated !

I think I can say that I agree with you on all subjects, (although I should express myself differently as to the religious aspirations of Homer and Sophocles, as not derived from exterior sources, no more than the philosophical notions of the Deity in Plato, but from that inward revelation of the Spirit of God to which St. Paul alludes), except as to the nature of Michael Angelo's feelings towards Vittoria. I am sure *she* always checked them, and kept him strictly within the limits of affectionate friendship ; which only increased the

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We, the undersigned [Archbishops, Bishops], Clergy and Laymen of the United Church of England and Ireland, Ministers and Members of the Established Church of Scotland, and of various Nonconforming Evangelical Churches of British Christians, have heard that, with the permission of Divine Providence, a Conference is to be held at Berlin, in the course of next autumn, composed of Protestant and Evangelical Christians of Germany and other countries; and that it will take place under the friendly sanction of His Majesty the King of Prussia. Being desirous to cultivate brotherly relations with true believers throughout the whole of Christendom, and thus to be helpers of each other's faith and charity, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our hearty sympathy with those brethren on the Continent, who are labouring for the defence of the Protestant faith, and the wider spread of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are the Word of God, that they are given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, are of binding authority on the conscience, and able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. We would therefore record our sympathy with those brethren on the Continent who uphold their full authority as the only rule of Christian faith against all theories which would undermine or destroy it, either by exalting human traditions to the same level with the Word of God; or by placing that on the same footing with the writings of fallible men.

We believe that Jesus Christ is the only-begotten Son of God, who took upon Him our flesh, and suffered on the Cross to make one true and all sufficient atonement and satisfaction for sin. We believe that there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we can be saved. We therefore bid God speed to all those brethren who honour His person and His work, recognising His true Godhead as well as true humanity, and the atoning efficacy of His death, as the foundation of the Church, and the sole ground of hope and peace to guilty sinners.

We believe that salvation is not by the merit of human works, but by the grace of God, through a living faith in the

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Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, the exclusive Lord of conscience, the true Physician of souls, the only source, to men and nations, of life, peace, comfort, and joy. We would, therefore, express to the brethren who shall meet in Berlin, our cordial sympathy with all wise efforts to promote these great objects; and would pray that the God of love and peace may prosper all their consultations to the furtherance of His truth, the increase of brotherly union, and the growth of enlarged zeal, for the spread of the Gospel, both throughout Christendom and in all heathen lands.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

22nd March, 1857.

I hasten to communicate to you some joyful intelligence. The second edition (of 3,000 copies) of the translation of Caird's Sermon is so nearly exhausted that Brockhaus is about to publish another; and I am requested to announce it as the fourth, for meanwhile, in the Saxon Society for the Spread of Christian Popular Writings, in Zwickau, a popular edition of 10,000 copies has been demanded, and of course assented to by Brockhaus—the Society has only to pay the printing expenses. I shall mention the fact in the Preface to the fourth edition.

There is a great movement among the Evangelicals in England, of every variety; an admirable Declaration (by the Rev. Mr. Birks, of the Church of England, honorary secretary of the Evangelical Alliance), which might be called a Manifesto, or (as they call it) Confession of Faith, is said (by Sir Eardley Culling, who sent it to me printed, but marked 'Private and Confidential,') to have been accepted by the Alliance. There is a prospect of its being generally signed; but I consider it as too good. If it succeeds, the narrow party in Germany will be furious! In every case the movement is a good one, not only because it will be attacked by the Pope and others, but good in itself.

24th March.—The matter (of my journey to Bonn) is brought to a decision by an invitation to Carlsruhe this week. I have answered, with entire truth, that the physicians forbid all travelling in this severe weather, and even my leaving my room; and altogether give me little hope of

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had he but noticed the repeated warnings that I have given in many places, that it pretends not to treat of the Philosophy of Religion, nor to be a History of Religion, but of something very different. He evidently considers the 'developments' as parts of the individual work—instead of lengthened remarks on the subject matter. When I brought forward new opinions, I needed to support them by new proofs; but wherefore should I prove what is well known and admitted? Had I but given the 'developments' in small print (which would have been certainly more practical), their purpose would have been more distinct. Ewald, a rigorous judge, and a High-Church opponent in a theological periodical, commend me as going deep into the matter—the reverse of 'superficial!'

Let your bookseller send you two small books, which have just appeared:—1, 'Edouard Laboulaye—a Foreign Utterance as to Religious Freedom' (Brockhaus); 2, 'Job's Three Friends: Bunsen, Stahl, Ritter' (Hamburgh, 1857). The latter, a clever but enthusiastic book, I doubt not to be by Onken, the chief of the Baptists in Hamburgh.

All mine greet you, and regret that you cannot see and enjoy the magnificence of the blossoming trees and flowers on our hill and on the way to the Castle—the chestnut-trees, the lilacs. My wife and I are reading the ten volumes of '*L'Histoire de ma Vie*,' of George Sand—a wonderful book, which has been lent us. That woman has a deep, and, I think, a true soul, and she is a disciple of Lamennais, as well as of Leibnitz, to whom she remains faithful. She is said to be ugly—which is a pity; but as the Swabian wisely said, 'Unpleasant it is, but no sin.' The Rajah of Sarawak (Brooke) has again proved himself a hero, which I always considered him to be. It is a black sin of those who have been misled by Hume, to attack that man as an enemy.

24th May.—When a Ministry, a Parliament, a Nation, shows itself ever ready to follow good advice from Cobden.—why should the whole public dissent from his opinion about Sir J. Brooke, if he really was in the right? You see from this, that in public life one must take political characters as they are; one may hold different opinions as to their views, and yet honour them as men, and love them as human beings. But such a character is not to be converted, and as little can

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and History), and altogether, no one in the whole philosophical faculty for many years in Heidelberg.

Astor and family are to arrive on the 21st August; he embarks at New York on the 5th, and travels straight to Heidelberg. Therefore, we shall go to Wildbad on the 28th of this present month, that I may have completed my twenty-one baths before the 20th August.

The only MS. of the Latin translation of the Old Testament by Jerome (of the year 541), which has not been corrupted, is at Florence, and a collation of it for me is being made by Dr. Heyse, which is to be completed by September 15.

Wildbad: 16th August.—The bath and the heat of the weather have so relaxed me that I find days and weeks pass as in a dream, and I feel as if I had done something enormous when I have corrected and expedited a sheet of the '*Bibelwerk*'! But the bathing has done me good decidedly, although I can stand it no longer. On Wednesday, the 19th, we shall set out early homewards, and at four o'clock the same day Dr. Kamphausen is appointed for a closing conference; on the 20th he leaves Heidelberg, for a three weeks' tour of refreshment.

Here it is indescribably beautiful, and should I be obliged again to go to a bathing place, it should certainly be Wildbad. Excursions into the Forest are charming, the air is of the sort that I enjoy, the baths are most beneficial. We have met some friends here; Miss Wynn has just left us. Eliza Gurney, the American Quaker, widow of John Joseph Gurney, came here to see us, and we had a very fine and solemn day in her company. She had been at Berlin, and was admitted to see the King, to ask and obtain from him exemption from military service for a Quaker youth.

30th August.—I have been expecting Astor daily, and at last he arrived yesterday evening, at the same time with the Prince of Wales. Astor's faithful attachment to me, and the impression we receive of his excellence, give us true pleasure.

To the Duchess of Argyll.

Heidelberg: 1st July, 1857.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—This is the morning of the fortieth anniversary of my wedding. Full forty years lie before me

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reading such letters as yours, my dear Duchess, is the greatest comfort and solace in such a state of mind—but answering them is impossible. Only since last night could I tell you that the work is done. I have mastered it by having accomplished the first volume, for the work has been written backwards, so as to enable me to word safely and unhesitatingly the Introductory Address to the Christian People, or, as we call it in German, *die Gemeinde*. I have now only to hope to live (as I think I shall) to Easter 1861, when the last volume, the ‘Life of Jesus and the Eternal Kingdom of God,’ will be out. . . .

It may be said that we (in Germany) have been at this work (of revising the translation of the Bible) for 87 years, say 100; for in 1770, Michaelis at Göttingen published his great Translation and Commentary of the Old Testament, and yet the German nation has still the least correct of all Bible translations, although marked by the greatest genius, and in spite of unparalleled exertions made by our men of learning to effect a revision for the people. But as to England, it is more than 100 years that you have given up all really serious exegetical study of the Bible. Jowett’s and Stanley’s and Alford’s works are, however, excellent beginnings—at least, as far as the New Testament is concerned. I think there are 3,000 passages requiring correction in Luther’s translation, and not more than 1,500 in the English, Dutch, and French—the three best ever yet made. Still 1,500 is a great deal in a volume where every word ought to be sacred! Only such ignorant talkers as ——— can speak as though a more correct translation would of itself open a new light to the Christian world! Nobody can change the language of our Bibles, nor their groundwork; the precious metal requires only rubbing.

To a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 25th August, 1857.

. . . Here do I stand, on my sixty-sixth birthday, once more (after my return from Wildbad) at my old beautiful desk, in my beautiful Charlottenberg, in the finest summer weather—after having closed, yesterday evening, the revision of my Introduction to the ‘*Bibelwerk*’—expecting Astor every hour! What will his visit bring?

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tions had always been, that in such a case he would be bound to solicit permission to decline the call, on the ground of the pronounced infirmity of his health. But the wording of this letter so clearly signified that the Royal writer could not be satisfied without seeing Bunsen again, could not bear to know him absent, where the interests of religion were to be discussed,—and, in short, so completely constituted an appeal from a friend to a friend, ending with an expression to the effect of ‘ You will surely not refuse to be the guest of an old friend in his own house!’—that it was impossible not to yield to the will so affectionately intimated: although all indication of an especial purpose to be carried out by the journey was wholly wanting,—and Bunsen’s presence at the meeting was but that of a spectator, not belonging to the Evangelical Alliance, of which he would gladly have become a member had they but been willing to adopt the ‘ Confession of Faith ’ sent him by Sir E. Culling in March last (see pp. 426—428), and fully approved of by Bunsen (see p. 428). As it was, he was obliged to decline becoming a member of it. He went, therefore, to Berlin ‘ pour faire acte de présence:’ with an inward determination not to leave the opportunity unused, but to ask an audience for the purpose of bringing before the Royal mind, with more urgency than ever, the crying evils of the present police-government in matters of conscience.

The extracts which follow, from the abundant communications which his affection prompted, sufficiently tell the tale of that consolatory visit, which shed an un hoped for gleam over the close of the remarkable and unparalleled connection with Frederick William IV. which was of precisely thirty years’ duration—as the two minds ‘ met and united ’ on the 15th October, 1827.

These three weeks at Berlin proved a thoroughly happy time to Bunsen, in the enjoyment of the society of friends, and of objects of art and science, besides the

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was wanting in all the qualities required for a lasting connection of friendship.

Here follows a translation of the autograph letter of King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen (the last ever received from that gracious hand)—the transcript having been found in a letter from Bunsen to one of his sons.

King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen.

Sans Souci : 5th September, 1857.

MY DEAREST BUNSEN,—I express to you my heartiest thanks for all the great trouble you have undertaken and carried through with such splendid results (to my honour) for the Schlagentweits. For all this, and for so many letters, most interesting to me, I am in heavy debt to you: but time is wanting in a frightful manner to me for answering you as I ought and desire to do! I write to you only on account of a matter *which I have at heart beyond all expression*, and that is your appearing at Berlin during the Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance. I wish *that*, urgently and longingly, first for the sake of the thing itself, secondly for the sake of your good name, thirdly for my own sake:—you must once more show yourself outside the limits of that narrow circle (becoming ever more and more suspicious) in which you now exclusively live!

You must inhale fresh air of life—the breath of that life, which alone is life, because it is the *essential life* proceeding from the *one essential source* of life. You must inhale this breath of life, *there*, where a yet unheard of mass of *joyful confessors* will assemble; *there*, where it seems almost certain that a new future will be prepared for the whole Church and the entire body of the evangelical confessions. You must, by your appearance alone, stifle the malicious calumny which, in genuine German (especially North-German), contractedness of vision is beginning to raise against you, and to injure the *holy cause of the Church*. Thousands are watching for your non-appearance, to cast stones at you. *That* is what I cannot bear, if you by an *error in conduct* give occasion *thereto*. I conjure you, for the sake of the Lord's cause, accept my offer, and accept from me, as an old and faithful

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to have a corner somewhere. I shall not write to-morrow, but I shall, D.V., be with you in the middle of October.

[Translation.]

The Palace at Berlin—*at the Apothecary's*,
Friday early, 11th September, 1857.

MY DEAREST FANNY AND THEODORE,—That was a poetical entry, my 'joyeuse entrée' into the Palace yesterday!

Saturday, four o'clock.—So things go! I must break off the regular history, and relate, that George came in to me at eight o'clock glowing with life and love; and that at twelve the Falmouth telegraph announced that Ernest will set out Sunday night towards Calais, and hopes to be here on Tuesday. See, what rich and blessed parents we are! literally according to the Psalmist's words. Thanks be to God!

Yesterday was a great day, not to be forgotten. I dined with the King at Sans Souci, alone with Humboldt, and the Court, to present the English at the great reception of the Members of the Evangelical Alliance, at five o'clock. The King entered the Hall, and came straight up to me, and instead of (as formerly) giving his hand, embraced me heartily, and then a second time, saying aloud, 'I thank you from my heart, dear Bunsen, that you have fulfilled my request, and come here so quickly—God reward you!' Afterwards Humboldt told me that the scene had been observed with great astonishment. Ah! it is the very same dear royal countenance, and the same noble overflowing heart: the kernel of life is not injured, but the signs of age are beginning to make their appearance.

At half-past four I was at my post, in the New Palace: before the long front, and on both sides as far as the steps, were placed one thousand Members.

I went to reconnoitre, in order to make a due report to the King: and first on the left wing came upon the twenty-two Americans, headed by the Envoy, Mr. Wright, of Indiana. When I addressed him, to offer thanks as a Prussian and a Christian for his fine speech at the opening, he took me for the King, and was about to present his countrymen: but I quieted him, and he said, 'Sir, I come straight from the woods—forgive me: but I do love your good King. I am a Senator, and have been Governor of Indiana.' I went along the

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to me (I was with Ernest in the royal seat), and took my hand in sight of the assembly, and spoke to me for five minutes. As I went out, there stood ladies and men on both sides of the way, bowing and greeting me. I was much moved and abashed when Ernest made me observe this.

To-morrow I dine with the Minister Von der Heydt, to whom I prophesied his triumph, which yesterday splendidly took place. I planted, at the request of Lepsius, a young oak in his beautiful garden. I held the tree, while the earth was thrown over its vigorous roots, in the cradle of soil prepared for its reception. Then a motto was demanded (without which the tree would not grow, according to German fancy), and I said, in giving the name:—

Oak ! I plant thee—grow in beauty ;
Straight and firm and vigorous stand !
Bunsen is the name I give thee—
Flourish in the German land !

For the House of Lepsius blooming,
Through the storm grow fair and free !
And a shelter in the noon-day,
To his children's children be !

George then planted a Weymouth pine ; motto, *Wonne-muth* ('Joyful courage'). To-day, Ernest will plant his (a Thorn of Christ) on the way to the train—homewards.

[Translation.]

The Miller's House, Sans Souci (dwelling of the late Count Stollberg) : Wednesday, early, 23rd September.

The last day was grand and fine, not to be forgotten. I had an audience,—‘a beautifully calm and yet troubled hour’ (as the King afterwards termed it), from a quarter past one till three o'clock. The statement I had to make I had written down in the morning, between nine and eleven o'clock, that there might be a minute of what had been proposed and debated. The King was quite as in former times, in the best sense—all his former openness and his own peculiar animation. I had brought everything into clear and distinct form, and such were also his replies : we understand each other fully. We had just finished, when three o'clock, his dinner-hour, struck.

To-day the General Superintendent Hofmann is to be here : and I shall not, till after the dinner, be finally dismissed.

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to announce, that I shall remain at least this week! So it is. The King had understood (from a letter of mine, in which there was nothing of the sort) that I wished to be gone—and he met me on Monday with the question, ‘Will you indeed leave us already?’ I replied, ‘If your Majesty has no further commands for me—yes.’ Whereupon, when the King after dinner dismissed me, he added that ‘it would give him great pleasure to find me still here on his return on Friday.’ Therefore I made my visits of leave-taking:—and at Gröben’s in the evening (whither I had received a kind invitation—she is the same charming person as ever) he said to me, the King had charged him with a message to me, that ‘if my business was not too pressing, he wished I should await his return, for that he must speak to me.’ I answered Gröben with an explanation; and observed to him that the King had not yet granted me an audience. ‘That he will do,’ replied Gröben, ‘on Saturday or Sunday; at any rate, when the Grand Duchess Maria is gone.’

I have been well all the time, and enjoying the number of fine and grand works, and the company of men of art and science, which I have so long been without, and from which I had been almost weaned. George is delighted that I give way to this impulse of the spirit. The friends outdo each other in kindness. *Employment* I have, more than I can master, in the Library; most of the Museum has yet to be seen, and many distinguished men are yet to be visited. I have been to see Marcus Niebuhr—in a ruined condition of nerves; he has a chronic low fever. Abeken’s kindness is indescribable; the house of Lepsius is of all spots here the one I like best. He and I have worked much together, and I think to the profit of both.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Saturday, 26th September, 1857.

I am just come from a fine solemnity—the consecration of the new Hall for devotional meeting belongings, to the Moravian Brethren. This day, 106 years ago, the old narrow and dark receptacle was consecrated—now they have a handsome, roomy, and well-lighted hall. The King was present and all the clergy of Berlin. The Pastor Wünsche and the Deacon Stobwasser had in the kindest manner invited me, and they

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by sending you, to-day as yesterday, and henceforth daily, a greeting in writing, short or long, clear or unintelligible, but always true and warm. Yesterday I have indeed spoken with the King for the first time; and the requested audience is to take place on Tuesday, the day after to-morrow. It is possible, but not probable, that that audience will be the last; but, if not, certainly the last but one; and I shall go away before the arrival of the Emperor, on the 2nd October.

The dinner-party at Charlottenburg had been arranged by the King himself, the Queen not having yet returned from Saxony. Humboldt and Gröben sat on each side of him; opposite to him myself, with Abeken on the right and George on the left; the remainder were the aides-de-camp; next to George was the son of the late Minister Count Stollberg, and I could not but reflect, how much more desirable a life George has, as a free man, than the son of the Count. The King, when I presented George, remembered him but slightly, until I mentioned that he had the happiness of accompanying and showing Radowitz over London and travelling with him in England—and then he asked him about his country-abode, and seemed to take pleasure in him. When the dinner was over, then came the great moment. The King went into the recess of a window, and let Gröben relate something to him—then he came towards me, and (following good advice) I seized the initiative, and reminded His Majesty that I had petitioned for one audience. ‘I have every day thought of it,’ he said; ‘but it was never possible.’ ‘Perhaps to-day?’ I enquired. ‘Yes, truly,’ said he, ‘were it not that I must go with the Queen to the jubilee of an old actor, who to-day makes his last appearance. But it might be on Tuesday, at Sans Souci.’ ‘Might it take place before dinner?’ I enquired. ‘That would be best,’ said he; ‘we will try to make it possible.’ With a few words I now indicated the subjects I desired to treat—and thus the ice was broken; I had an important preparatory audience in the window-recess. The King’s heart met mine again; and I think I now comprehend how things stand. Thus did six o’clock come upon us; when I with George drove to the Grimms and Bekker, who dwell on the same floor. Bekker was at first not visible; and at Grimm’s I succeeded in evoking the soul of the house,—

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I worked for two hours ; then went to the excellent Nitsch. There remains nothing now but the family dinner at Pertz's, at four o'clock, and the theatre (to see 'Cymbeline') at half-past six. The King's wish was to have the 'Orpheus' of Gluck performed for me, but it will not take place. All things are ready for my journey on Friday. To-morrow is the decisive day. I made my solemn determination yesterday in church, absolutely to give over into the hands of God whether I should now act in the great concern, or not. 'If it be good, so let it be; if not, tear Thou the web!' What I have to say—what I can offer to do, and what not—I know; but whether it be God's will that now, under the present ruling circumstances and persons, the great work should be undertaken,—that God alone knows, and He will show me the way. I remain in reflection and doubt.

My travelling plan remains as before. Saturday early, 9 40, at Frankfort, there to rest, and see Schopenhauer, the Städler Museum, the Ariadne, and the Maine. Could you not come to meet me at Frankfort, and we could see all this together? Now I commend you to God!

I have yet a good half hour to spare for sleep. This evening, at half-past nine, Abeken comes to me to tea.

Eternally yours,

JOSIAS.

The Palace, Berlin: Tuesday, early, quarter-past seven,
[Translation.] Michaelmas-day, 1857.

The day is come! I am invited to Sans Souci, to come by the twelve o'clock train, because His Majesty wishes to speak to me before dinner. There is much to be considered yet; from eight to nine, Trendelburg will be with me for that purpose. I can therefore only give you a sign of life, beloved! I go to my work fresh, and firm in heart to my Sunday's vow.

'Cymbeline' is a wonderful piece, but too much was omitted. Imagine that the lovely little Führ, who interested us in London, is now established here. She played Imogen charmingly.

Your

JOSIAS.

Extract from a Letter of the same day, from George Bunsen.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—One must give over one's hopes and fears into the Almighty's hands, and just rest there.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

The Palace, Berlin : 19th September, 1857.

. . . As to details, you must make E. give them in person : I will only say here, that there were those days in which I was attacked, assailed, discussed ; and when both E. and G. were fully occupied as well as I myself, and E. had to bear the brunt of the battle, and came off victoriously. The satisfaction has been as splendid as the attack was ill-judged. Wherever I go, the Berlin public has its eye upon me, and I think I read in their faces the expression of their sympathy in my having such aides-de-camp as no King has—sons, friends, advisers, and true supporters. The eight days I have passed here are among the most remarkable of my life.

The following was found among Bunsen's papers:—

Leave-taking from Berlin.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin : Friday morning, five o'clock;
2nd October, 1857.

Praised be Thou, Eternal God, the God of faithfulness and truth, Thou that art All-merciful and All-wise, that Thou hast stifled the struggle of my heart, and quenched its bitterness: that Thou hast led me hither against my will ; and that Thou hast wrought great things, contrary to expectation, and beyond all wish. Thy congregation in Christ will be planted amid this people, that general freedom may flourish on the consecrated soil ;—this Royal House and this nation will be reconciled. 'Christ is our peace,' in truth. The period of Thy kingdom, as the kingdom of the Spirit, of love, and of freedom, will come near, and Thy everlasting Gospel will be preached through all the earth. 'The yoke of the oppressor is broken, and Thy eye of love shines into all lands. Hallelujah !'

My tent Thou wilt place for me near my children, in the country of my choice, where my bones may rest beside those of Niebuhr—should it be Thy will that Thy work should prosper by my hands.

But do Thou, O Lord, remain my succour and defence, and Thy will alone be done, to Thy glory, and to the forwarding of Thy holy kingdom, Thou that livest in eternity! Amen !

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decisively the result of the sentiments which he suffered to transpire.

Two subjects, apparently distinct, had been emphatically commended to Bunsen's conscientious contemplation by the King, not only often and urgently in earlier years, but with peculiar energy on the repeated though short occasions of conference during this last occasion of cordial intercourse—the proper style of architecture for the national and metropolitan church, so long a favourite design with the King, and the form of government for the community of living intelligence, or the Church in the spiritual sense. These two subjects Bunsen, in his own commentary upon the King's expressed intentions, studiously interwove into one—arguing that a congregation constituted on a free and rational, and therefore Christian, system, would itself expand into the form best suited to its public worship, and, unshackled by any architectural forms merely traditional, would assemble from all sides to meet round the central altar-table, or table of communion, there to offer the one only sacrifice of the Christian—his reasonable soul and free will—when partaking of the symbols commemorative of the death and of the ever-living presence of Christ.

Bunsen having returned home after this period of deep interest, on the 3rd October (the very day of the King's mortal seizure, which was not publicly known till later), had not long rested from the manifold fatigues and excitement of the three weeks at Berlin, when he was called upon to set out towards Coblenz on 31st October, and he wrote to his wife from the hotel at Mainz on that day:—

[Translation.]

I asked myself the question, just as the train rolled away with me, whether I had taken leave of you, beloved ! and was compelled to answer, No ! How that could happen I can only so explain, that I have the impression as a thing of course, when you do not drive with me, that I shall be with

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serious resulted from the large proportion of days of illness in the following winter. The lengthening out of a fine autumn continued the possibility of air and exercise, so as to carry Bunsen in a tolerable state of health, and in full activity of occupation, through December and into the new year; but the winter severity of January laid him low with one of the too well-known attacks of gastric disorders and harassing cough, which hung upon him until relief was brought by the warm air of spring. It will be seen in the extracts of letters, that visions of removal to the coast of the Mediterranean cheered the days of darkness; and by the end of March, the long-desired commencement of the publication of the '*Bibelwerk*' brought with it the means, which were essential, to allow of his indulging in a journey to the South, and in a six months' residence there, without giving up Charlottenberg.

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and 'Sursum corda' in a Christian sense; and both, with God's help, can my heart furnish.

At the moment of writing the above, Bunsen was not aware of the serious character of the attack from which Frederick William IV. never recovered. His remarks, therefore, apply to a state of affairs which, in fact, had passed away. It will be remembered that the real condition of the King was not fully stated at once to the public after the stroke of the 3rd October.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

21st October, 1857.

What a melancholy complication at Berlin! and how consolatory for me, to have seen the King once more in entire affection and cheerfulness! No one at Berlin believes in the possibility of his recovery, or that he should ever again sustain the weight of government. The public amuses itself with reports as to my future position at Berlin; but I know of nothing on the subject, except that I shall never again accept office. At Berlin I saw almost all my theological friends and acquaintances, and made many valuable new acquaintances. It would have done your heart good to have seen how much kindness and respect was shown to me on all sides, and particularly by the people of Berlin. I am now again deep in my work—the publication of the first volume of the '*Bibelwerk*' has been retarded one month by my Berlin journey. At Leipzig I saw the first sheets struck off (stereotyped).

2nd December.—The King is physically better, but his memory returns only occasionally for short intervals; not in the most distant manner can they speak to him on business; the cord once snapped cannot be restored. This condition has only so far affected my outward condition, as that the King, without my knowledge, on 3rd October (the very last day of his reigning, and giving his signature) commanded and executed my elevation to the Peerage. The matter was an object of long negotiation and correspondence, ever since 1844, when I, in commission from the King, made out a system as to the increase of the order of nobles. Since then, I

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The patent of nobility referred to in the preceding letter was granted by King Frederick William IV. on the 3rd October, 1857, a few hours before the seizure which deprived him of his faculties. Thus, by a remarkable coincidence, the last act of His Majesty's reign was to confer this merited honour and reward upon his attached Minister and faithful friend. The following passage occurs in a letter addressed by Bunsen to Arthur Schopenhauer, in reply to the congratulations addressed to him on this occasion:—

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg : 13th January, 1858.

I have endured the elevation in rank, as I endured my birth into the world ; having, however, fought it off, according to my long declared principles, in so far as submission thereto might imply want of respect towards my own proper condition, which is that of the cultivated middle class ; or because an absurdity of pretension might be attributed to myself.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg : 29th January, 1858.

The course of events is dragging down Napoleon III. He has thrown himself into the military-clerical-police direction, and has declared war against 'ideas,' on account of an abominable attempt at assassination. The whole of France divided among five commanders, and declared under continuous martial law, in case of any movement, *ipso facto*, without awaiting telegrams ! All so-called *impiété* to be persecuted by the police ! What a curse is annexed to imperial despotism ! The Emperor's real danger lay not in the attack of the 14th, but in his speech on the 18th. Will no one in Germany utter the truth ?

31st March.—The saying of Schulze Bodmer (which originated at Heidelberg) is going the round of Paris:—*'L'attentat a parfaitement réussi ; l'Empereur a perdu la tête.'*

How bad and absurd is the Ellenborough India Bill ! To gain over London and the other trading cities, and the Radicals, and to bribe Parliament, by the sacrifice of the fundamental principle of the English Constitution ! proposing to

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insisted on giving up the whole, or that a creation should take place, as was done by Queen Victoria in the case of Macaulay, and that I should be a member of the House of Lords. This was the King's intention in October, but his illness made its execution impossible, until fourteen days ago, when the Prince Regent himself made some enquiry on the subject. The King interrupted the Prince with the words, 'Just that, and nothing less, did I intend;' and he then went through the whole transaction with great clearness, and remembered further that he had desired to grant my son Ernest ('on account of his services to the Royal Legation in London') the rank of a Counsellor of Legation. He showed himself cheerful and pleased that the thing should now be brought in order by the Prince.

28th February.—I admire your courage, to be willing to read ——— yourself! He is a power, being the only one of his nation understanding Hebrew and the Semitic languages altogether. His education among the Jesuits has rendered him an unbeliever, as was the case with Voltaire, with whom he has much in common, especially keenness and clearness of intelligence, although not equal wit and imagination.

I cannot agree in your opinion as to recent political events. If the eighty Liberals, who made Lord Derby Minister, have acted honestly, the English history for 100 years gives no such instance of folly. It is *the Great Blunder!* But it is a remarkable fact, that so political and intelligent a nation as the English can for a few weeks, and an English Parliament for one evening, have become suddenly mad! Because Palmerston, having become unpopular, gave a haughty answer to those who, sharing the general and intelligible popular feeling, roused by French Ministerial impertinences—the folly of Persigny, and the asperities of Walewski, took upon themselves to ask him reasonable questions—they suddenly throw out the Bill, which by an unexampled majority had been read for the first time a few days before! which Bill afforded not only no advantage to despotism, but was calculated to fill up a void in legislation, neither logical nor honourable to English jurisprudence. But how will this end? The Queen will never consent to a dissolution of Parliament at such a time of excitement, and under such

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rare specimen of humanity has in him vanished away from among us. Much is required to work out a real human character—cultivation outward and inward, of the mind and faculties, knowledge of the world, the understanding of himself and his position; but not less to form the real artist. The mere artistical training is difficult, and the inward still more than the outward; and how many of the professors of the art more especially of feeling—the *art of music*—remain stationary half-way! Yet the thorough artist ought to possess a thoroughly cultivated understanding, he ought to be a thinker, and a self-conscious human being, which is most uncommon. Such was he who has just departed; and such was Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. And how did Neukomm, like Göthe, keep up the energy of striving after further development and acquisition, and endeavour, even in his advanced age, to preserve his power of composition! and all that he was resulted from his own struggles and endeavours, and that often amid circumstances of extreme difficulty. I could fill pages with outpourings of my heart about this deceased friend.

Bunsen's reply to a Letter from Rudolph W., in Magdeburg (personally unknown to him), enquiring into his religious opinions.

[Translation.]

Tuesday in Whitsuntide: 25th May, 1858.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Your call, of the 20th of last month, went to my heart—as how should it not? but as I had much to finish before the Festival which did not admit of delay, I have reserved for a Whitsuntide pleasure the answering of your question as a Christian—that is, sincerely and openly. Yes, my fellow-believer, the Lord taught me early that I am a sinner, and that only in Christ I can become well-pleasing to God, and a child of God. He, the same Lord (as you may read it stated shortly in my '*Bibelwerk*'), has preserved me by His Spirit in the same path, and given me strength to search His Word, in humble, sincere enquiry. For it is said, 'The truth shall make you free;' how then should the enquiry after truth lead those into error, who, for the glory of God and not for their own, seek it where it is to be found? and where that is I have said, in terms not to be misunderstood, to yourself and all those who are willing

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introduced error surreptitiously, as in the case of 1 John v. 7, in the teeth of the solemn imprecation of Luther! This applies to the leaders; I judge not those who are mere echoes;—but God will judge us all in that day, when we pass from the temporal into the eternal, and when ‘the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.’

Those who preach the curse and wrath of God against sin, are in the right; but if they do not at the same time preach the love of God, the eternal love of God in Christ, with which He has loved us all from the beginning—if they preach not that the Spirit makes known the love of God to all who reckon themselves to be, not much, nor little, but nothing, and God to be All in All—then they preach not the Gospel; nor the doctrine of the great Apostle of the heathen, who calls himself the ‘chief of sinners,’ although conscious that by the grace of God he had become a chosen instrument for the work of God. To this point may the Lord conduct us all, and in this faith may He preserve us all!

Do you go on faithfully searching the Scriptures, and He will give you the seal of the Spirit in your heart, and preserve it to you to the day of death; and let no authoritative declarations disturb you. In my writings you will not, I hope, find any such declarations, for I seek to lay before the congregation the reasons for my assertions, as they have become clear to me through the labours of forty years; and in this I am only doing my duty.

In a few months you will receive the next volume of my ‘*Bibelwerk*’; and if you will but go on studying with me, you will discern in the Law the first burst of that light, which in the Gospel, in the person of Christ the Son of God, shone forth in full clearness and brightness.

Again thanking you for your confidence, I remain, in Christian affection and esteem, &c., BUNSEN.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 4th July, 1858.

I have really, with the help of God, fulfilled my vow of 1815, when I transcribed the text of the ‘*Wölmspa*’ (at that time not yet published in the edition of Copenhagen) as it now lies before me, with my Danish translation, and the corrections of F. Magnussen. I do not agree with the

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yesterday evening, I felt it would be a pity not to go further; and now the ideas have arisen in such life before my soul's vision, that the hand cannot follow quickly enough. Plato had clearly before him the problem, to explain the order of development out of the eternal existence by intermediate ideas:—and one needs but to contemplate the reality of evolution, from the level of our age, to find the point of connection. . . . Do you with the two dear girls make nearer acquaintance with the Palatinate, and expand in a new scene of God's free creation! I am resolved to show Baden to you all in the autumn—you have no conception of the beauty of the place. Were you but here! The dinner-bell rings—five o'clock—great hunger, and high philosophy with it!

Victoria Hotel, Baden: Thursday, 22nd July, ten o'clock morning.—Yesterday, on returning from that divine Badenweiler, I was surprised by the unexpected pleasure of your letter. How beautiful, but how short, your excursion! My journey is a romance of reality. Whom should I find by my side at the table (at Badenweiler) but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, von Meyseburg! I had spoken to the Prince at once (at Baden) of the affair of Rastadt, so utterly mismanaged and so highly important; and found him, in all points, clear and right-intentioned and courageous. The whole thing lay in a nutshell; but who was to open it? My old inclination, to seize at once, personally, the opportunity, revived, when I found the right man (never seen before) at my side. I knew not before that he was at Badenweiler. I introduced myself—we entered into animated conversation—I proposed a confidential conference on the subject of Rastadt, which next day took place, and, in two parts, lasted five hours, in which we came to the same opinion. The next morning (yesterday) at five o'clock, I wrote down the whole; I read it through with him, and he confirmed every word. I carried the paper to the Prince, who could not believe his eyes; and I have by his desire telegraphed for Herr von Meyseburg to come here. . . . More by word of mouth. Usedom, Pourtalès, and Schleinitz are all here. All right! but they laugh at me, poor old man as I am, for complaining of illness, when, this morning early, I was able to walk for a whole hour, conversing all the time, partly with Pourtalès, partly with the Prince. This wellbeing of mine is all owing

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dear soul in the noblest enjoyment of art. . . . I am writing busily at the third volume—much lies before me and my Imprimatur. It would be just right if my journey to Berlin were to take place at the beginning instead of at the end of October. The weather is indescribably fine—we did drive again to-day up the hill, this time not returning to Vossheim, but getting out at the Engelswiese, from whence I did walk home by the Fries-Weg.

My best greeting to the two valued friends, your travelling companions—their visit rejoiced my very soul!

The 'two valued friends' were Lepsius and Abeln, who, after a short and much-prized visit at Charlottenberg, had accompanied Bunsen's wife and Emma to Munich and Nürnberg, and granted their most agreeable escort as far as Augsburg on the way back from whence they returned to Berlin. Munich in that year possessed the additional attraction of the general Exhibition of German Art, which there for the first time took place: a similar collection of monuments of German genius and talent, excluding all those previously exhibited at Munich, has only once since been brought together at Cologne, in the summer of 1861. The project of showing Nürnberg, as the treasury of ancient art in Germany, to his wife, and of revisiting with her Munich, to behold in a state of completeness all that they had seen in its first commencement twenty years before, on their journey from Italy,—had long been entertained by Bunsen; but now that the desirable opportunity offered of making the journey in the company of friends, he found it was impossible to break off from his work, which had been only too much retarded; and was pleased that his wife and daughter at least should execute the plan.

The letter from Baden of July 22 indicates a concurrence of unlooked-for circumstances, the result of which was very gratifying to Bunsen, but which concern a transaction belonging to history, and which, like so much ~~is~~ pointed out and left untold in this biographical

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Person. One evening in his house I thought I had shut him up to a point, but the conversation was interrupted by the breaking up of the large company. We met the next day, by appointment, to resume the discussion; but amid the flow of his grand conceptions, I never got him back to the point at which we had broken off.

The last day I passed with him was a Sabbath—a Sabbath indeed: for I never in all my life spent a more profitable day. In the forenoon I sat with him in the University Church of Heidelberg, where we had the privilege of listening to a powerful Gospel sermon from Dr. Schenkel. I spent the afternoon in his house, where he read to us in German, or in English translations, out of the fine devotional works of his country, interspersing remarks of his own, evidently springing from the depths of his heart, and breathing towards heaven—whither, I firmly believe, he has now been carried.

The living picture contained in the preceding passage is most gladly and gratefully here extracted, as one instance of the kind of memorial so delightful to surviving affection, and as almost unique of its kind. The objections made by the excellent Dr. M'Cosh to opinions uttered by Bunsen shall only be so far commented upon, as to remind the reader of these lines, that Dr. M'Cosh witnessed the oscillations of a pendulum, by which it was often borne far away from the centre of gravity, to which it returned, and in which it rested:—and that she who had longest watched and witnessed the oscillations, has most reason to know and mark the fact, and the point of repose.

On the opinion held by Bunsen as to mesmerism, Dr. M'Cosh is believed to have misunderstood the distinction which he endeavoured to mark between total disbelief in a natural gift of the human animal, and the over-estimate of the gift which prevails among those who exalt its operations into sublimity and spirituality: whereas he believed that second-sight or clairvoyance was only the product of a morbid state of body, a disturbance of health or of the nervous equipoise; and

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30th September.—On 10th October (D.V.) I set out—to arrive at Berlin on the 15th.

Since the 21st, I have written of the ‘Consciousness of God’ from the Abbot Joachim (1100) up to Göthe and Hegel—from Florence to Washington, from Luther to Channing—with all the necessary extracts.

The ‘Pentateuch’ is ‘out.’ In a word, the close is successful. *Soli Deo gloria!*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Hôtel d’Angleterre, Berlin: 18th October, 1858.

Here I am, happily arrived, accompanied from St. Elizabeth’s at Marburg by Lang, the architect of the restoration in this royal city, favoured by the finest weather, and received at the station by the two guides of your recent journey. I entered this best of hotels at ten o’clock, conveyed in Lepsius’ carriage. We talked over our tea till midnight; and when I left the quiet adjoining bed-chamber (and a bed eight feet long) this morning at seven, I saw the prospect, from my sitting-room, of the green square with flowers and a fountain playing, the river beyond, and above it the new high cupola of the Palace; on the left, the bridge with the eight colossal marble groups (the young warrior instructed by Pallas Athene in the use of arms—guided in combat, in attack, in defence, in victory, in death—and the palm of triumph), and, behind all, that splendid Museum. Before breakfast I looked over some printed slips relating to the Edda, and read some of the papers, so well packed and arranged by my dear Frances—then breakfast and conversation with Stockmar and Usedom. Then I drove to the Prince (all absent at Babelsberg); then a suffocation came on, and I hastened back, and recovered soon, to have a conversation with Cyril Graham (whom we knew as a boy), and who will set out tomorrow towards the Hauran, where last year he discovered eighty-seven cities in good preservation. Then did I talk long with our admirable friend, Abeken, and afterwards I was able, with the help of Charles’s arm, to walk, without consciousness of effort, to the Museum, and through all the antiquities and pictures, and back again.

In the night at Marburg, towards morning, I designed a great plan for an Academy with an Ethnological Institute.

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with Charles. As the dear old Magician* says, the Prince has displayed the great quality of silence, and is to be hailed as 'Wilhelm the Silent II.'—as which, I suppose, he will continue.

Friday, 22nd October, three o'clock.—Just come from the House, where we have carried an Address of Loyalty to the Regent, by eighty votes against seventy-six, and warding off one of similar nature to the King. • This warding off was truly loyal; for the proposal had been an apple of discord, intended to furnish party-feelings with an occasion for utterance, which might have caused embarrassment to the Prince. Besides, it must have given rise to debates, which may now happily be avoided. This evening I shall have a small tea-party, and, you will admit, a select one. My former colleague and old friend Paul von Hahn, the Caucasian, the dear Magician and his son, Abeken, and Pauli. Hahn has brought me the two promised memoirs on the great question of the Russian cultivators: these papers are evidently written with materials derived from the Cabinet, and as such do the Emperor great honour.

My neighbour in the House to-day was Daniel von der Heydt, a really Christian spirit, although theological: he did not recognise me at first, and spoke in commonplace terms; but presently, having refreshed his memory of 1825 in Rome, he met me with warmth, and related to me the death of his wife, and her dying words. She sank under the small-pox: her death was pronounced imminent three days before the spirit departed. Her husband asked whether she had any wishes or requests to express; she answered, 'No wish—the blessing of God rests upon our children; as to yourself. You are *I*—I am *you*. For our Lord I have no prayer nor petition, but only praise and thanksgiving.' Then he repeated the first verse of a favourite hymn; she pronounced the second, he continued with the third; in the fourth was the expression, 'The Lord can save,' which she altered into 'The Lord *has* saved;' and thus she proceeded, retaining consciousness to the very last, and saying ever and again, 'I am dead, I live in God.' Not a single complaint was uttered by her. I said to him, 'Those are the utterances *not* of a soul departing, but of one already entered into life eternal.'

* Baron Stockmar.

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retrospect which brings to mind the grievous fact, that these autumnal days, this month of October, were to recur but once more in what could be reckoned life!—for the October of 1860 found him in the struggle of dissolution;—and in so short a term as in reality remained, any expenditure of time and strength for a purpose alien to that which had ruled his whole existence might be deplored as a waste. But neither he nor others could then have supposed that life so vivid and intense was yet so nearly expended; even though the attacks of suffocation, always brought on by emotion and the irregularities unavoidable in travelling, were frequent, and alarming to his companion, unused as he was to the painful spectacle. The lateness of the meeting of the Chambers rendered unavoidable the exposure of Bunsen to a violent change of temperature in the sudden setting in of winter, early in November; and as a great deal of necessary work for the press remained to be done after his return home, the long-planned journey to the South was reserved for the severest period of the year, when days were shortest and gloom deepest, instead of its having been, as it would have been if undertaken during the latter end of a fine autumn, an expedition of pleasure and refreshment.

In a letter written at the beginning of November, he mentions that ‘Humboldt is seriously ill—Schönlein, however, still hopes to be able to preserve his life. I have just received a line from him, written from his bed. I am to see him at one o’clock.’ This is the notification of the last interview that took place between Bunsen and the distinguished man, to whose kindness and encouraging appreciation he had felt himself much indebted during many years of his earlier life, and whose demonstrations of esteem and mutual understanding he never would have known or suspected to be otherwise than genuine, had he not survived just long enough to witness that unfortunate publication of letters to Varnhagen, which

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admirable collation to be celebrated MS. of the V and for the comparative needed, he would have assistants. This classical day come into being, and that, as far as thought framed the design, worked all its details.

Bunsen

[Translation.]

Thus your birthday is the journey of three weeks at a happy and successful period blessing, that I can begin you. Wherefore, All hail King and Country!

I reckon upon finding write down, at least in our the private history of — years; besides the other in on this side of the Alps. O set out towards Nice; then ship of the Waldenses; and *sedes ubi fata quietas monstr*

Bunsen

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg:
(God bless)

The close (of 'God in H very last morning, as I had the point which in the Pre object. I have proved by fact, that all real religion consists in a personal, moral, rational consciousness of God, and that this is the original instinct of humanity, unfolding itself progressively from the unconscious to the conscious: and that therefrom all language, political formations, and culture proceed.

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unnoticed, or converted into causes of mirth, where health and spirit exist to meet the smaller as well as the greater rubs of life; but falling heavily upon an invalid. It is both affecting and consolatory to observe in the ensuing extracts from letters, that he calls his journey an 'agreeable one'—thus proving that his judgment had duly weighed all existing causes of thankfulness, and appreciated on reflection the degree of success which had attended the watchful care by which evil was warded off wherever it was possible. Two days at Geneva were much enjoyed by all the party—in particular the hours spent among friends in the house of Mdle. Vernet Pictet. They had left Heidelberg under that solid sea of vapour, spread from one extremity of the horizon to the other, which cannot be called cloud, as it admits of no variety of form or thickness, and transmits only a degree of lurid light, confounding all forms of objects, without a beam of sunshine to create a shadow and therewith give evidence of substance; that appearance which is inseparable from the greater part of the winter in the central continent of Europe, and which was found on the present occasion to extend as far as Orange, south of Lyons—where first the tent broke into clouds, between which the sun came forth, to renew the face of the earth. When travellers speak of winter, its storms or splendours are treated of, which are the rare exception; whereas this total abrogation of sunshine and of life and beauty is the rule—alluded to here, as unavoidably oppressive and depressing to the traveller, who seemed to imbibe new life on reaching Marseilles and the sea breezes, with so many signs of the desired South, in evergreens and in temperature. At that time, the railway terminated at this place, and four-and-twenty hours of diligence-conveyance had to be encountered between Marseilles and Cannes,—favoured by the full moon and fine weather; and all unpleasantness was cast into oblivion on being hailed at the entrance

sixteen years later. As yet the Christian community (*Gemeinde*) knows nothing of the former period (332-1), and little of the latter (1-138). Where, in short, is this portion of history to be found, in a tangible form?

To complete this framework, I shall give what may be called 'Christian Apocrypha':—1. The Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, of the year 80, seventeen years before (the Gospel of) John, according to the Codex Alexandrinus; 2. The three Epistles of Ignatius, according to the Codex of the Church of Antioch (seen by Rawlinson).

But before these, the most ancient congregational compositions: the Lord's Prayer, 'Glory to God in the Highest,' the Baptismal Confession, and others, almost all in the Codex Alexandrinus of the New Testament; together five or six sheets. The gain of this is evident, and remains the property of the Christian community; no one can take it away. The whole will help towards forming a basis of reasonable belief.

Of course I shall not be able to work at these Annals until I am again in Heidelberg; but I must be clear on the subject before printing the Introduction to the first volume A. I shall have much work in the Chronicles, but work more to my taste than that which I shall thereby save. The translation of Ignatius I have made, and for Clement I hope to find somebody; that Epistle I myself know almost by heart. May God grant me His blessing for the hundred days of work on the shore of the Mediterranean!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: New Year's Day, 1859.

I cannot begin the new year, any more than I could last night close the old one, without thinking of you, and wishing to give you intelligence of our progress. We have had a most prosperous and agreeable journey, beginning with the 9th December. Arrived at length here at Cannes, we found ourselves in a lodging on the sea-shore, engaged and arranged for us (Maison Pinchinat), which at once seemed to me the best and most beautiful that we could anywhere obtain. I can only compare the situation to Mola di Gaeta, and the Villa di Cicerone there; but in this place, the mountains that half enclose the bay are much finer. Yet we judged it

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present at the funeral, which took place at Cannes, 20th April.

Bunsen to Theodora von Ungern-Sternberg.

[Translation.]

Cannes: New Year's Day, 1859.

To whom should my thoughts turn this morning more readily than to my beloved Theodora and all the dear ones around her? Your eye of love, and that of August, greeted me at the very last moment on the railway, and, since that, many other signs of love have been received from you; and you were, at the closing hour of the year, in our minds when we recalled (with the help of your mother's memory) in swift retrospect the entire richly-filled year, and the valued presence of Augustus (on that day and hour a year ago) when he stole away, at a late hour, from your bedside to visit us. And now behold the further thriving development! a pair of fine expressive eyes, as door-keepers of the young awakening soul, and the satisfied smile, so full of meaning, of the mouth.* And then my splendid Rosa, speaking, singing, dancing! and you both on the point of entering upon a quieter plan of household life, and a less worrying course of activity. Therefore, the blessing of God, dearest Theodora, be upon you, on the New Year, and on your birthday! . . .

I wish I could speak Provençal, spoilt though the language be. Imagine, they say 'una chosa' instead of *una cosa*. But they have kept clear of the French *u*, and of all nasal sounds.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 31st January, 1859.

We are all improving, but till the 20th my wife and I have both had to contend with the consequences of influenza; having at last dismissed the enemy, we experience the full blessing of this incomparable climate, of our exquisite tranquillity and of sea-prospect, from the Maison Pinchinat. I can already walk quickly for half an hour at a time without pausing, and I walk out daily three or four times, or drive to Ernest's *Villa Ripère*, on a height not far from Lord Brougham's.

* An allusion to the birth, on the previous New Year's Eve, of another granddaughter.

Extract from a Journal.

Cannes : 5th March, 1859.

We were early fetched from our hotel to breakfast at the Maison Pinchinat, standing on the very edge of the beautiful bay. All the party are bright and thankful in seeing Bunsen so much better, and able to work again, and to enjoy visits from his friends. He took us out on the balcony overhanging the bright silvery sea, and seemed to drink in all its beauty;—its calm seemed to be reflected on his face, which never looked more radiant or more full of satisfaction. He has his own home-circle around him, and Ernest and Elizabeth and their children near. He is full of hope for Italy, repeated passages from Lord Palmerston's speech, and gave us a little insight into French and Austrian politics; he is sure that war must come. In the evening it was excitingly interesting to hear Charles Bunsen, fresh from Turin, talking over the state of men's minds there, with his father. They have established religious freedom in Piedmont. A French Testament was shown to me, prepared to help inquirers among the Roman Catholics, in which passages that throw light on the different questions at issue are printed side by side, and thus the Scripture explains itself. A touching history was related of a woman who, on her death-bed, sent to ask Mdlle. C. to come to see her in her home in the mountains, recently. The latter immediately went thither, and found an experienced Christian, who had studied the Bible with her family, and had the joy of seeing them all follow in her own course. It was edifying to witness with what strength and clearness of mind, to the very hour of her dissolution, she met the railing of the priest, and his endeavour to frighten her as to being buried in dishonour by the roadside. 'Rachel was buried under a palm-tree,' was her reply. After she had expired, the priest repeated to the survivors that she would find her grave among those guilty of suicide; to which the eldest son answered, 'Was not our Saviour crucified between two thieves?' No funeral service was allowed at the grave, but an address, with prayer in the house of mourning, was attended by hundreds of earnestly attentive listeners. A glorious moonlight-evening, to wind up this full, beautiful day. On Wednesday, 4th March,

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life in Christ, and what is craved by the universal conscience of the nations of the world—‘Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ I begin with ‘Glory to God on high,’ and proceed to Paul, Hermas, Diognetus, and to Ambrose (*Veni, redemptor gentium*); and then I go on to explain the worship of the Infant Christ and the Madonna, and pass on to the domestic festival of Christmas, and to Händel and Bach. I finish with the philosophy of the Divine history. The doctrine of the Incarnation is contained in the Prologue to the Gospel of John.

All this is written—140 pages—of which 40 are new. Yesterday I worked through to John the Baptist, and to-morrow, I hope, with the Baptism of Jesus, to begin what is properly His ‘Life.’ If all goes on in this way, I shall have finished in February, and then shall leave the MS. for revision next winter.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Friday, 25th March, 1859.

By the 4th March I had so far finished the ‘Life of Jesus’ that, besides general revision, only a few chapters of the earlier period of teaching remained to be completed, for which completion I have need first to see how the explanation of the Gospels shapes itself under my hands, in order to know what I have still, critically or demonstratively, to treat in the ‘Life.’ So I began on 4th March the correction of the translation of Matthew, and am to-day at chapter xviii., having done the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables on the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Transfiguration. I have enjoyed going through Lachmann’s text word for word, and adopting each well-considered, honest explanation, whether the spiritual or the literal, of every self-expounding passage. Oh, how much confusion, hypocrisy, dissembling, and, at the same time, what mediocrity, since the death of Schleiermacher and Neander! The principal feature, however, is *κακία*, cowardice—fear of not giving full satisfaction to the craving demands of the new generation of clergy and of governments after positivism—and so falling back upon ‘old wives’ fables.’ I foolishly distressed myself formerly about hitting the right tone in addressing the congregation in my annotations under the text, which cannot fail to be most

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a birthday offering. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I have just finished the translation and explanation of the Gospel of Matthew as far as the Passion and Resurrection, that is all but the last three chapters. That view of the teaching of Jesus as to the Last Judgment and the Kingdom of God on Earth, from which I have started in the 'Life of Jesus,' had still to undergo this trial. I had passed over that point (treating of the Last Judgment) because only by the connected interpretation of Matthew could I arrive at any certainty in my conception of Christianity. The struggles and difficulties of enquiry, through which the conscientious interpreter must pass, begin, as you know, with the Sermon on the Mount—that Gospel of the Judaic Christians, in which, nevertheless, the Christ not only of James, but the Christ of Paul and of John, is to be found. There is not a verse in it which receives not, by means of this free and comprehensive contemplation, its true, full, and clear sense. The same holds good of the innumerable parables of the Kingdom of God—all relating to this earth, but in a wholly transmuted moral condition of human society. And all this stretches out far beyond the Jewish system, beyond all Heathenism, even beyond thousands of years of Christianity 'among all nations.' Thus also the great and difficult chapters xxiv., xxv., are unlocked to me. Chapter xxv. 31, unto the end, contains that which the Apocalypse models out into the establishment of the Millennium—a vision of the confessors of Christianity. With that are to be connected the verses of chapter xiii. 37—45, and we behold the Kingdom of God thereupon succeeding.

With respect to our personal continuance after death, I have formed for myself new ways of demonstrating it: of all this, more by word of mouth.

Bunsen to another Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 3rd April, 1859.

What happiness, to expound the words of Jesus, in a connected form! I have now the solution of the enigma of the end of Matthew, and of the breaking off of Mark at the close, all in order and quite satisfactory.

My philosophical thoughts have received a new impulse from the chapters on the 'latter days.' Neither this doc-

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as a necessity, by Pitt equally with ourselves; and that we, seven years later, in 1805, stood aloof in the hour of conflict, was as much the fault of Austrian arrogance and faithlessness as that of our own irresolution. But *then*, a portion of Germany was actually invaded, whereas *now*, Germany is not even threatened, but more secure than ever, under the guardianship and protection of Prussia. Now we have before us an European question, in short the essential question which has demanded solution ever since 1832, not to say since 1817—the Papal and Jesuit rule, and the Austrian tyranny in Italy, against all treaties, not merely without the sanction of treaties.

Has not every effort been made, on all sides, for thirty-six years, to bring Austria to reason? Have not all the faithful and sagacious among European statesmen, including Canning, foretold to them what now has happened? namely, that Austria would irresistibly provoke the power of France (as the history of half a century shows) to dislodge her from her brutal supremacy over Italy. Has not Austria slighted all warnings, persecuted and stigmatised all those diviners of truth, as well as all the moderate and earnest patriots of Italy? Has she not been continually imposing on her stronger chains and heavier burdens? But it is said, 'Who could think that Austria would be so obstinate?' Nay, who could expect any other conduct? Only those who expect the Pope to become Gallican, Anglican, or Lutheran! Should Austria *to-morrow* evacuate Central Italy, the day after to-morrow it will be in the hands of the national party, which is now monarchical, not republican—conservative, not revolutionary. Then the system of that arrogant House will be struck down, and what more could be the result, even of an unsuccessful war?

And now, what cause will be served by the agitation of these furious foes of France? 1. That of the Pope and the Jesuits. 2. That of the prolongation of Austrian tyranny. Therefore, its tendency is against our essential life, against Protestantism, and confessional freedom, against Prussia, against the German Federal State! France and Russia are opponents of a German Federal State, but the House of Austria alone is directly antagonistic to Germany herself. I will not conjure up the shades of Olmütz and Dresden, but I must be spared the argument of Basle!

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remain two days, were it not for necessary work, for I have no inclination to dispute on first principles with G. and M.

4th May.—This time I shall not enter into the question which of the many dangers is the most threatening to our beloved German fatherland—my joy is almost too great, I mean the joy of beholding another nation, at least, and that the one which *Germany* and *France* have oppressed, the one for 800, and the other for 300 years—rising from prostration, and brave not in words only but in deeds of arms, going forth not in the anarchy of despair, but in the legality of hope and faith in the future, under the visible protection of Providence, to set free the first-born daughter of Christian civilisation.

Contemporary Letter to a Daughter-in-Law, who had written to explain that she could not visit Heidelberg.

Charlottenberg : 26th May, 1859.

I comfort myself that your not coming is providential. You can form no idea of the discomfort of the state of public feeling. There is a complex of nonsense brewed together into a poison, producing intoxication and a cloud over the intellect, in the case of almost every one you speak to ; only Herr von Dusch, as an old statesman and diplomatist, upon whom Bunsen first called, looked upon things in the same light as himself ; as does also Gervinus, who latterly could hardly venture to go out but in the dusk, lest stones should have been thrown at him ! The public mind has been worked upon (certainly by agitators) to such a pitch that Prussian travellers have been warned to keep out of sight, and not appear at the table d'hôte, lest they should be insulted ! because Prussia, though well prepared and ready for war, intends to keep out of it, if she can ; whereas, the Southern States are, in fact, calling upon others to enter into the war they presuppose, and are endeavouring to kindle, not being themselves in any way prepared—having neither fortresses provided, nor regiments equipped. But enough, and too much ! I tremble at every conversation, lest Bunsen should not put a guard upon his expressions, and pain those who are bound by their material interests to Austria. It is fearful to discover how many are entangled financially in the Austrian losses.

At Geneva we suffered much from the '*bise*,' on the three

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I say, Italy free before the end of August; then a Congress of Peace, and peace itself before the 1st October, on which day I hope to commence my pilgrimage to Florence, and from thence to Cannes.

I found at home heaps of work waiting for me, and have laboured unremittingly to make a clearance; so that I am now again in full course of advancing. Henry has been here a week, rejoicing us with his presence; and we have not given up the hope of getting George also here, with wife and child, if the rain will but give way, which is now pouring upon us.

Bunsen's departure from the beloved South, on the 14th May, 1859, took place in a happy consciousness of improved health, and with the hope of returning before the close of the year. The journey by voiturier, as far as Aix in Provence (where the railway could first be joined), was attended by the unwonted spectacle of a succession of French regiments, cheerful, well appointed, and orderly, on their way to the fields of Magenta and Solferino. Bunsen had followed the development of events during the last winter with his accustomed fervour of anticipation, and, with his usual hopefulness, reckoned upon success more complete to the Italian cause than was at once to be granted; but having gone deeper than most of his contemporaries into the causes of the abasement of Italy, and estimating her capacity and her deserts at a rate not usually admitted among Germans, he considered that to rejoice in the prospect of her freedom and independence, and to believe in a high career of distinction among nations as reserved for her, were things of course. He was therefore not prepared for the state of universal feeling against Italy, and for the frantic enthusiasm in the cause of Austrian preponderance, which he found first in Switzerland on his way, and in yet greater intensity in the South of Germany. It was a new and painful experience to him to be expatriated in the midst of his own country, by the necessity of closing up in silence opinions that glowed with the heart's fire, and were

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exists in the compressed sketch that forms the article in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.' This experience of life sunk deep with Bunsen, and caused a momentary longing for removal to a scene of different interest and activity. It would seem that his friends had supposed that when he was in Berlin in the preceding autumn, he would have applied for the appointment of Envoy to the Swiss Cantons, resident at Berne, as a post of repose in his latter years: it could hardly be offered to him, after the higher position that he had held, but would have been granted to him at his request. During a short absence of his wife in 1859, at Wildbad, she was surprised by a letter, stating the prospect as follows:—

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Monday, 25th July, 1859.

A thought having occurred to me, beloved, without seeking it, which was yesterday (Sunday) morning as new as it will now be to you, I will now talk it over with you, before I mention it to the children. If nothing should come of it, there would equally be a reply to the enquiry that we address to Providence.

May not the moment be come for applying for the Legation in Switzerland for myself? There is no Court, no representation! As Rochow said, 'Cattle and nature, beautiful,'—to which *we* add, 'Country and inhabitants good and free.' In the German and in the French Switzerland we have valued friends right and left. The vexed question of Neufchâtel is happily settled; the Prince will in all sincerity maintain friendship with the country, whose goodwill is courted by powerful rivals, with the two Emperors at their head: the nearest future will not alter this state of things, but will probably throw more light upon it. I can in Switzerland continue, and, please God, finish, the work of my life quite as well as here: indeed, as I have often thought and said, Switzerland is the proper soil of German tongue and evangelical spirit for my '*Bibelwerk*' and 'God-Consciousness' to take root in. Professor Schweizer, at Zurich,—Rilliet, at Geneva,—Edgar Quinet, at Montreux! In case of need I could pass the winter at Montreux, instead of at Cannes; and to Cannes we should be two days' journey

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Powers. These are noble, and true, and human thoughts! We in Prussia have spent six million pounds sterling in three months, to make ourselves respected: and we speak only of the ancient treaties as the starting-point: and our only comfort is, not to have been thereby dragged into war. But where is political or Protestant instinct? Only grand, high-minded ideas can warm, guide, urge, and raise nations and humanity: and upon what else does Prussia rest? Woe to us, if the 'holy alliance' be our highest aim!

The North of Germany has returned to a sound temper of mind, but all Swabia is still mad.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Wildbad.)

[Translation.]

2nd August, 1859.

My last letter contained significant words which will have prepared you for what might else be incomprehensible. Switzerland is given up. I felt that my inward spirit was never satisfied or tranquillised in the resolution to leave Germany. Soon after I had written to you, it knocked so loud that I was obliged to hear. I cannot, because I ought not to leave Germany: that would not be to remain on the height of my determination in 1854. It would be emigration: for I should never return!

Here, or at Berlin to close my life—that I feel to be my calling, and for that I feel courage and strength. Should I have no call, I remain where I am. '*Wo du bist, da bleib*,' as Luther says.

The last debates in Parliament of last Thursday are decisive. Palmerston and Lord John have spoken after my heart; and Cobden made a fine speech on Friday.

The plan of removal was given up, but the restlessness remained, which prompted removal; and never was the fullness of conscious life and power more observable in Bunsen, or the belief in his own ability to meet the demands of public interests that might be confided to him, than in this, the closing year of actual buoyant life. The position originally held by Leibnitz at the head of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, was at one time about to be offered to him;

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XIX.*Bunsen to his Wife. (From Paris.)*

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, no ! Paris : 17th November, 1859, Hôtel du Louvre.

Here I am, my beloved ! after a thoroughly prosperous night-journey, brisk and strong as ever, not at all excited. At Kehl, and going to the Strasburg station, I was indisposed, which the amiable Charles Waddington bore with admirably. Ernest received me at half-past five, according to our time—here five o'clock—at the station. At the Custom-house, my card having been shown, they declined to examine anything.

And now for a vision out of the Thousand and One Nights ! Opposite to the entrance of the Louvre Palace, an hotel nearly as large. Before my room-windows, the old and new Louvre, with two grass-plots right and left from the entrance of—the Gallery !

At half-past ten this morning to the Louvre,—the Venus of Milo seen for the first time !—then the ancient divinities, which I knew before. But something is wanting, and that is, all of you, and in particular yourself ! To show Paris to you remains for another time, please God !

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Paris : 24th November, 1859.

I have just rejoiced over your letter from Basle. I think you will be soonest found at Charlotte Kestner's, and therefore shall recommend this letter to her kindness. That amiable image of our never-to-be-forgotten Kestner combines, as he did, the heart full of loving-kindness with an ever-lively and fresh intelligence.

I run up and down stairs daily at the Louvre and the Bibliothèque ; and in the evening am very often occupied in conversation until eleven o'clock. In the morning, friends call from nine to twelve o'clock. I am imbibing a new world, and enjoy speaking to persons who think and know much. I may hope to have left an impression here. Cobden is here, still laid low by fever : yet it is believed that the danger of a more serious illness is past. His sojourn at Paris, and his life altogether, are of the greatest importance.

My assertions as to the continuance of peace, and the Emperor's pacific sentiments, met with universal oppo-

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Scheffer, and have seen the high-priestess of that mausoleum of genius. I am enraptured. I had no conception before of the wide grasp and deep reach of the artist; and the daughter is a wonderful being, between a Muse and a Medusa. God be with you! Farewell!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Hôtel de l'Univers, Lyons: Sunday, 4th December, 1859.

Last night, having happily arrived, I found my dear family arrived before me after a cold journey; and after a somewhat lengthened rest, I feel refreshed in the rooms, which want nothing but the presence of the kind friend who awaited us here in May last. My head and heart are so full, that I can but write a few poor lines. I have the entire fortnight of a whole life-period before me, and I long for the rest and stillness of my earthly paradise, to be able to arrange and put in order my impressions before I can write them down. But first of all I must express my thankful affection in return for your inexhaustible kindness and care—upon which my thoughts were for ever dwelling, during the somewhat too long, but agreeable drive of eleven hours.

Cannes: 8th December, 1859.—We left Lyons on Monday morning, half-past seven, the 5th, in icy coldness, but already between Valence and Orange we entered the mild region of the South, and at Avignon we found the Spring—at Toulon, roses were blossoming in a hedge. Here we live among orange-blossoms and ripe oranges, blooming hedges of myrtle and rosemary, under the finest blue sky. I accomplished a walk yesterday of an hour and half, and to-day of two hours, with visits between, without any oppression of breath. I intend to write down my impressions of Paris.

20th December.—I have written to —, with full consideration of his strange and unregenerate nature, which acts by impulse, and not according to fixed principles, and is full of mistrust and suspicion of all high-placed persons; of course, you may be sure I have written with sincerity. We shall see how he accepts the letter, and proceed accordingly: one can help no one, against his will. My own view of the case is, that Rome is or may become poison to him, as it has been to — and to so many Germans. 1860

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in May)—in order to speak to him of the mode of constituting self-government in cities. The great work of peace is quietly progressing between the Emperor and Cobden, and will have wonderful results; Cobden makes full use of the ‘*franc parler*’ allowed him; and he assures me he can only confirm what both Lord Palmerston and Lord John had said to him beforehand—that there has never been before upon the French throne a Monarch and Ally so trustworthy and desirous of peace as Louis Napoleon. Gladstone has behaved admirably. We shall therefore have peace! And Non-intervention! That is all that is needed by the noble-minded, brave, wise, and moderate individuals and people of Italy. The Jesuits and their patrons will *not* return.

I have contended much with Legitimists and Orleanists,—the spirit was moved in me to utter my convictions of truth. There is a want of political wisdom among them: they are influenced by hatred and vexation,—vexation, when *He* does what they dislike, and yet greater, when *He* does that which they would have reserved for themselves to do.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Saturday morning, 10th December, 1859.

Theodore's appointment to the Japanese Expedition removes a weight from my heart. God be thanked! . . . He will enter with one leap into the midst of a fine career, without the senseless, time-killing, ultra-Chinese examinations; without fagging in the business of provincial Courts or a government office—*mediam in rem*—as if we lived under a rational system, based upon division of labour, resting and reckoning upon intellectual cultivation, and not upon the training of a ‘maid of all work.’ After the present fashion our diplomatic body must sink to the lowest ebb. The fundamental error is supposing that the State is bound to find a position for every man who has passed his examination. Here our national infirmity, I mean, poverty—is in fault; but still more the system which draws off the strength of the nation into military and government offices.

Nothing pleases me more than that you should have resolved thoroughly to study the great practical science of the century—National Economy. Should you fall into the German

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Bunsen to Miss Winkworth.

Cannes: Christmas, 1859.

My fortnight's stay at Paris was very instructive and rousing to me, but I could not long have borne to remain in that distracted condition of society. My general impression is, that in the minds of the men of highest intellect, a preparation is going forward for a new epoch; namely, that for which I work, and for which I pray; a period of serious and yet free research after the reality of Christianity among the Catholics, and of advancement in the same direction among the learned Protestants, with a quick growth and spread of congregational life. A free Italy will yet overtake France! I consider Renan to be sincere, and hope that his philosophy will increase in spirituality.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 30th December, 1859.

A blessed New Year, and peace, be to our hearts, to the world, to this deeply diseased and confused humanity! I must send these words before I seat myself in the carriage which is waiting to take us for the rest of this year to Nice, where I shall this day and to-morrow visit the Grand Duchess Stéphanie and the Dowager Countess Bernstorff. Then we return to await the New Year in serious stillness, and on the 1st January all is ready for my beginning to write. I have got rid of my worst debts of letters, and am half dead, tired, but otherwise better than for many years. The weather has been magnificent, 11 to 15 degrees in the shade, clear sky, the earth full of blossoms, and the air of perfume.

I think Napoleon III. has become the Alexander of the modern world, in cutting through the Gordian knot of the question of Romagna and of Rome; and that only *he* could do. May God give a blessing to the work! and, above all, to the noblest work of peace, which in your near neighbourhood is carried on in 'quietness and hope.'*

2nd January, 1860, *six o'clock, morning*.—The manifesto pamphlet of the Emperor Napoleon is the greatest event of this century; for it announces the decisive resolution of the one man of power of the time, to execute with wisdom at the

* Allusion to Cobden's negotiation for a commercial treaty.

word in that treatise, not to speak of the books in which I
have since endeavoured to develope and demonstrate that

assertion. In these books I have also had occasion to lament the visionary character of many evangelical writers of this century, founded upon a most deplorable misinterpretation of Daniel and of the Apocalypse, and distorting and overlooking Christ's promise of the Spirit to His disciples and the followers of the Gospel, *on this earth*, and upon the basis of Christ's teaching and example. I must, therefore, deeply regret that you call Dr. Arnold's views on this subject explicitly 'visionary;' for I am convinced that his Christian greatness and holiness of character centre in that belief, and that in the preaching of it in all his works, he combated what I must call, with him, the 'visionary' views of those who look for another state of existence here, such as shall change the condition of mankind from one of injustice and violence into one based upon the application of the Gospel to all our domestic, social, and political relations.

Of the strength of that conviction I cannot give you a proof stronger than that of my having dedicated the work of which M. Milsand has given some extracts (in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*') to the 'blessed memory of Arnold,' with words such as admiration and Christian conviction can furnish. I am sorry to perceive that you have no other idea of Christian research and philosophy than that its spring of action is the desire to exercise the understanding, and that it is founded on the pride of reason. No, my dear Madam; let a humble and sinful, but true and sincere disciple of Christ, who has dedicated a life of study for more than fifty years to the subject and aim of research after *all Truth*, and in particular the Truth that is in Christ,—let him tell you in his old age, that only by a great *moral effort* can the intellectual labour be sustained, or even originated; that the effect of knowledge is to humble, and not to excite, the pride and vanity of intellect. Neither science, nor ignorance, neither research nor visionary conjecture, can lead us to Christ, and give that peace of mind after which every human soul is yearning; nor fill the spirit with that charity, or strengthen the will to that self-sacrifice, which are the only efficient tests of Christian faith. Had you but *read* my writings, you would, in spite of differences of opinion on single points, admit that through their whole long course I have never separated Truth from God, nor reason from conscience. On the contrary, I have combated such divorce as the ruin of religion, and the opposite of Christianity.

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Let me also assure you that the search after truth, and particularly after Christian truth, is not a path strewn with roses, but a thorny path, upon which all the evil influences of ignorance, conceit, prejudice, and, above all, of self-interest and of Mammon, await the faithful enquirer; and every one would avoid entering upon it who does not consider the doing so as a sacred duty, as a mission, which must be accepted, on pain of becoming a faithless steward and a traitor. Research of this kind has its peculiar and divine charm, and carries its reward in itself, whenever it holds fast conscientiously by truth.

A great judgment of God is going on before us, visible to the searching eye, beginning with the date of 1517, becoming more awful in the seventeenth century, and pouring forth its avenging wrath in the course of revolutions beginning in 1789, even striking the most obtuse minds, at the same time refreshing the Christian with the meaning of the Psalm, 'The Lord is King for evermore.'

What we have witnessed in Italy is clearly only the beginning of a great regenerating work of the Spirit of God in all the Roman Catholic nations. What a humiliation then must it be to all Christian souls, and above all to the Christian philosopher, in whatever system or form he may cast his thoughts, to see how paltry dissensions and disputes (sometimes merely personal) separate evangelical Christians, and prevent the growth of Christian congregations, to the triumph of sneering enemies!

But perhaps this humiliation is wanted, that we may make a return upon ourselves, and more than ever implore strength and life of the Spirit of God to rise above all such impediments of the Kingdom of Christ in our hearts, as promised upon earth 'to men of good will.'

Let this be the New Year's wish and prayer for both of us, and for all our Christian friends, as it is of,

Yours sincerely,

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

13th January, 1860.

My enthusiasm is ever increasing as I dwell upon the great deed of Massimo d'Azeglio, in his golden work, admirably written—'*La Politique et le Droit Chrétien, dans la Question Italienne*,' Nov. 1859.

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deeds, to attack the most hateful prejudices, just in that part of the population where he used to have many friends. May God bless the work!

For many the present is a war of religion; for those whose God is Mammon, and their Gospel the old Continental system of Napoleon I. But the true God must conquer.

How poor is the Report of the Minister, in answer to the Emperor's State paper! That will not do. It is the old error, dating from 1599, only strengthened by the fiscality of centralisation. That the Communes should yield to the State one half of the deserts and marshes reclaimed by their own labour and money, is worse than the demands of Pharaoh. Until the Emperor calls the Communes into life—encourages them to live and to act—all the money is thrown away. If the State undertakes such works itself, it is robbed and cheated; the Emperor experienced that in the Sologne. May God grant him better Ministers, and subjects less irrational!

27th January.—Many thanks for the pamphlets! to which I join a request that you would send me, in the same manner, '*Julien—les Epoques des Révolutions de la Terre et de la Mer*,' Paris, end of 1859. The author is a lieutenant in the French service. '*Galignani*' has twice given extracts from this book; it explains a theory I have first applied to chronology in my '*Egypt*,' and I must mention it in the Preface to my last volume of the English edition.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Sunday, 29th January, 1860.

I reckon upon not spending the two next winters in the South. At this moment, placed upon the Alps, my heart calls out, '*Italia! Italia!*' beholding Rome before my feet. But, my calling is—personal teaching and influencing others. I feel so greatly revived as not to give up this hope.

I am puzzling my head as to what the Pope will do. '*Il Leone quando arriva il giorno (che avvegnerà tosto) che si vede chiuso nella gabbia, farà tremar l'Europa prima di rendersi,*' said Capaccini on taking leave of me. But, how will this be? War, he will not be able to rouse. Every State has too much on hand at home; money is wanting; the two maritime Powers are all-powerful, and all follow in

their wake. The Interdict would be dangerous, if unsuccessful. Will he assemble an Ecumenical Council, as a shield, like the American in Paris on the 2d December, who screened himself behind a girl supplicating him for protection? . . .

I am composing with spirit and success; if it please God, I may, in the spring of 1861, be able to give a course of lectures 'on the Theory and History of the Consciousness of God,' in the Aula at Bonn.

Bunsen to M. Renan.

[Translation from the French.]

Cannes: 30th January, 1860.

Since I parted from you at the entrance of the Library, I have meditated upon a letter to you, which I am impatient to write. To make your personal acquaintance was one of the principal objects of my journey to Paris; and to have seen you, looked upon you, listened to you, observed, studied, and valued you, has been among the most precious stores of remembrance that I bore away with me to my winter-hermitage. You opened to me your mind and your soul, and I found there in reality what, from the beginning, I judged to be the mainspring of your thoughts and aspirations; easily, because willingly convinced that, although starting from very different and often opposite points, we yet both tend towards the same end—the seeking after truth, revealed by conscience as well as reason; certain that such truth exists, and that the mystery of the soul of man is not only the mystery, but also the conscience, of the universe, and, consequently, its key. The study of your admirable volume, '*Essais de Morale et de Critique*,' could only confirm me in this conviction. I perceive in it that you have advanced greatly, revealing more and more the depth and seriousness of your soul, and the freedom of mind demonstrated by self-command over painfully-irritating impressions, which were, perhaps, still too marked in your first volume. I admire the Preface more especially, as a grand confession of faith; and the rare quality displayed, of courage in conviction, there where you are well aware of being about to wound self-love, both personal and national, to rouse bitter animosity on the part of those whose idols you are breaking, and occasion misunderstanding even among your friends and admirers. Also

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the *pessimisms* of which you accuse yourself, and yet in which you have a right to take credit are, to my mind, only the utterance of faith in that which is essentially good—which implies a firm belief in the final victory of the Good—and therefore of truth, in spite of evil, and by means of the very energy of evil. In this sense I am as much a pessimist as yourself, except that I trust, more than you do, to the germs of good that I believe to be expanding in our time, and to the signs of the approach of a second Reformation, which must be evangelical and not theological, biblical and not dogmatic, although religious throughout, based upon a social regeneration of the Latin and Germanic nations.

The two several epochs of 1517 and 1789 must unite; and it was that of 1688 which gave the signal for such a union.

You will, therefore, imagine the satisfaction I experienced in your attack upon the worship of Béranger, rather than upon Béranger himself! It is indispensable first to cast down idols, before the ground can be prepared for the altar of the living God. Your volume having been my first occupation on arriving here, I had wished to have written to you without delay; but, I felt the need of first arranging the work left unfinished at Charlottenberg, and, as the creative instinct revived in me, I required the renewal of inward consciousness that the conception had not escaped from me, and that I had, as before, the weaving-threads all in hand.

I had been obliged to leave, for my winter-quarters of 1860, the completion of an undertaking begun in 1836—the restoration of the chronologic order of the ‘Life of Jesus,’ from the beginning of the second year of His preaching until His return from the second journey to Jerusalem (for the Festival of Purim). I was sure that my sketch was true, and my reckoning exact, and in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, I had on all sides collected new evidence in its support; but, both time and courage were wanting to me, in the spring of 1859, to attempt explaining the whole to my public (which I call the Congregation) without being tiresome, and yet, so as to furnish the means, as well as to stimulate resolution to follow me, by the use of this clue of Ariadne, through the labyrinth. I was thus driven by necessity to set to work, and I hope you will be satisfied with what I shall have accomplished.

The separate work (not forming a portion of the ‘*Bibel-*

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God has given to us both, my dear friend, a glorious task, but a very laborious one. The curve of the orbit of the finite mind, which Plato and Aristotle had partially divined, is now before us, enlarged by 5,000 years of history, and charged with a Pantheon of the languages and the civilising religions of our species. Without interfering with the taste of others, I envy not, any more than yourself, those who treat the philosophy of history either in the manner of Voltaire or of Hegel. I am impatient, more especially since my retirement in 1854, to return to my sketch made as a young man of twenty-five years of age;—but whether I leave the task to another, or whether I accomplish it myself, it must be carried through by possession of all the observations and the results of knowledge which are strictly necessary—defective and fragmentary though they be, like everything done or attempted by man. That is *my* scientific task—and I believe that you and I are not so much at variance, as I feared on first reading your *Semitic Grammar*, as regards the principles of the analyses of languages in their primitive connection, nor with respect to the philosophy of religion, and more particularly of *Christianity*. Since I have seen you, I have the testimony of personal impression, which is worth more to me than all possible written ones: that is, the hidden source, the complex, and the key, of the past, present, and future of the writer; the infinite factor is comprised in it.

As to your last article more particularly, I begin where it terminates, by that fine prayer to the Heavenly Father, which assuredly was granted as it issued from your soul. You have also admirably demonstrated the need of erudition: for that is the first desideratum to oppose to the abstract philosophers, and the men of many words, as the author of a recent work which I showed to you. Perhaps you have gone too far in defending antiquarianism, which in Italy has stifled erudition; and in seeming to defend pedantry, which has had a similar evil effect in France, to the advantage of a literature apparently erudite, but not founded upon reality of research. I am sure you would be the last to separate the labour and the value of research from its just object; and to place on the same line the ascertaining of facts which decide the fate of humanity, and the research into barbarian conditions which

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communes; the essential conditions of such action ought to be demonstrated to him,—which might be done without attacking the actual Empire in its principle.

How far have you proceeded in your ‘Song of Songs’? There is nobody who awaits it with such warmth of impatience as myself. Forgive the length, the frankness, and the want of style of this letter! *Vale et fave!*

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to M. Réville (Pasteur at Rotterdam).

[Translation from the French.]

Cannes: 31st January, 1860.

I had already intended, during my sojourn at Cannes last year, to have addressed to you a letter of Christian and theological fraternity, after reading your articles (in the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’) upon the history of the doctrine of Justification by Faith; where I met you upon the same road that I have travelled myself, drawn towards the same end, by the force of attraction of the same truth. The formulæ of the old theology are dead, even those relating to the most essential doctrines, such as that of Justification, and that of the Eternal Decrees of God; and the only ground of hope is in the inherent strength of the Gospel, the centre of which is the consciousness of the personal God, manifested in Jesus Christ, and the Spirit which Jesus has left to His people—that is, to the congregation of believers—or, in other words, to humanity regenerated.

But on reflection I preferred sending you first my *printed letter* under the title of ‘God in History,’ of which I hope you will have received the copy which I directed Brockhaus to forward to you. You will have found it a long letter, peculiarly addressed to yourself. Should a French edition of it be intended, I should re-cast the work by abridging the first volume.

I cannot, however, now delay any longer addressing to you a few winged words from your own France, being impelled to give utterance to what I had almost termed my *exultation* in all that you have said in the article of the 1st November, 1859 (in the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’), suggested by the work of M. Renan on the present problem of Christian science, and of the history of the Spirit, which

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M. de Parieu, Vice-President of the Imperial Council of State, in a letter dated Paris, February 1860, expressed a wish for information as to the Conferences at Rome on the Reform of the Papal States, in 1832, and their immediate result; in reply to which Bunsen made out the following sketch of these important transactions, in which he was personally engaged.

*La Réforme des Etats Pontificaux.**A. Le Projet de Réforme, 1832.*

Le seul Acte émané de la Conférence européenne qui au printemps de 1832 siégeait à Rome, sur le désir du gouvernement pontifical, est le Mémoire du 28 mai de l'année indiquée.

Le Ministre de Prusse (Bunsen) avait été chargé par le vote unanime de ses collègues de présenter à la Conférence un projet de réforme d'après les principes qu'il avait développés dans les premières séances, et qui étaient ceux de son gouvernement et de son pays.

Ce projet partait du principe que le système actuel de l'administration et des finances, n'ayant aucun contrôle sérieux, ne pouvait pas être maintenu. Il venait de s'écrouler presque sans résistance pour ainsi dire; c'était une banqueroute complète. Le gouvernement même était convaincu de la nécessité d'une réforme réelle,—le Cardinal Bernetti, Secrétaire d'État, en était pénétré. De l'autre côté, un gouvernement constitutionnel fut reconnu entièrement inadmissible pour le gouvernement pontifical.

Le système prussien se trouvait entre les deux. Il était basé sur l'émancipation des villes de la monarchie en 1808, et sur la formation de conseils (états) provinciaux, émanant des municipalités élues par les propriétaires. Ces conseils s'occupant des intérêts de la province, ont une part réelle dans son administration, et sont enfin munis du droit des pétitions au souverain pour les affaires provinciales. Il est connu que c'est sur ces bases que la monarchie prussienne s'est reconstruite de 1808 à 1845, et que la restauration de l'ordre et de la tranquillité s'est opérée au moyen et par la force de la stabilité qui est dans ce système.

Ce système paraît d'autant plus adapté aux États pontifi-

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Grégoire XVI dut céder aux instances de l'Autriche : la Conférence fut dissoute. Le projet tomba avec sa base : les autres mesures, faiblement exécutées, n'eurent aucun résultat, —exactement comme tout le monde l'avait prévu. La corruption de l'administration, la spéculation, la fraude systématique, l'anarchie, l'épuisement des finances, augmentèrent terriblement de 1833 à 1846, année de l'avènement de Pie IX.

B. De 1846 à 1859.

Le Mémoire de 1832 fut donc tué par l'Autriche, et ses débris furent trahis par les cardinaux et les prélats. Ce même Mémoire, dans toute sa plénitude, fut proclamé par Pie IX comme base de sa réforme. Il fallait bien donner plus en 1848 que ce qui aurait suffi en 1832. Cependant la base resta même après que la révolution succomba, comme le prouve la loi électorale de Pie IX de 1852.

En écartant d'abord la question italienne dans sa généralité, et en ne s'attachant qu'au problème d'une réforme réelle des États pontificaux, on devra toujours dire que cette réforme ne peut avoir d'autre base que celle posée dans le Mémoire.

Le mot de notre âge est *décentralisation administrative*, dans le sens de *self-government*, ou d'un mouvement indépendant dans la base, c'est à dire dans la formation de municipalités élues par les populations, et agissant avec un contrôle intérieur, ce qui donc n'est pas celui de la police centrale, que depuis Louis XIV on appelle sur le continent *le gouvernement*.

Si l'expérience a prouvé qu'on ne peut pas former un gouvernement constitutionnel malgré tout l'échafaudage parlementaire, sans une administration libre, cette vérité est encore infiniment plus saillante dans une forme de gouvernement qui, comme le système pontifical, ne peut jamais devenir constitutionnel dans ce sens.

Il est clair qu'il ne peut avoir de racine vivante que dans les municipalités. Les quatre-cinquièmes de toutes les populations de l'État pontifical vivent dans des villes : et même les plus petites villes peuvent très-facilement s'organiser en Italie municipalement.

Il est dangereux de mettre l'élément démocratique sur les degrés du trône, en commençant par des élections parlementaires. La vie communale assure l'intérêt du peuple dans

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the Jews were only eight centuries and a half in Egypt, from the entrance to the Exodus, of which 215 years formed the time of servitude, beginning under Thutmoses II.

The matter of Schleswig-Holstein might have been brought forward more diplomatically than has been the case with reference to the rest of Europe; the difficulty can only be met with this syllogism:—Holstein belongs to the German Confederation; Holstein is connected by privileges and duties with Schleswig; Holstein has claimed protection from the Confederation, wherefore for these privileges also.

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which had set in early and with an unusual degree of gloom and inclemency; but he was also full of solemn emotion at the prospect of leaving the beautiful spot in which he had dwelt many years, and the cheerful room filled as it were with his thoughts, in which he had worked with so much energy and satisfaction. The vision of being ultimately settled at Bonn, and of entering there on a new course of mental activity and influence over the young, also occupied him much, although as yet no suitable house had been found; but he entertained no doubt that this difficulty would eventually be removed, and he grasped in idea the *home of his own*, which was to be the last he should occupy on earth, and not far from which was the spot destined for his grave.

The celebration of the centenary festival of Schiller's birth was partly witnessed by Bunsen and with peculiar interest, for he had the most truly German heart, and gloried in every thing and every person who did honour to Germany. On the morning of that celebration, he drove into Heidelberg to see the procession of the dignitaries of the University and of the Town-Corporation, with a portion of the students and all the trades; and he heard some of the speeches in the hall of the University:—but this was the last time in which he was able to take part in a national demonstration. As it was, the agitation caused by his sympathy with the universal emotion produced much immediate suffering. That day was, however, exceptionably bright, and the night cloudless with a full moon, which showed the shadowy masses of the hills and the forms of the Castle, the bridge and the church, while the torches of the students glared along the streets, and were reflected in the Neckar, contrasting with the Bengal lights, which coruscated in front of the Castle,—the whole forming a spectacle not to be forgotten, as beheld from Bunsen's study at Charlottenberg.

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with peculiar pleasure; regretting that, owing to increased suffering, he was unable to be present at another party, promising unusual gratification, which had been arranged by Professor Jules and Madame Mohl, and where many of the literary celebrities were assembled.

Kind friends were always ready to come and see him on the evenings when he could not leave his room; and one such evening remained particularly engraved on his memory, when M. Renan discussed at length with him the matter of a commentary of the 'Song of Solomon,' which he soon after published, and dedicated to Bunsen. The Countess de St. Aulaire, and the venerable Chanoine Martin de Noirlieu, were among those whom he more especially rejoiced to meet again.

The temptation is strong to dwell longer than would be reasonable upon days so gilded by intellectual and social enjoyments, that they heightened the feeling of life and vigour, which was ever strong in him, and enabled him to forget for the moment the progress of that insidious disease which was gradually laying hold of him. The well-known haunts at Cannes were hailed with pleasure, but not enjoyed as much as the year before, because the unaccustomed frost of November 1859, had left its traces upon the vegetation even in that favoured spot, and the weather was chill and wintry. The last four days of the year were spent at Nice, principally for the sake of renewing his intercourse with the venerable Countess Bernstorff—widow of Bunsen's patron and friend at Berlin in the early years of his diplomatic career. The society of many other friends was matter of interest and attraction; and the mournful satisfaction was allowed him of a last interview with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden. He came away much depressed, with the certainty that her bodily powers were exhausted, though the mind was as fresh as ever. In January 1860, those that loved and watched him were still allowed to entertain the hope of a pos-

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though it would hardly seem possible to conceive, that, after such an attack as the last, he should have flattered himself with the vain hope of a final recovery to health and strength, yet it is certain, that the consciousness of possessing in its fullest vigour the power to give utterance to, and to condense into written words the stored-up treasures of a long life's meditation, led him to hope on for intervals of time, sufficiently free from pain, to enable him to bring his great work, the '*Bibelwerk*,' somewhat nearer its completion. The requisite preliminary studies had been made,—it remained but to cast the well-prepared metal. Moreover, he indulged his fancy with a long-cherished plan of delivering lectures at Bonn, from which he anticipated a species of relief, instead of considering it an effort; and his natural hopefulness cheered him with the prospect of his exercising even greater influence over the minds of his youthful audience than he had been able to do by his writings over those of his contemporaries.

On the 4th March, a week after the seizure just described, he had, as usual, risen early, and sent to his wife, while she was dressing, a large letter, directed in full, as if it came from a distance, and marked 'By Air-Telegraph.' The contents were as follows:—

Air-Telegram.

[Translation.]

From the Rhine Quay at Bonn: Sunday morning, 4th March, 1860,
one minute past eight.

MY BELOVED FANNY,—I arrived here two hours ago, and hasten to inform you that George has succeeded in purchasing the house for us at the price settled. I shall write by the commoner medium of communication the particulars to *my duplicate* self in the land of prose (*Philister-land*),—the Privy Councillor, I mean, whom I left fast asleep this morning at five o'clock.

I am sitting here, looking out of the window, in sight of the Seven Mountains, after having completed my sketch for a course of public lectures on the history of world-contempla-

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a blessing would attend it, they doubted not; but it was truly a complexity of afflictions and anxieties in which the travellers set forth, still escorted by a son, from whom they were to part four days later, 'it must be for years, and it might be for ever.' At Olten in Switzerland, the place of railway junction, Theodore, after seeing his parents, with a quick farewell, into the train, started for Basle, and went on thence by the train which conveyed him by Venice to Trieste, to join at the appointed moment the expedition, to which his father was thankful he should belong.

This pilgrimage of sorrow had been favoured by a variety of outward circumstances, for the weather and temperature were perfect, and the face of the earth expressed only joy and blessing, presenting fullness of beauty at the moment, and the gladdening promise of plenty for the future. The rocky barrier of the Estérel, between Cannes and Fréjus, clothed in verdure with blooming cistus and golden broom, the varied vegetation and the granite mountains of Provence, could not but soothe and cheer, contemplated at leisure, as the party travelled with post-horses to Toulon: from whence to Basle the railroad was not quitted, except during the necessary pause at Lyons, and for a night at Geneva and at Neufchâtel. On arriving at Basle, the 19th May, a few hours after parting from one son, a telegram was found announcing that another was expecting his parents at Baden Baden, where they had hoped to wait upon the Princess of Prussia on their way to Bonn. But Bunsen did not feel equal to that exertion and pleasure: and Ernest was sent for by telegram to join his parents at Basle, where his father desired to rest, and to seek relief at the hands of Dr. Jung. The conversation and personal character of that eminent physician, however, had a more reviving effect than his medical treatment. The concluding advice received was that Bunsen should try the effect of days,

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to give a lecture to a few friends on the subject of Buddha, his original teaching, and the alteration of his doctrines by his subsequent worshippers. When the day came on which Bunsen felt able to execute his purpose, Joachim was unluckily absent from Bonn; but Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn, General von Pfuel, General Tuckermann, Professor Brandis, and several others, will not have forgotten the life, the vigour, and the lucidity with which he treated the subject proposed. For upwards of an hour he spoke without apparent fatigue: his hopeful nature seemed to revive as he experienced that his power of speaking was yet undiminished, and that he was able to treat fully a subject which he had investigated with peculiar interest. But the effort was never repeated, the almost daily continuance of actual writing and correcting his '*Bibelwerk*' entailing as much exertion as for him was possible. The mind and intelligence were as powerful as ever: but the bodily powers were fast declining. His chief solace at this time was the presence of sons and daughters; all of whom in succession were near him, occupied in constant and varied offices of love, in their endeavours to soothe the weary hours of continued want of rest. A true and unselfish heart had his been at all times towards his children, and true and unselfish were their hearts towards him.

In the course of July his portrait was painted by Professor Roeting, of Düsseldorf, at the earnest wish of his son Ernest, which he could not resist, although the effort of continuing long in the same position increased his sufferings. An attempt was made to entertain him by reading aloud some of his favourite passages from the poetry of Göthe; but an emotion, only too strong and too marked, was the consequence, the expression of which unfortunately remains in the picture. Yet the portrait is an invaluable one, because a faithful shadow 'of the time, its form and pressure;'

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hour when the operation
kept secret from him,
emotion. And yet he has
interest in surgical operations
for that science. Life
though his eagerness to
flagged, any more than
events. The arrival of
stance, every evening
impatience, and even
himself, parts of it, and
to him for some time he

Bunsen to his Son Heinrich

[Translation.]

It must seem as though
mother and sisters are
Never have I thought of
than in these latter months
upon your coming here
off all favourite subjects
besides which, I cannot
lately writing has cost me
to-day, yesterday, and to-
to compose. I took in
edition of 'Egypt,' &c. &
effects of the treatment,
the disorder: it was a
digestion rebelled. The
portion to the revival of
weeks, 'Egypt,' 'Jeremi-
my hands, and, please God,
there, where I hope to see
upon and with Christ the
also as a writer. I am
kindness of the Duchess
remember me in the mid-
that those are lessened
self rest. The first letter

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Fear not that I work too hard ; alas ! alas ! as long as the complication of my disorder with a troublesome cough lasts, I can work only two or three hours in the day. But I have written to you all this, that you may see that God's good Spirit has not forsaken me. Henry's presence here is an hourly blessing.

Bunsen to the Duchess of Argyll.

Bonn : 8th August, 1860.

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,—Words of kindest affection, like those of your last letter, must draw down a blessing. Thanks! from my dying soul. Yes, my kindest friend, I *have* been supported, and *am* continually supported, by that Eternal Love, in which we live and move and have our being, and which manifested itself in Christ Jesus. The days have been heavy, and the nights dark, but His light has surrounded and strengthened my soul, and will, I hope and believe, carry me through the gates of death to behold His eternal glory.

My suffering is greater than the immediate danger of my illness, particularly by transitory complications and aggravations. Still my spirit is not dimmed. I have carried an English and a German volume through the press. The printing of the Gospels begins on the 1st September, and *this* is the centre of my thoughts more than ever.

I am surrounded by the tenderest love and care of wife and children, and enjoy this beautiful place daily, in spite of the incredibly unseasonable weather.

I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero ! Now, twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in Him !

God bless you ! Ever your affectionate friend,

BUNSEN.

Und so, in enger stets und engerm Kreis,
Beweg ich mich dem engsten und letzten,
Wo alles Leben still steht, langsam zu.

SCHILLER, ' *Wilhelm Tell*, ' Act ii. Scene i.

The 25th August, his birthday, had been a gladsome festival for a long series of years ; but was this time to be

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without stain, and a highly gifted military commander. Garibaldi founds his hopes not alone on the sword, or even on negotiation, but upon the moral and spiritual resurrection of the entire nation. This remarkable man wrote not long since, "The best of allies that you can procure for us is the Bible; which will bring us the reality of freedom." Rather than he should be tempted to undertake the least thing inconsistent with the glorious task of saving his country, may his great life find an honoured end!

The spirits of all present rose in proportion to the evident improvement (however momentary) in Bunsen's own state. One by one the absent were mentioned, who were sure to be present in spirit and in sympathy; and the joyous grandfather himself proposed with fervour the health of the infant, John Charles Harford, who in England was to receive baptism on this festival-day. The universal consciousness of family love and devout aspiration cast a warm glow even over the parting with Ernest and Elizabeth and their children, who, at four o'clock, started on their way to England.

Though nothing in Bunsen's state of health authorised the hope of his eventual recovery, there were yet several hours every morning during which he showed a wonderful capacity for work, and occupied himself with the critical examination and correction of his '*Bibelwerk*.' And besides conferences with his assistant, Dr. Kamphausen, on the Old Testament, he was able to go through the three first Gospels, with the help of his son Henry, in whose rich fund of biblical knowledge and scholarship he felt cordial delight. Several occasions are remembered, of bright and cheerful conversation with friends from a distance, the pleasure of whose greeting suspended for the moment the sense of habitual suffering: as, for instance, when Abeken made a short but inspiring visit, and took part in a dinner party with him at Rheindorf (his son George's resi-

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Two days later, a sudden interval of comparative ease made it possible for Bunsen to receive a visit from Mr. R. B. Morier, which gave an opportunity of expatiating on political subjects, in which the power and rich stores of his mind astonished the hearers. This was almost the last of the long and animated conversations, in which he used to delight to communicate to others his own rich and glowing thoughts, and to call forth the thoughts of others. After the arrival of his son Charles, on the 21st, he was once more enabled to converse on Italian and other public affairs, the greater part of the afternoon. In the course of that week, he was twice taken to his favourite garden-pavilion, being carried down stairs on a seat borne on poles, then wheeled in a chair—the object being to see the cast of the colossal head of Jupiter Olympus from the Vatican, which by his desire had been placed in the pavilion. It had been ordered from Berlin six weeks before, and he had been impatient of the long delay in its arrival: but now that it was put up in its proper place, while resting on a seat opposite, he could scarcely look at the much-prized object. The second occasion of being taken thither, on the 24th, he said ‘it would be the last time.’ Two days running after this, he was taken out for an airing in an easy carriage. It was then that he expressed to his son George his last wishes on various matters—touchingly refraining from orders—but desiring that, *if possible*, his collections (books and engravings) should not be dispersed, and observed that though the outward air was refreshing, the effort of being brought into and out of the carriage was too great for him; and accordingly the 26th was the date of the last drive. On the 28th, the actual grip of death was upon him for the second time (the first was 25th February)—from morning till night the gasping, the struggle ceased not. The experienced eye of Wolff considered the last hour to be at hand—he ut-

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‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me’ (Phil. iv. 13). This last passage Bunsen seized on with peculiar animation, and declared emphatically ‘how he had felt the truth contained in these words daily more and more, and hoped to experience it yet more fully to the end.’

The Last Month.

To record here some of the words uttered under the present sense of imminent death is due to the memory of him, whose reality of opinion and inmost conviction has been much misunderstood and misconstrued: but it would seem needless to give an account of each and every utterance, precious and consolatory though it might be to surviving love. A selection has been made, such as will give a true indication of the mind, which had passed into life eternal, even before its release from the poor suffering body; for even before the critical 28th October, speaking had become at times difficult, articulation being impeded by the inflamed condition of the throat, and by the gradual progress of the malady; so that words to express the thoughts that were struggling for utterance were often indistinct, forcing their way, as it were, through a thicket.

But the whole of that 28th October will remain, as long as consciousness lasts, impressed upon the minds of the surviving witnesses. The sufferings were intense, but the spirit remained throughout bright and clear; and its utterances, under the increasing conviction of the near approach of dissolution, bore but one character—that of looking upwards to God, through Christ, and of turning to the past, as well as to all around him, with love and thankfulness. Many notes were made of the broken sentences uttered on the following day, felt to be very incomplete: yet those who heard them have resolutely refrained from allowing themselves to modify, interpret, or connect the ejaculations, a few of which

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look, each of his children present, and named the absent ones, more especially Theodore, the youngest son. Between each name he paused, as if in silent prayer for each individual. He mentioned the wives of each of his sons, and the husbands of his daughters.

‘Prussia, Germany, England, Italy, and her freedom, hail!’ ‘The Gospel over the whole world! may it rule the world!’ ‘All blessings on the Prince and Princess of Prussia!’ ‘God bless the Prince and Princess of Wied!’ ‘Thanks be to Niebuhr—Stein!’

After a long pause he addressed his servant, ‘Thanks, dear Jacob, for all your love and faithfulness, which you have so constantly shown me! Remain and hold fast by all mine, and they will stand by you.’

‘*It is sweet to die!*’—he uttered these words with an unspeakably fine expression of countenance. ‘It is sweet to die!’ ‘With all feebleness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. I depart from this world without any feeling of uncharitableness towards any one. No uncharitableness, no! that is sin’ (speaking with a kind of inward shuddering).

The ejaculation, ‘Glory to God on high!’ uttered by some one, was devoutly repeated by him; and he resumed, ‘It is a wonderful retrospect upon this world and this life *from above*. Now first one begins to perceive what a dark existence it is that we have here passed through. Upwards! upwards! heavenwards! Not darkness, no! it is becoming ever more and more light around me.’ He turned, addressing one of those present more particularly, ‘I live in the Kingdom of God; I am in the Kingdom of God: here below it has been only an anticipation.’ ‘But now, we behold’——‘face to face,’ said one of those present, to which words he assented, adding, ‘How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord!’ Thus, with long intervals, in which looks of

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lish world.' One of his children pointed out to him the bright evening sky, and he exclaimed, 'Glorious! love in all!' (many times reiterated) 'God's life—the life of God—lives in all!'

He recognised his son Ernest instantaneously on his arrival. Late that night he began, clear in thought, but not in utterance, *in English*:—'May I not say a word? My strength is going, but among my children and friends I wish to say a few words. Is it too hard a thing even to say a parting word to the world? It is some time since I have given up fulfilling any public duties. It is my wish, therefore, to disappear entirely. I die in perfect peace with all men: I have entirely the feeling of a man who has desired to live at peace with all men, at the same time to speak the truth, and to say what he thought. So likewise, I wish all men, if they think of me, to think of me with benevolence, as of one who wished and strove to do good to all. I offer my blessing—the blessing of an old man—to all who wish to have it.' 'I thank all for their kindness to me.' 'I see Christ, and I see, through Christ, God.' 'Christ is seeing us,—is creating us. Christ must become all in all.'

Taking the hands of two of his sons, he said, 'Que Dieu vous bénisse éternellement! *éternellement!*' (often reiterated, and with strong emphasis.) 'Dieu, c'est l'*Éternel!* Dieu est la vie et l'amour; la vie c'est l'amour. (Looking towards the darkening window :) Nuit et jour, c'est tout un—Dieu en tout!' All these utterances were often repeated; and in conclusion the benediction, 'Dieu vous bénisse, *tous!* Laissez-moi,' gently letting go the hands he had clasped. 'Partons en paix—paix—paix! Partons en Jésus-Christ. N'est-ce pas? En Jésus-Christ.' After a time, he said, 'Die Erkenntniss offenbart uns die Unsterblichkeit.' ('Knowledge reveals to us immortality). Again, after a pause, 'Christus recognoscitur victor!' (often repeated) 'Christus *est! est!* Christus victor!' 'Ja! gewiss, das

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am sure—in the presence of God. I have assured you of my love—is there anything more? Do you expect anything more of me?’ ‘Christ is the Son of God, and we are only then His sons if the Spirit of love which was in Christ is also in us.’

On the 4th November an improvement took place, and during the following night he was for the last time *quite himself*, overflowing with affection in word and look, when, between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, he took solemn leave of his wife, with a last kiss, and a flood of light beaming from his eyes, which ‘looked their last,’ for they never had their own full expression again. He repeated, as though he had not made impression enough before, ‘Love, love—we have loved each other—live in the love of God, and we shall be united again! In the love of God we shall live on, for ever and ever! we shall meet again, I am *sure of that!* Love—God is love—love eternal!’ Never again were his words so clear and connected; although often, throughout the remaining days of his life, single expressions denoted the under-current of thought. ‘The Eternal—the Eternal—strive after the eternal. Man, the human being (*der Mensch*), must become a sacrifice to the Holy One.’

Taking food of any kind had for many days been impossible; when the last attempt was made he said distinctly, ‘God sees it is no longer needful for me.’ So frequently had death seemed to be at hand, and the continuance of *such a life* to be impossible, that no one supposed the release about to take place, when it was actually imminent. The 26th and 27th November were days of misery indescribable; a degree of composure, with a mournful gaze and smile was only obtained on two occasions, when Emilia played on the *orgue expressif*, just beyond the door of the next room, while Ernest sung several favourite hymns, ‘Jesus, meine Zuversicht!’ ‘Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme!’ ‘Jerusalem, du hoch-

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rassment of the throat is not surprising, after a cough has lasted so long—that may increase.’ Thus everything contributed to prevent the idea of the common sign of approaching dissolution from occurring to her, any more than to her sons. Soon, however, the fact became evident. As the clock struck five, a loud convulsive cough was followed instantaneously by a sudden stoppage of his breathing, which till then had been painfully loud. The two watchers, his wife and son, were going to raise him higher in his bed, but the head had already dropped upon her shoulder, and the last breath had fled! The family party came in haste, and remained some time round the beloved dead. The eyes continued closed,—the features, however, did not retain a trace of suffering,—the peace was profound: nothing of the ghastliness of death was there. For two whole days, the remains continued beautiful, as in the most tranquil sleep: and invaluable was the privilege to the mourners of being enabled thus long to contemplate them, and take in the full conception of the blessing granted in that life which had just closed:—the immeasurable privation sustained in the death just witnessed could only be taken in gradually, during the remainder of the survivors’ time on earth.

In the afternoon of December 1st,—a bright and cloudless winter day,—the oaken coffin containing all that was mortal of Bunsen was conveyed to the cemetery at Bonn, and deposited there, in the last rays of an unclouded sun. His wish was thus fulfilled: for on quitting Berlin in the year 1858, on a clear and sunshiny day with a cloudless sky, he had remarked to his son Charles, who accompanied him, ‘On such a day as this, as bright and cloudless, should I like to be borne to my grave!’

The loving sympathy of friends had covered his last earthly resting-place with wreaths of evergreens and

APPENDIX.



A FEW OF BUNSEN'S POEMS IN THEIR
GERMAN ORIGINAL

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1814.

Reise in die Heimath.

Auf dem Wege von Krolsen nach Kassel, 2. Januar 1814.

1.

Früh in des Jahrs Beginn,
Weiter, mit leichtem Sinn,
Raschen Schritts,
Festen Tritts,
Wandl' ich durch Berg und Thal,
Vor mir der Sonnenstrahl:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

2.

Wenn auch die Nordluft geht,
Stürmisch der Mantel weht,
Frei der Arm,
Innen warm,
Wend' ich mein Sehnen hin,
Schau' nach dem Funken drin:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

3.

Führt selbst zu ödem Ort
Täuschend der Irrpfad dort,
Heilen Wegs,
Glatten Stegs,
Bald doch den frohen Blick
Wend' ich zum Licht zurück:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

4.

Kebel und Wolken fliehn
Finster am Himmel hin;
Bergeshöhn
Hinten stehn;
Schwinde, mein Pfädchen, nicht,
Schimmre mir, treues Licht:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

5.

Dort auf des Waldes Höhn
Seh' ich das Zeichen stehn;
Wolken ziehn
Drüber hin;
Jenseits in voller Pracht
Freundlicher Mondschein lacht:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

6.

Endlich mit Siegsgefühl
Schau' ich der Wand'rung Ziel;
Ruh', die lohnt,
Dorten wohnt;
Traulich zu Herdeschein
Strahlet der goldne Wein:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

7.

Spät dann zum Kämmerlein
 Geh' ich, so eng und klein;
 Sternenglanz
 Fällt es ganz;
 Hin sinkt der Augen Licht,
 Bis daß der Tag anbricht:
 Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
 Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

8.

Froh denn, mit leichtem Sinn,
 eil' ich zur Heimath hin;
 Heiðeswehn!
 Wiedersehn!
 Dort, wo die Lichtwelt zieht,
 Freundlich mein Sternlein glüht:
 Dahin, mein lieber Stern,
 Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

1814.

Schneegeßter.

Am 3. Januar 1814, zwischen Kassel und Göttingen.

1.

Der du geboren
 In lichten Höhn,
 Und auertoren
 Hinabzugehn,
 Mit Glanzgefieder
 Aus Wolken nieder
 Zur Erde stiegst;
 Daß sie erwarme,
 In ihre Arme
 Treulichend fliegst;

2.

Jetzt deckst du linde
 Das todte Land,
 Flickest weiße Binde
 Um Bergebrand:
 Bald wird die Sonne
 In Lenzeswonne
 Hoch oben stehn;
 Dann thaußt Du nieder
 Und steigest wieder
 Zu Himmelshöhn.

3.

O Mann, vom Himmel
 Mit Liebesband
 Ins Erdgetümmel
 Herabgesandt,
 Deß Licht und Wahrheit
 Und Wärm' und Klarheit,
 Die Gotteskraft,
 Deß Trost dem Herzen
 In Noth und Schmerzen
 Sie segnend schafft:

4.

Streb' ohn' Ermatten
 Auf heil'ger Bahn
 Durchs Land der Schatten
 Zum Ziel hinan.
 Dort sinkt die Hülle
 In Grabesstille
 Zu sanfter Ruh.
 Du steigst vor Sorgen
 Und Gram geborgen
 Dem Lichte zu.

1830.

Königslied.*

1.

Heil, unserm König Heil,
 Dir, Friedrich Wilhelm, Heil,
 Flehen wir all:
 Lang' ihn, o Herr, bewahr,
 Stärk' ihn von Jahr zu Jahr,
 Führer der Heldenschaar:
 Jubel erschall!

2.

In deinem Gnadenblick,
 Zu deines Volkes Glück,
 Sandtest du ihn:
 Recht und Gerechtigkeit,
 Wahrheit, Barmherzigkeit,
 Freiheit, Geseßlichkeit,
 In ihm erblühen.

3.

Zollerns erhabner Stamm,
 Leuchtend in Siegesflamm',
 Stehet er da.
 Von seinem Wipfel bringt,
 Durch Leid und That verjüngt,
 Dein Adler ruhmbeschwingt,
 Borussia!

4.

Unter des Sturmes Drohn,
 Schallet um deinen Thron,
 Laut Deutschlands Wort:
 Steh wie ein Fels im Meer,
 Herrsche von Meer zu Meer,
 Germania's Ruhm vermehrt,
 Vaterlandshort!

5.

Der du im Kriegeßdruck
 Friedlichen Rufenschmuck
 Milb uns bescheert:
 Vater des Vaterlands,
 Schütze im Friedenskranz
 Länger des deutschen Manns
 Heimischen Heerb.

6.

O, deck' mit Vaterhand
 Gott unser deutsches Land,
 Sei unser Schuß:
 Schlinge der Eintracht Band
 Mächtig ums Vaterland,
 Zwietracht sei ganz verbannt,
 Dem Feinde trug.

* These are the lines alluded to in vol. i. p. 231, and again p. 624, as composed by Bunsen for the birthday of King Frederick, William III., August 3; the fifth verse being by Gerhard.

1837.

A f t r á a.

Ein Gesicht, geschaut auf dem Capitol am 22. Januar 1837, niedergeschrieben
am 18. April.

Uebracht in Sans-Souci am 19. August 1837.

Ich stand auf heil'ger Zinne, dem ew'gen Capitol,
Und dacht' an ferne Lieben und an der Heimath Wohl:
Nach Nordens Bergen schaute der sehnsuchtsvolle Blick,
Den nicht im Süden fesselt Genuß und selig Glück.
Zum Königssohne eilte das Aug' auf Geisterflug,
Ihm, dem schon lang' im Busen ich stille Huld'gung trug.
Denn Kunde war erschollen von Leiden und von Schmerz —
Ans Lager war gefesselt Er, dem geweiht mein Herz.

Die Sonne sank hinunter, dort hinterm stolzen Saal,
Der hoch und breit sich wölbet, zwiefach ein Grabes Mal.
Es rauschte trüb die Woge Marcellus Bau vorbei,
Der lehrt, wie bange Hoffnung des Volks oft nichtig sei.
Die letzten Strahlen färbten den öden Lateran
Und schienen bleich und bleicher von Roma's Kreuzesfahn.
Doch silbern stieg dahinter, mit Rom im stillen Bund,
Der Vollmond auf, durchleuchtend des Colosseums Rund.

Da trat zu mir im Glanze, der Tag und Nacht vereint,
Ein Himmelsbild, wie's selten den Sterblichen erscheint,
Ein göttlich Weib, des Rechte die Schlange kräftig schwingt;
Der Botenstab der Linken ist's, der uns Frieden bringt:
„Verscheuche trübe Sorgen, ich trage frohe Mähr,
„Des Vaterlandes Freude und Trostwort, zu dir her;
„Der Königssohn, er lebet, er blühet frisch und groß,
„Und alter Wünsche Fülle birgt euch der Zukunft Schooß.“

„Begrüßet sei mir innig, du holdes Himmelsbild,
„Du hast mit Wort und Zeichen des Herzens Leid gestillt,
„Wohl kenne ich der Heilung geheimnißvolles Pfand,
„Das Bild der ew'gen Tugend, den Himmlischen verwandt.
„Du bist's, die wunde Helben mit Götterkost gepflegt,
„Wie dich der Alten Glaube in Wort und Stein geprägt.
„Doch sage, was bedeutet der Linken Wunder mir,
„Das Schlangenpaar am Stabe, des Boten Jovis Zier?“

„„Drum wollen (schrein die Meisten) wir sein ein neu Geschlecht,
 „„Wenn rechtlos, wer nicht euer, so gilt's um Menschenrecht.“ „
 „„Weg mit der Freiheit Scheine (so Andere), die uns drückt,
 „„Des Königs Wille schalte, daß Milde gleich beglückt:
 „„Wohl war uns mehr verheißen, doch laßt es nur geschehn;
 „„Wo sei des Thrones Stärke, das werden einst sie sehen.“ „
 „Und jenseits schallt's vom Flusse mit nicht verdecktem Hohn:
 „„Seht, das ist des Vertrauens auf Fürsten würd'ger Lohn.“ „

„Ich aber flich' unwillig hinweg von dem Geschlecht,
 „Wo alle Rechte wollen und niemand will das Recht.
 „Die besten heil'gen Namen an Selbstsucht-frechem Spott!
 „Die wollen Freiheit haben, doch Freiheit ohne Gott:
 „Die sehn im Buch der Zeiten nur schnöden Eingriffs Macht;
 „Die wollen keine Rechte, als die sie selbst erdacht.
 „So sind sie alle Thoren, denn alle wollen Lob,
 „Weil, was sie Leben wännen, ist wurzellos und todt.

„Doch lebt mein Recht in freien, im Vater und dem Sohn,
 „Ihm, dem im Sturm der König bewahrt den freien Thron.
 „Er zürnt der Keurung Loben, weil sie die Freiheit hemmt,
 „Und wahren innern Lebens Gestaltung feindlich dämmt.
 „Er schützt, was groß, weil Kleines er heben will empor,
 „Liebt Altes, weil zu bauen ihn lüstet neuen Thor;
 „Wo Vorzeit ihm die Steine zum hehren Baue reicht,
 „Der Freiheit junges Leben zu heil'gem Dome steigt.

„Sa, nie Gesehnes schafft er, des heil'gen Reiches Bau;
 „Des Vaters höchstes Sehnen bringt allen er zur Schau:
 „Was tausend Jahr vergebens erstrebt das Vaterland,
 „Wird rasch sich dann erheben von solches Bauberrn Hand.
 „So wird der Fluch gesühnet, der alte Zauber loß,
 „Und Fried' und Freude keimen aus dieses Reiches Schooß.
 „Sein Name aber leuchtet, ein Segensbild der Zeit,
 „Ein Stern in meinem Reigen voll Licht und Seligkeit.

„Ihm stehet mild zur Seite ein holdes Engelsbild,
 „Der Sanftmuth heller Spiegel und alles Guten Schild:
 „Sie hält mit Mutterliebe das theure Land umfaßt
 „Und will versöhnend binden, was jetzt sich flieht und haßt.
 „Gen Himmel ist gerichtet des frommen Herzens Flug,
 „Es flieht von ihrem Blicke weg Schmeichelei und Trug.
 „Wie sie mit bangem Herzen an seinem Bett gewacht,
 „So blickt sie neugetröstet in ernster Zukunft Nacht.

„Dir bracht' ich diese Kunde, weil du ihn treu geliebt,
 „Und dich der Menschheit Sorgen in seinem Weh betrübt.
 „Drum still der Sehnsucht Schmerzen, sofern du mir vertraust;
 „Einst kommt ein schöner Morgen, deß Rötze du wohl schaust.“
 Da schwand sie hin im Schimmer der letzten Abendgluth;
 Ich aber sah's erglänzen, wie Sonne in der Fluth:
 Ein Ring ward mir gezeigt, ihr Bild in Stein geprägt,
 Das jetzt zu deinen Füßen dir treueste Liebe legt.

1838.

Nachruf an den Pontifer Maximus.

Schau, hier im Fels, an dem du sollst zerschellen,
 Der grollest auf dem Zauberberge drüben,
 Ist des Geschickes Nagel eingetrieben,
 Wie sich's gebührt, an Capitoles Schwellen.

Sieh, in den Felsen hab' ich ihn getrieben,
 Von dem des ew'gen Lebens Ströme quellen,
 Das Zeichen dieser Zeit, aus dunkeln Wellen
 Licht wiederstrahlend in der Zahlen sieben.

Und hinter ihm kannst meinen Namen finden; —
 Magst du den Hügel aus dem Boden schneiden,
 Des Nagels Spitze sollst du nie ergründen.

Wohl muß vielleicht ich von der Erde scheiden,
 Eh' ich das Wort des Felsens darf verkünden: —
 Ein Höhrer kommt, von dem den Tod sollst leiden!

1838.

Gegenßgruß an Rom.

O, ewig heißgeliebter Stern der Erde,
 Wo mir der Freund' und Kinder Gräber blühen
 Unfern der Felsen, die nach Lebensmühen
 Jahrtausende dort harren auf das Werde!

O Heidenstadt, in nächt'gen und in frühen
Geweiheten Stunden, wie vom heil'gen Heerde
Hast du mit Mutterherzen und Geberde
Entzündet mir der tiefsten Sehnsucht Glühen.

Lebwohl! und mögen deine ew'gen Pforten
Sie fallen sehn, die sich im Lammeskleide
Gesezt auf deinen Thron, den Geist zu morben:

Die Gottes Land gemacht zu öder Feinde,
Die Aufruhrs und Unglaubens Mutter worden, —
Die Schuld an meines Volkes Blut und Leide.

1844.

An Niebuhr.*

Großes hast du zerstört und Größeres wieder gebauet,
Tief in der Urwelt Nacht leuchtet das römische Licht:
Volk und Gegenwart tren, durchlebtest du liebend vergangene
Größe der Menschheit im Geist, fühlend ihr Wohl und ihr Weh:
Wahrheit glaubend und ahnend, gewiß des verborgenen Schatzes,
Warfst du der Forschung Loth tief in die Klüfte der Zeit.
Roma liebend und Hellas, empfandest du Asia's Zauber,
Lauschend mit kindlichem Sinn ältester Weisen Gesang.
Auch Egyptens Gestirn begrütest du, freudig es ehrend,
Als es zu scheinen begann ob Pyramidengefüß.
Forthin bahnend den Weg, erwähl' ich dich, Vater, als Leitstern:
Leuchte im Dunkel du vor, stärke des Suchenden Blick.

1854.

An Arnold.†

Du hast mit uns gekämpft des Glaubens heil'gen Kampf,
Für alle tief empfunden der bittren Leiden Krampf:
Du sahst der Menschheit nahen Gericht und blut'gen Streit,
Klar stand vor deinem Auge der Jammer dieser Zeit.

* This is printed at the beginning of vol. i. of Bunsen's *Egypt*.

† Prefixed to vol. ii. of *Christianity and Mankind*. The translation of these lines, by Miss Anna Gurney, is given at p. 19 of this volume.

Da traf dich jenes Sehnen, das stillt der Erden Schmerz,
 Es löste sich in Liebe das milde Streiterherz,
 Begrüßtest, Held, als Boten, gesandt vom Vaterland,
 Den Engel, der dich führte ins ew'ge Heimathland.

Verstummt ist nun am Grabe des Zorns und Hasses Wuth,
 Ein Leuchtturm ragst du strahlend aus nächt'ger Sturmes Fluth,
 Es sproßet heil'ger Samen in mancher jungen Brust,
 Ein Volk voll edlen Stolzes blickt auf zu dir mit Lust.

Du selbst bist weggerückt aus der Verwirrung Noth,
 Das schwerste Seelenleiden hat dir erspart der Tod:
 Es liegt vor dir enthüllet das Räthsel dieser Welt,
 Schaust nun, was du geglaubet, von Gottes Licht erhellt.

Wir aber wollen kämpfen, wie du es vorgethan,
 In Hoffnung und in Liebe, mit Glauben angethan,
 Die Ewigkeit vor Augen, Wahrhaftigkeit im Sinn,
 Und geben für die Wahrheit das Leben willig hin!

1854.

An Julius Hare.*

1.

Unser Weg geht über Gräber, wenn wir auf die Erde schaun,
 Unser Weg geht unter Sternen, blicken wir zu Himmels Aun;
 Viele sind hinweggeschieden uns aus der geliebten Zahl,
 Theure Todten früher Zeiten decket manches alte Mal.

2.

Laß den Blick uns denn aufrichten, wo uns winkt die Ewigkeit,
 Leben wir doch schon im Ew'gen, mitten in der ird'schen Zeit,
 Wenn wir sinnen, wenn wir lieben, wenn anbetend wir vergehn
 Im Gedanken dieser Schöpfung, in des Geistes heil'gem Wehn.

3.

Denen ist es nur verschlossen, die um Lohn das Gute thun,
 Die mit ew'gen Qualen schrecken Seele, die in Gott will ruhn:
 Blinde sind sie, die vom Zwieltlicht wandern in die Dunkelheit,
 Nehrend Geistes ewig Walten in endlose Zeitlichkeit.

* From *Christianity and Mankind*, vol. i. The English translation will be found at p. 320 of this volume.

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